OCTOBER, 1929
Volume XLVI, Number 10

10 Cents

By subscription $1.00.
In United States and Canada

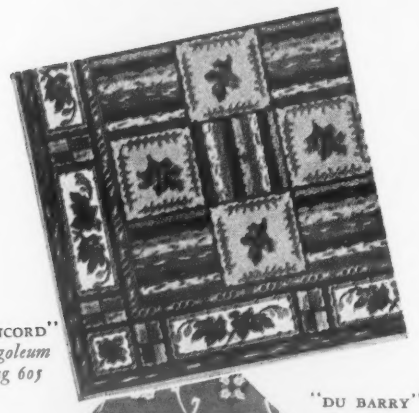
SEP 27 1929

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ALFRED E. SMITH—ZANE GREY—GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER—FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER
BOOTH TARKINGTON—JULIA PETERKIN—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE—JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

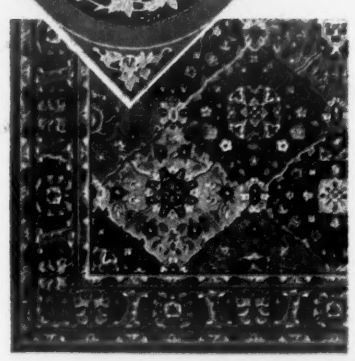
This GOLD SEAL *identifies the* ONE and ONLY *genuine* CONGOLEUM RUG

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"CONCORD" *Congoleum Rug 605*

"DU BARRY" *Congoleum Rug 326*



"PERSAN" *Congoleum Rug 612*

THIS big Gold Seal is a true friend of the American housewife. It says, "Here is the greatest beauty of design—the biggest all-round value in labor-saving floor-coverings: the *one and only genuine* Congoleum Rug."

Would you like to know Congoleum's "beauty secret"? It's simply this: Neither pains nor money is spared to secure the services of the world's foremost designers and colorists. So you can always be sure that the pattern you buy is a masterpiece of rug design.

Striking style and beauty have always been notable qualities of *genuine* Congoleum Rugs. Each design has a subtle something—a captivating touch of smartness—a delightful departure from the commonplace. That's why so many women of taste are proud to have Congoleum Rugs all through their homes.

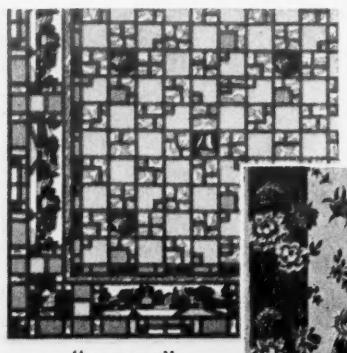
Considering their beauty Congoleum Rugs might well be expensive—*but they aren't!* Far from it. At the low prices now prevailing, you can easily afford to "do over" a number of rooms—make them glow with cheerful style and color. And you'll have the satisfaction of owning the very finest labor-saving rugs—flat-lying, easy to clean, made extra-durable by the exclusive *Multicote Process*.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Dallas Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro. *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

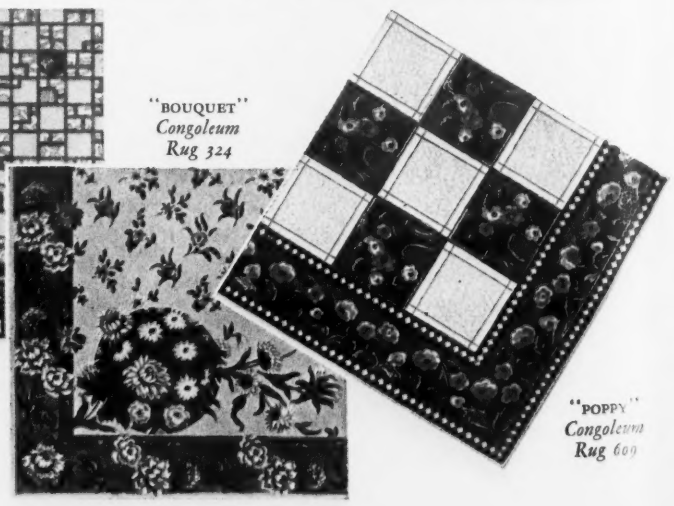
GREEN kitchens are in vogue! In step with the times as always, Congoleum designers have created the lovely "PALMETTO" pattern—Rug No. 604, shown above.

ALL during October, this big Gold Seal display card will be featured in the windows of leading stores throughout the country. Be on the lookout for it!

Why be content with anything less than the world's best buy in floor-coverings—the one and only Congoleum?

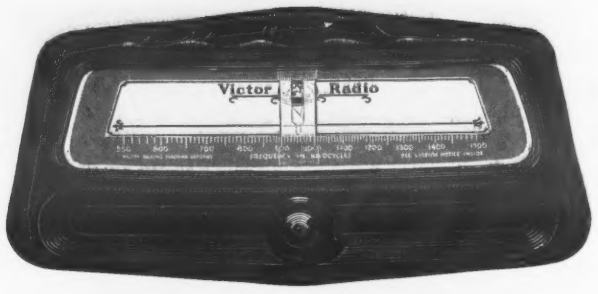


"WINDSOR" *Congoleum Rug 602*



"BOUQUET" *Congoleum Rug 324*

"POPPY" *Congoleum Rug 609*



Victor Super-Automatic Station Selector: *All stations plainly and permanently visible...just slide the knob to right or left—you have—exactly—the station you want!*

VICTOR MICRO-SYNCHRONOUS RADIO *Revolutionizes Musical Reproduction*

At last a radio that is really a musical instrument

Victor-Radio has received the greatest ovation in the history of the industry. For the first time America is hearing a radio that reproduces all the details and subtle variations of tone without distortion. Victor-Radio marks the end of radio's experimental years.

Never before has a radio met the exacting requirements of the world's great artists. Victor brings a new ideal of *fidelity*—thrilling *realism*—complete *duplication* of what goes into the microphone. The true meaning of the word "reproduction" now becomes clear. This is the startling triumph made possible by more than 30 years of undisputed leadership in sound reproduction.

Victor-Radio is the first and the only micro-synchronous radio. There is no guesswork about Victor-Radio performance. The Victor method of operation is years in advance. Tuning is instant—and micro-exact.

If you love music, whether you have a radio or not, hear the new Victor instruments. You can have Victor-Radio either separately or with the amazing new Victor Electrola...bringing you broadcast music that is changing the whole nation's standard of radio entertainment...music from records you will have to experience to believe possible—of brilliance and depth beyond your power to imagine! Play at will at any volume—from whisper to full orchestra: on these instruments high notes and low are sounded in their just proportion. Victor tone quality does not vary.

You have never seen such distinctive, exquisite and compact Victor-built cabinets. Inside and out, to the most minute detail, world-famous Victor craftsmanship is your guarantee of quality and dependability.

And here is news important to many. Unparalleled Victor resources have achieved amazingly low list prices. Only $155* for the exquisite Victor-Radio Console...$275* for the Victor-Radio-Electrola. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

"Victor-Radio with Electrola is a marvellous instrument and worthy of Victor.. I have never heard any records sound so beautiful and natural."

JOHN McCORMACK

Victor-Radio Console R-32. Exclusive new modernized circuit; unique sensitivity and selectivity. List price $155. Victor-Radio-Electrola RE-45 (above). List price $275*.*

** Less Radiotrons.*

Victor-Radio *with Electrola*

Do you ever wish you could *leave your hands at home?*

Isn't there something a bit heart-breaking about hands that carry tales of dishwashing and cleaning into a gay and charming party? They are like poor little forlorn strangers wandering among the lights and pretty frocks by mistake.

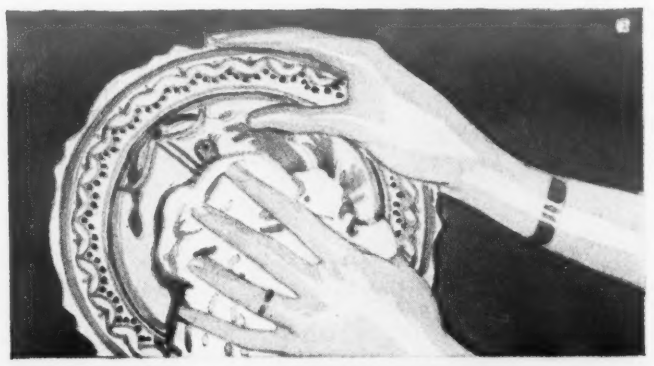
Hands *can't* look gaily smooth and white after a busy day in and out of the strong, parching suds of harsh "kitchen soaps." But if soap-and-water tasks are done with Ivory—*then*, hands can work cheerfully and tell no tales when working hours are done.

Have you ever thought that when you use Ivory for any purpose you are merely giving your hands a gentle Ivory bath? And Ivory baths are as kind to hands as they are to the millions of jolly little rose-leaf babies who receive them every day.

Ivory for dishes (and how they sparkle!). Ivory for your heirloom mahogany or new lacquered furniture (Ivory protects their delicate gloss). Ivory for cottons and linens (colors are safer). Delicate cleansing tasks or sturdy ones—Ivory does them for you quickly and well.

And your hands, as we believe you will discover if you try "Ivory for everything," will be smoother and whiter and lovelier . . . ready to adorn any party with a carefree grace. PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free: *A little book on charm.* What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? For figures? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming," and address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VJ-109, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

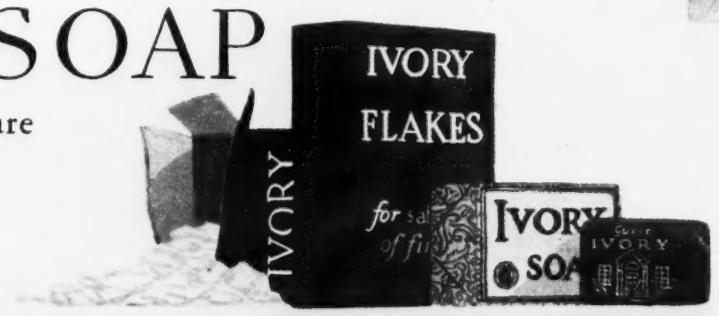


Don't let the beauty of your hands slip away in three-times-a-day dishwashing. Ivory will protect them. (And isn't it a much nicer idea to use pure Ivory for the dishes anyway?)

A pure soap is the best cleansing agent you can find. While Ivory is protecting your hands, it will also do all your soap-and-water tasks quickly and well.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % Pure



Kind to everything it touches

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THE PRICE *of the* HOME JOURNAL

PUBLISHED once a month. 10 cents the copy from all newsdealers. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, $1.00 the year. Remit by U. S. money order, express money order, check, or by draft payable in U. S. funds.

To Canada, by subscription, $1.00 the year—Canadian or U. S. funds. Single copies, 10 cents. A shilling *anywhere in England*.

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, postpaid, $2.50 the year, remittance to be by postal or express money order or by draft payable in U. S. funds.

Ladies' HOME JOURNAL
(THE HOME JOURNAL)

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF AMERICA

Registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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FORMER GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH AND HIS TWO SPLENDID GRANDCHILDREN, WALTER AND ARTHUR SMITH, JR. GOVERNOR SMITH BELIEVES THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR GOOD HOME ENVIRONMENT AND PARENTAL CARE IN CHILD DEVELOPMENT

"THE PROPER CARE AND EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN REQUIRE A VAST AMOUNT OF PATIENCE. NO PERSON CAN BE AS PATIENT AS A MOTHER. THERE IS NO LOVE LIKE MOTHER LOVE. IT IS GROUNDED IN ABSOLUTE UNSELFISHNESS AND SEEMS INSPIRED"

PHOTO. BY PRICE STUDIOS, INC.

PHOTO. BY LEWIS W. HINE

"NO MATTER WHAT THE CIRCUMSTANCES MAY BE, SO LONG AS THE MOTHER IS A PROPER AND FIT PERSON TO CARE FOR THEM THERE SHOULD BE NO SEPARATION BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN"

PHOTO. BY LEWIS W. HINE

Safeguarding Our Assets—the Children

By ALFRED E. SMITH

ONE of the first duties recognized by a sovereignty in a modern conception of government is the conservation of natural resources. Times out of number in public speeches I have taken occasion to say that a state is not big cities, great mountains, fertile fields, or even money. It is people; and a good, strong, vigorous citizenship is the greatest asset a state can have. If that is true, the necessity for maintaining it at the highest possible efficiency is equally true. I am convinced that that can best be accomplished by the education of our children and by the preservation of their health and morals. This lesson must be learned and applied.

No great calamity was ever visited upon this earth without some resulting benefit to mankind. We learned a lesson in our own country in the past twelve years from the World War. Declaration of war by the Congress of the United States against the German Empire brought about the passage of the Selective Draft Act and the Draft Boards for making it operative. Thousands of young men passed in review before these boards for physical, mental and moral judgment of their fitness for service. The physical examination of these young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty revealed a startling condition. In New York State alone considerably more than 30 per cent of the youth and flower of American manhood were physically unfit to fight.

How much of this physical disability could be directly traced to lack of proper care during childhood, nobody will ever be able to tell exactly. But since the figures ran uniformly throughout the rural as well as in the city sections of the state, it is fair to assume that a large proportion of the disabilities could be directly attributed to conditions over which the young man himself may not have had any control; in fact, many of the defects which caused rejection arose from causes which were preventable had they been dealt with during childhood.

Much of the neglect of children during early childhood can be directly attributed to either poverty or ignorance. In either event the duty of the state is clear. An investigation of this whole subject developed the fact that in spite of the congestion of population in the great cities, which might make for unhealthful conditions as compared with rural living, there were more ample facilities for public health work in cities than were to be found in the rural sections.

Advanced thought has introduced physical examination of school children into public schools in the cities. Analysis and treatment of backward children led rapidly to examinations of all children for other reasons than mental inferiority and then logically to preventive measures. Protection of teeth, removal of diseased tonsils or adenoids, correction of defective eyesight and hearing difficulties, the prevention of colds were the first steps, readily followed by wholesale immunizing of school children by inoculation against the preventable disease of diphtheria and the extension of health education.

The trained eye of the teacher, supplemented by professional advice, can readily learn to detect physical ailments or defects in children. The public and private schools of the City of New York are today quite generally equipped with trained nurses and doctors who make examinations of the children and recommend necessary corrections of physical defects. There is universal agreement that the extension of this service to all schools is not only highly desirable but necessary, if we are to benefit in any degree from the lessons that grew out of the war.

To the children of the rural sections much of this service has been denied. Their thinly settled communities could not afford the necessary funds for doctors or public health nurses. Nor did they have the necessary facilities. The city hospital gave the city doctor the benefit of laboratory and clinical service. This the country doctor was denied.

Child Health and Conservation

THERE is little need for me to point out the comparison between rural and urban health statistics. Subsidy from the state to encourage the establishment of public health centers in rural districts and to pay for public health nurses and doctors and the needed facilities for their work was the obvious solution. In 1924, I had the privilege of convincing the doctors and health authorities, to say nothing of the legislature, that such a subsidy should be available in New York State. We undertook to have the state match, dollar for dollar, any amounts appropriated by the counties for public health work, to be spent under state supervision. There are thirty-five rural counties in New York State now taking advantage of this arrangement, all of which had little or no public health work under way before. The total amount appropriated by the state since 1924 in the form of subsidy to encourage such clinic, laboratory, nursing and preventive work is $498,361.41.

Though it is true that general measures of health protection may properly be taken by the state, it is not itself equipped to give the detailed required study to the problems in local communities or counties. Under proper administration, the county is better equipped than the state to be the agency to deal with local matters having to do with the health of children and maternity and infancy care.

We have learned that the care of children begins even before they are born. We have come to appreciate the value of maternity and infancy care. In order to encourage the states to make appropriations of funds for this purpose the Federal Government offered to supplement, dollar for dollar, by direct subsidy, all moneys appropriated by states to carry on this work. When this proposal was first made to the states, there were many people in my own state who hesitated to have the state avail itself of it and for at least a year New York delayed its acceptance of the offer. Some of the reasons were given as a fear of too great Federal control over what should be state matters. I felt that such objections should have been made in Congress. Once having passed that body, I argued, the state had a duty imposed on it to accept the offer. It took argument and persuasion to get the legislature of New York to agree to it. It did not do so until 1923. When it was finally put into effect in New York it was as a result of some expert lobbying done by members of the League of Women Voters and other social agencies.

At the end of ten years the statistics of New York clearly establish the soundness of this work and the wisdom of the venture. In 1918 our vital statistics showed a death rate at birth of 4.5 per cent and in the first year of infancy ninety-seven deaths a thousand live births, as compared to 4.4 per cent at time of birth and sixty-five deaths a thousand live births in the first year of infancy in 1928.

If we are prepared to recognize in the child an asset of the state we must safeguard the child's bodily health to the highest degree, and next we must consider those influences which develop strong moral character in the child. That comes best from a good home and the intelligent care of parents, particularly of the mother.

The proper care and early training of children require a vast amount of patience. I do not feel that any person can, in the natural order of things, be expected to exhibit the amount of patience to children that a mother can. In song and in story we have been taught through the ages to believe that there is no love like mother love. It is grounded in absolute unselfishness and seems to be inspired. It is the most primitive and fundamental of all instincts, found not only in the human family but in the animal kingdom too. Natural history reveals as an undisputed fact that the mother will fight for the protection of her young to the very death. Even the best-trained domestic animals become ferocious in the presence of what they believe to be danger to their young. It should therefore be the aim of the state in so far as it can be brought about by law and by administration that no matter what the circumstances may be, so long as the mother is a proper and fit person to care for them there should be no separation between a mother and her children.

Prior to 1915 the policy in most states was to treat orphan children as wards of the state and as objects of public charity. It was true in New York State at that time. Within the past quarter of a century, beyond the privately maintained orphanages of various religious groups, the poorhouses in certain sections of the state were the only homes available for orphan children. In many instances they were gathered in there on the same footing with vagrants, sufferers from chronic diseases, idiots and not infrequently delinquents.

A radical change in the state's policy with respect to children, when the breadwinner of the family is taken away, was slow in taking shape. Many years ago unsuccessful attempts were made to grapple with the problem of caring for orphan children by law, but not until 1913 was there any definite, concrete step taken to effect a change in the state's policy with regard to state care of orphan children through its civil divisions.

In 1913, while I was Speaker of the Assembly, a bill was introduced entitled, An Act to Establish a Commission to Inquire Into the Subject of Pensions or Other Relief for Widowed Mothers and Making Appropriation Therefor. Under the provisions of this act a commission was appointed to make a thorough study of the whole subject. In a comprehensive report to the legislature a year later they recommended the establishment of boards of child welfare in the various counties of the state. These boards were empowered after the appropriation of public moneys by the counties, to grant allowances to widowed mothers with one or more children under the age of sixteen years.

State Aid for Widowed Mothers

IT WAS the purpose of the act to provide suitable care for such children in their own homes. These allowances were only to be made when the local board of child welfare was satisfied that the mothers were suitable persons capable of bringing up their children properly and requiring only the financial aid to enable them to do so.

Prior to the enactment of this legislation the appropriation of public money for the care of dependent children was made by various civil divisions of the state through their local departments of charities. Orphan children with their mothers were brought to the court for commitment to institutions. Instead of money being paid to the mother it was paid to the orphanage to which the children were committed by due process of law when it became apparent to the court that the mother was without the financial means to care for them. So that we had a situation whereby the people were expending funds through the public Department of Charity without accomplishing the very desirable result of leaving the children under the care of a good mother. The only question before the court in these cases was whether or not she was financially able to support them.

Adoption of the new policy was a progressive step in the conservation of child life and home life and provided in simple terms that the money contributed for the support of children would be given to the mother instead of being contributed to an institution. In other words, the mother became the agent of the state, the public institution having been so regarded under the old order of procedure.

I can think of no more disagreeable spectacle than public commitment of children to institutions. The mother's testimony as to her financial condition was a prerequisite to commitment, to be paid for from public funds. What a heart-rending spectacle it was in those days to see the mother and her children arraigned before a magistrate and upon her own

(Continued on Page 75)

PHOTO. BY LEWIS W. HINE

EVERY COMMUNITY SHOULD HAVE THE BENEFIT OF TRAINED PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS OF CHILDREN TO RECOMMEND NECESSARY CORRECTIONS OF PHYSICAL DEFECTS, MAINTAINED BY JOINT COUNTY AND STATE APPROPRIATIONS, IN GOVERNOR SMITH'S OPINION

SERAPHINE WAS BEING TOO BOLD. IF SHE DIDN'T WATCH OUT, SHE WOULD START A ROW

The Greasy Spoon

By

JULIA PETERKIN

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

A SLIM little black girl with stiff, bobbed, straightened hair and long, black, teasing eyes sang jazz songs and danced funny, newfangled steps every night at The Greasy Spoon, Big Sue's restaurant for colored people.

Plenty of better-looking eating places stood along the river front. The Greasy Spoon was shabby and unpainted, a wooden shanty at the very end of Blossom Street, where the land drops off into the river. All the street lamps stop before they got there and the only night light around it shone from its own small square windows, unless the moon was out. But night after night crowds of people filled it. Most of them were men, some of them from the town, some from the neighboring sawmills, some just off great rafts of logs they had floated down the river.

They paid Big Sue fifty cents a plate for her rice and catfish stew, although they could have gotten all the good victuals any hungry man needed to jam his insides full for thirty-five cents anywhere else.

But Seraphine's smiles and her songs and dances were more than worth the difference in price to the lonesome men who had nowhere to go and who were as glad to feast their eyes as they were to fill their bellies.

Just to look at Seraphine made their eyes feel rich. Not that she had so much of that thing people call beauty. She was too black. Her waist was too small. The long tight sleeves of her little red dress showed that her arms were too thin. Her neck was no more than a stem. Big Sue was always warning the girl that she ought to eat more and stop being so skinny. But Seraphine's long eyes were very shiny and her dark purple lips were full of laughter, and her low husky voice made lumps come into many a throat whenever she sang her homesick blues.

Sometimes people enjoy being sad as much as they like being gay. Even Big Sue herself did. But Seraphine was gay most of the time, and as she danced down the spaces between the tables the short full skirt of her red frock switched bravely, keeping time with the thrumming chords of Black Jim's guitar. Her narrow black-slippered feet tapped sharply as her slim shoulders swayed with the swing of her slender hips.

The Greasy Spoon was always hot, and Seraphine's face always shiny with sweat, for whenever the windows and doors were opened wide to let out some of the steam from the food and some of the smoke from the pipes and cigarettes a stiff breeze blew straight in from the river. It fluttered the short turkey-red calico curtains at the two small square windows and the long one which hung over the door leading to the kitchen, and picking up Seraphine's skirt whirled it up against the red-and-white-checked oilcloth table covers, making Seraphine laugh out loud at its capers. But the long brass kerosene lamp which hung from the smoke-blackened ceiling by a stout black wire would always forget and get to swinging back and forth and blinking its yellow glow—so there was hardly enough light to see fish bones. Then the river breeze had to be shut out, although Seraphine loved it. She said it made her think about home. Yet she never would tell just where her home had been.

Big Sue spent most of her time in the kitchen, a room cut off from the front of The Greasy Spoon by a board wall whose whitewashed planks stood on end. She had to watch the fire in the stove and keep it bright, and taste each pot of fish stew to be sure it needed no salt, to decide whether or not one more pod of red pepper would add to its flavor.

Big Sue was almost as broad as she was long and the door was a bit narrow for her. She had to go slowly and carefully whenever she pushed through it, for she served her customers herself, carrying the food on her big tin tray filled with plates. To get through the door took care, but once through she could walk almost as fast and step almost as lightly as Seraphine herself. Smiling, calling out a cheerful howdy whenever she saw a familiar face, curtsying happily to greet each newcomer, Big Sue enjoyed her work. She took almost as much pride in seeing her tables well filled as she did in seeing the long stocking which kept her money from getting scattered about in the trunk under her bed grow fat and full. Any stranger could see that Big Sue had fine manners and a kind heart.

Even on her busiest nights, when she had to hurry about bringing in new food, removing emptied plates, she would take time to stop and offer a match from the box in her apron pocket or to talk about the weather and the price of logs and the queer ways of the tides on the river.

When the tables were full and more people were coming in, she set chairs about in the open spaces and begged the eaters not to hurry, but to take time and chaw and enjoy their victuals.

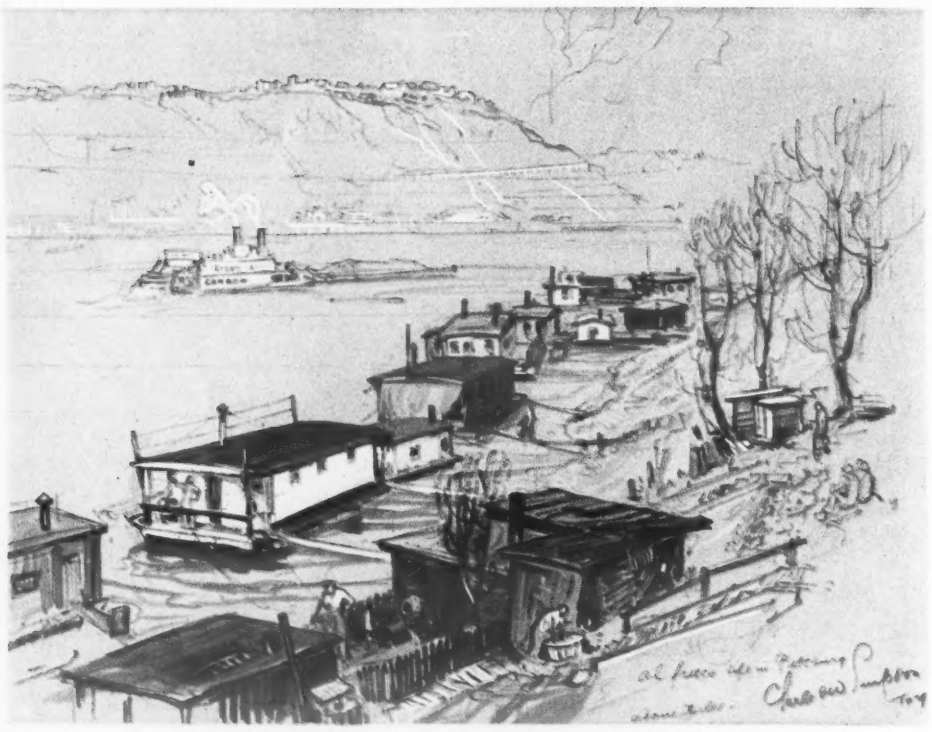
It is all well enough for folks to hurry over plain everyday rations, but when people were eating her fish stew and rice she wanted them to taste all the flavor. Anybody can use salt and pepper, but mighty few cooks in this world know how to use bay leaves and mace and curry powder and all the things she kept on her kitchen shelf.

(Continued on Page 139)

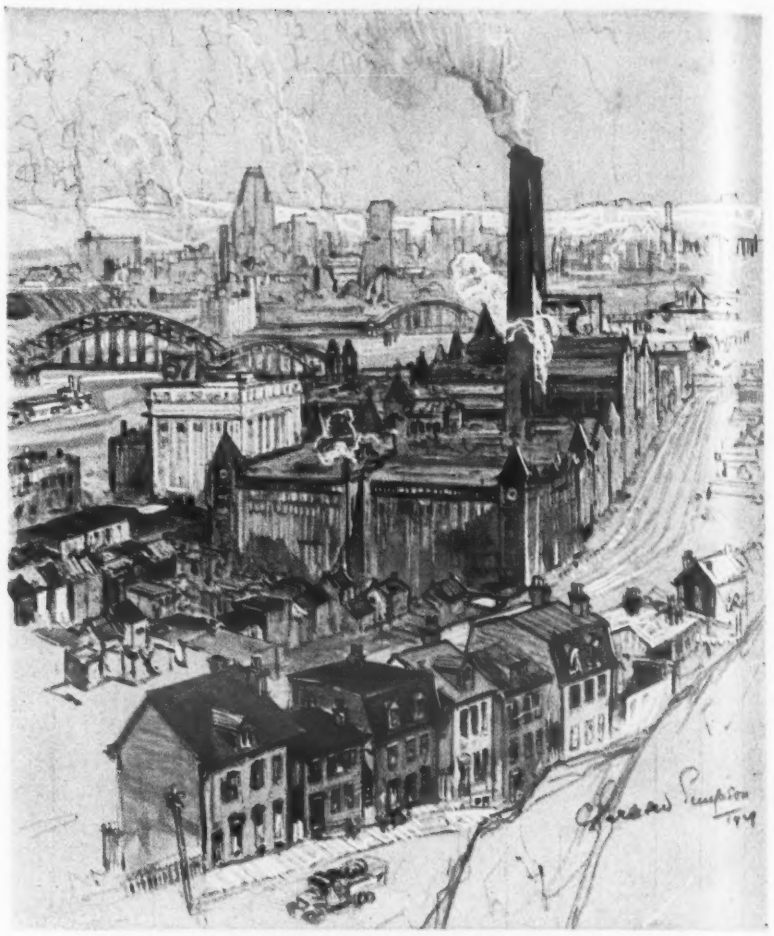
Pittsburgh

Sketches by CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.C.A.

Text by GUY L. RALSTON



PITTSBURGH'S RIVERS PROVIDE A PICTURESQUE HOME FOR A RACE OF WANDERERS KNOWN AS SHANTYBOATMEN. MOST OF THE SHANTYBOATS ARE MOORED TO THE NORTH BANK OF THE ALLEGHENY, NEAR THE POINT



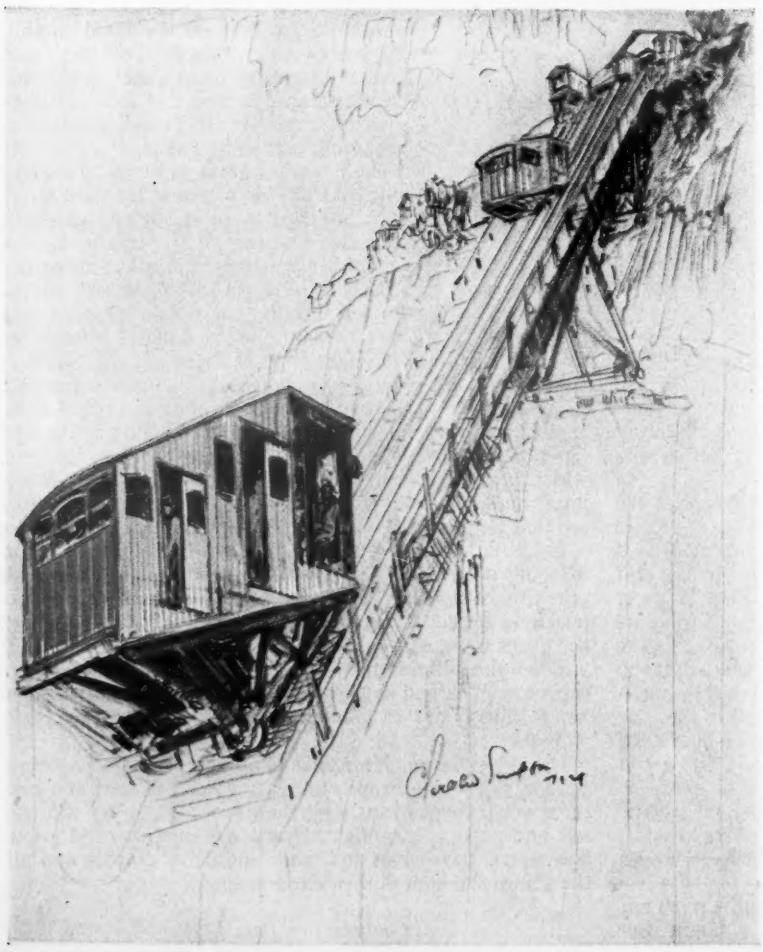
THE MAIN PLANT OF THE H. J. HEINZ CO.—THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS "57"—GIVES A MODERN TOUCH TO OLD DUTCHTOWN, A SECTION FILLED WITH MEMORIES OF EARLY GERMAN IMMIGRANTS

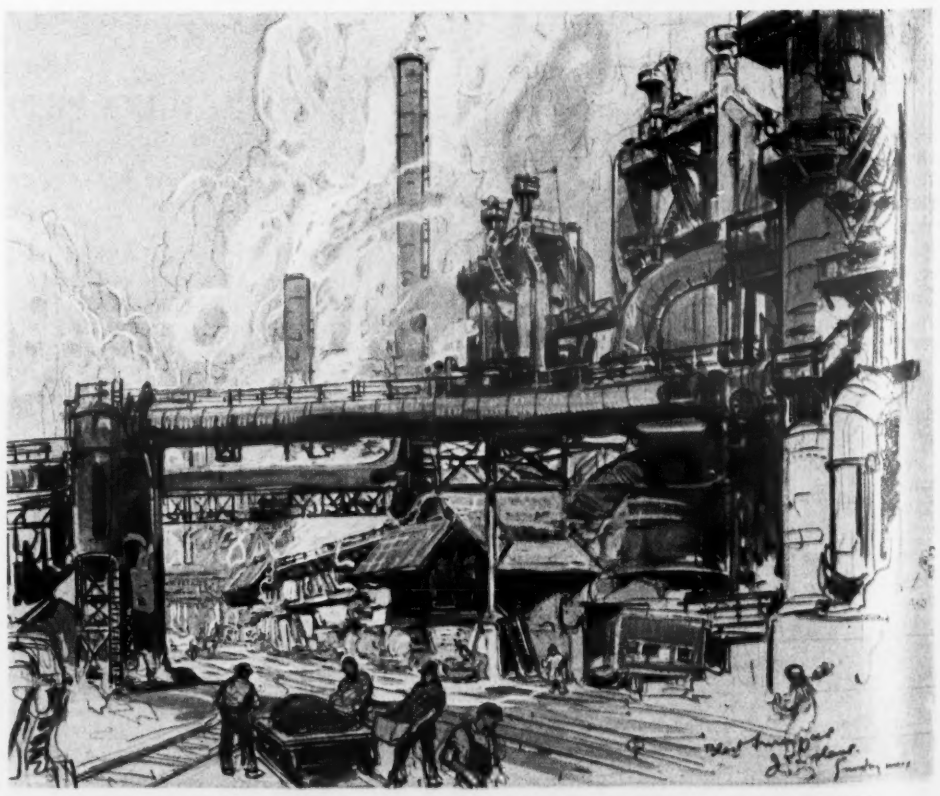
FOR a century and a quarter steel has been the life blood of Pittsburgh. In her veins flowed not the life streams that other and perhaps softer cities know, but molten iron.

From the time when, early in 1804, Joseph McClurg erected the first iron foundry here, Pittsburgh has pinned her faith to tonnage and let nearly all else go by.

Other cities had time for play and pleasure and easy living. But not Pittsburgh. Year after year the command came more insistently—tonnage and more tonnage and yet more tonnage. A world was calling for steel, and for more than a century Pittsburgh has answered the call. She bred a new race of men, men fused and seared and hardened in their own furnaces as they wrestled with the giant, Steel. They lived steel and dreamed steel. They were born to steel, and when they died their indomitable souls drove those that were left onward to more and yet more tonnage.

THOUSANDS IN THIS HILLY CITY GO HOME FROM WORK BY INCLINE OR TUNNEL, UP OR THROUGH HER SEVEN TIMES SEVEN HILLS. CARS SUCH AS THESE ARE A FAMILIAR SIGHT





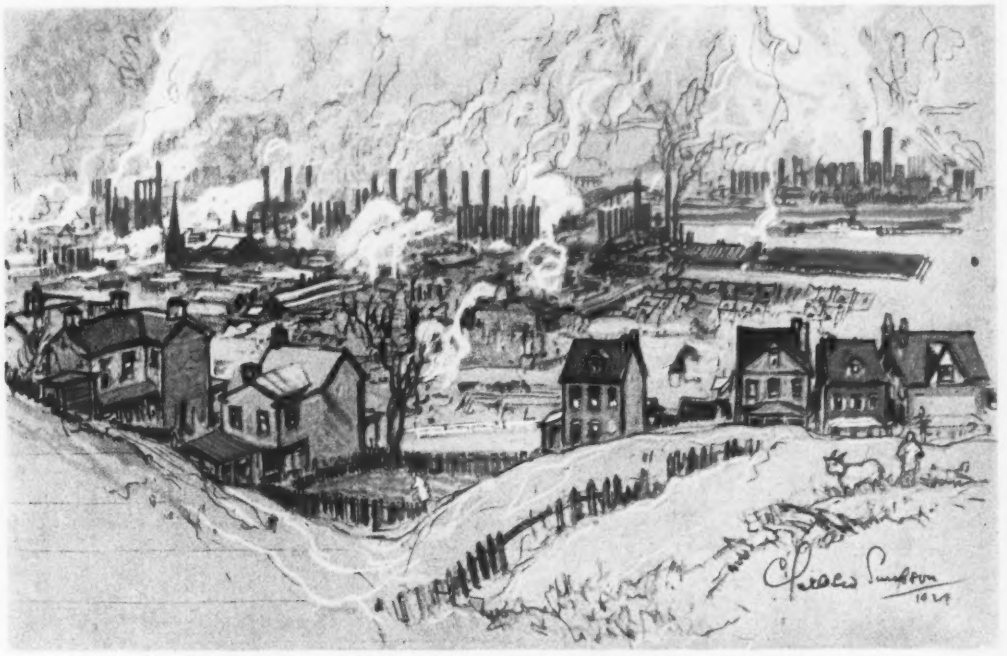
A GLIMPSE OF THE BLAST FURNACES IN THE JONES AND LOUGHLIN STEEL PLANT—GIGANTIC, WEIRD, EFFICIENT MONUMENTS TO A CITY'S GREATNESS

IN THE HEART OF PITTSBURGH'S SHOPPING DISTRICT. ABOVE, AT RIGHT—A HILLTOP VIEW OF THE STEEL MILLS WHOSE STACKS LIFT LIKE PIPES OF A MIGHTY ORGAN

Day by day, and year by year, they built their blast furnaces up and down the peaceful valleys of the three great rivers, the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio, and along the pleasant creek sides that led down to them, until rolling clouds of smoke hid the sun by day and at night pillars of flame reddened the skies that a few brief years before had looked down on scattered Indian villages.

Mightily they labored, these men of steel, day and night, weekday and Sunday, twelve hours a day, and every two

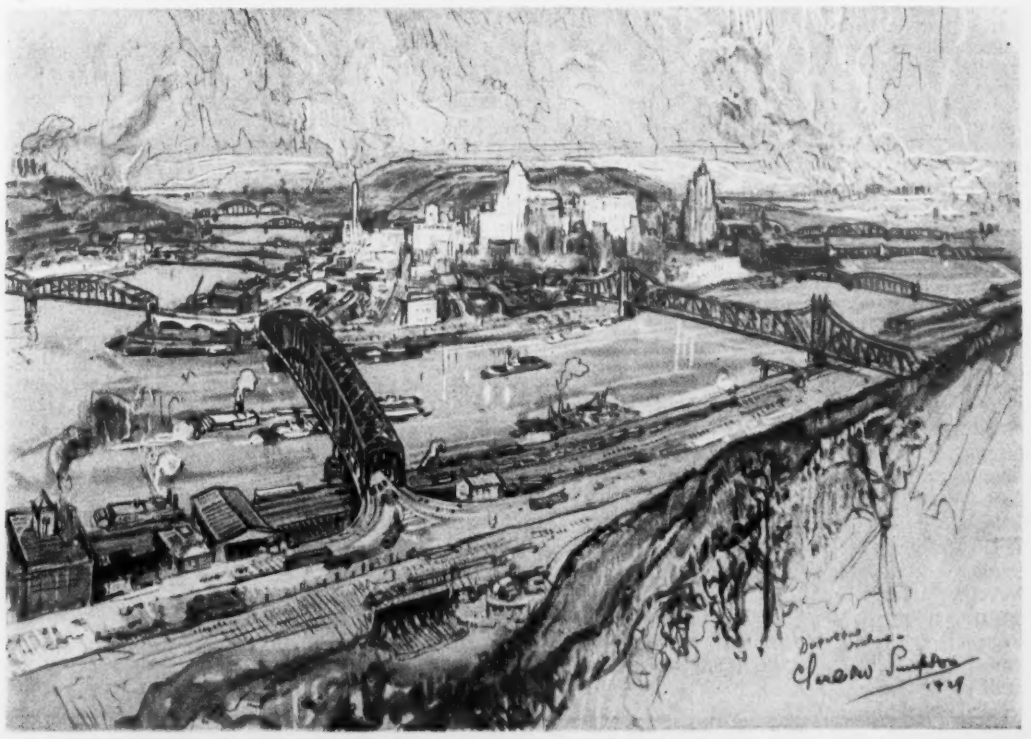
(Continued on Page 235)



PITTSBURGH CONCERNS HERSELF WITH ART AND BEAUTY, AS WELL AS WITH STEEL. HER UNIQUE CULTURAL CENTER IS SOMETIMES CALLED THE ACROPOLIS OF AMERICA

THE SKETCH BELOW SHOWS SEVERAL OF THE FORTY-THREE LARGE RIVER BRIDGES WHICH KNIT TOGETHER THE THREE-PIECED FABRIC OF THE CITY PROPER

OTHER THOUSANDS REACH THEIR HOMES BY STAIRWAYS THAT CLIMB THE STEEP HILLSIDES



MATILDA'S PRETTY NOSE LIFTED, "AND THAT'S WORTH NOTHIN'," SHE VOWED IN DISGUST, "I NEVER SAW SUCH TERRIBLE-LOOKIN' STUFF IN MY LIFE"

Payment Deferred

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Illustrated by Harold Brett

(Excerpt from Denboro News of Interest in the Ostable Weekly Flag of Freedom, April 2, 1838.)

Another of Denboro's prominent citizens has returned to his native heath after braving the perils of the vasty deep. Capt. Joshua Havens, commander of the ship Golden Eagle, arrived by the packet from Boston on Tuesday, having been absent from his home for more than a year. Captain Havens sailed from Bombay about seven months ago and reports the Golden Eagle as having made a good voyage, with fair weather for the first portion of the trip but with head winds and heavy seas off the Horn and a succession of severe gales during the run up the North Atlantic Coast. Off Hatteras Captain Havens rescued the crew, officers and only passenger of the bark Sea Wind, New Orleans to Philadelphia, which had been dismasted and abandoned in a sinking condition two days before. Denboro is, as always, proud to welcome Captain Havens again to its midst, particularly as rumor hath it that the voyage just completed was to be his last, and that he is to settle down among us to enjoy a well-earned rest and the society of his charming and talented daughter, Miss Philura Havens, in their new mansion now nearing completion on the Creek Road. The addition to its permanent population of a man of influence and substance like Capt. Joshua Havens is indeed a matter of congratulation for Denboro and in fact all Ostable County. Captain Havens . . .

IT MAY be inferred from the foregoing news item that the return to his native town of Capt. Joshua Havens was an event. It was. The town numbered among its inhabitants goodness knew how many cabin boys, foremast hands, second mates and similar salt-water small fry. Also at least twenty first mates and no less than sixteen full-fledged captains of square-rigged vessels, the latter owned in Boston or New York or Philadelphia and coming and going from and to all sea-washed ports of the round world. Nevertheless, Denboro had but one Joshua Havens. His return was an event. Denboro knew it, so did Captain Joshua himself—so, too, did Miss Philura. They read the fulsome, flattering, effervescings of the Flag of Freedom's local correspondent, who wrote the weekly "News of Interest," with neither a blush nor a smile; royalty had been paid customary and fitting homage, that was all.

The captain and his daughter faced each other across the breakfast table the morning after his return. Joshua—he was a widower—was fifty-five, florid, bearded and thickset. His manner was dignified, not to say pompous. Philura was twenty-five, slim, a trifle sharp-featured and wore her hair in ringlets, as was the fashion. They were discussing the rescue of the crew and passenger of the abandoned bark Sea Wind, the one out-of-the-ordinary incident of the captain's homeward voyage.

"Yes," said Joshua, leaning back in his chair, his left thumb hooked in the armhole of his flowered waistcoat, "this man Barclay was the only passenger aboard. He and I got pretty well acquainted afore we made Boston Light. A real nice fellow; what you might call a gentleman, well-off, too, I judged. He is in the wall-paper trade; has a factory somewhere in Pennsylvania or Virginia, I believe. Seemed he'd been down to New Orleans, partly on business and partly for his health and he took a return passage on the Sea Wind because the doctors seemed to calculate an ocean voyage would do him good. Naturally, after drifting around in that open boat for two nights and a day, he was terrible grateful to me for heaving to, in the sea there was running just then, and picking him and the rest up."

Miss Philura, poising her saucer of coffee daintily upon the tips of her fingers, shrugged a slim shoulder.

"Well he ought to have been," she declared. "You saved his life, didn't you?"

"That's what he kept vowing I did; vowed it over and over. Would have tried to pay me, if I'd let him."

"The idea! I hope you made him understand that you did not take pay for helping a fellow creature in distress."

"I did my best. I guess likely he gathered, from some things I said, that I had as hefty a shot in the locker as he had, Philury."

"Father! I *do* wish you would pronounce my name as it is spelled. I've told you *so* many times."

"Eh? Oh, all right, all right. Well, as I say, he and I got pretty chummy during the few days we had together, and he told me consider'ble about his line of trade. Seems it is only lately that he's been making his own wall papers. His cruise to New Orleans was partly on account of that. There's a lot of French folks down that way, you know, Philury ——"

"Philu-*ra!* Please—oh, *please!*"

"Eh? Oh, sartin, sartin! Well this Mr. Barclay has just made up in his factory a new pattern of paper copied after some of the old French patterns made on the other side. He got the notion that that kind of paper could be turned out right here in Yankeeland as well as amongst the frog eaters, so he and his fo'mast hands in the factory had done some experimenting and he'd taken some samples of the new stuff with him on his trip, thinking maybe he might work up trade down South yonder. In the course of our talks he learned about the new house I'm building here in Denboro ——"

"*We* are building, father. It is as much mine as yours."

"SARTIN, daughter, so 'tis. He was interested in the house minute I mentioned it, and nothing would do but I must let him give me—give us—paper enough to do the parlor in. He was so sot about it, Philu—Philura, that ——"

"Sot! I suppose you mean he was determined."

"Maybe I do. He was pigheaded about it, I'll swear to that much, and the upshot of it was that I gave him the measures, nigh as I could remember 'em, and he is going to send us rolls enough to do that parlor with. Said it would be a real pleasure for him to feel that he had added a trifle to

the charm and beauty of our new home. Those were the very words he used; had a sort of book fashion of talking, he did."

Miss Philura sniffed. "Well, I am sure I am much obliged to him," she observed, "but you must understand one thing, father: If I don't like that paper of his when it comes, it is not going on the walls of *my* parlor. I intend to make that room just as in the mode and *bon ton* as I possibly can."

The conversation ended here, and shortly afterward Captain Havens went out for a walk. His stroll, of course, was in the direction of the Creek Road, where, as reported in the Flag of Freedom, the new "mansion" was nearing completion. It was, for Denboro in those days, a large, roomy house, and the only fault Denboro had to find with it was its location. Why on earth Captain Josh was building such a house away off on that side road, with nothing to be seen from its windows except pine groves and sand and sky and water, was beyond local comprehension. The best homes in the village were along the main street, where, at least, there was "something going on to look at."

INSIDE the new dwelling the carpenters were fitting the final trimmings. Captain Joshua watched them at their labors and acknowledged their reverential greetings with patronizing good humor. They were all residents of Denboro or neighboring towns, and he was acquainted with them and their families. As he was turning to leave, one of them—young Ephraim Bartlett—approached him and whispered his name.

"Er—Cap'n—Cap'n Joshua ——" faltered the young man.

Joshua, on the threshold of the front door, turned.

"Eh?" he queried. "Oh, it's you, Eph! Wanted to say something, did you?"

Bartlett's sunburned face turned a deeper red. He fidgeted with the hammer in his hand. "Why—why, yes, Cap'n Josh—Cap'n Joshua, I mean," he stammered. "I—I did want to speak with you a minute if 'twouldn't be too much trouble. I know you're busy, but ——"

The captain waved a gracious hand. Work on the house was progressing satisfactorily and he was in a gracious mood.

"Never too busy to talk to a Denboro man," he said. "What have you got on your mind, Bartlett? Come outside where we'll be alone, if you'd rather."

He led the way and young Bartlett followed him. On the lower of the new front steps Joshua paused.

"Well?" he queried.

Ephraim passed the hammer from one hand to the other.

"Cap'n Joshua," he stammered, "I—I don't know as you know it, but I'm cal'latin' to get married pretty soon."

The magnate smiled. "Good idea," he observed. "I believe in a young fellow's marrying early in life; steadies him down. Who is the lucky girl? Know her, do I?"

Ephraim grinned bashfully. "Know her folks, I guess likely you do," he admitted. "She's a Cobb, from over on the East Denboro road."

"Oh, yes, yes! Nathaniel Cobb's daughter."

"No, sir, not them Cobbs. Her father is Peleg Cobb; goes coddin' to the Banks, he does. Her name's Matilda."

The Peleg Cobbs were of a lower social stratum than the Nathaniel Cobbs. Captain Havens' nod was more perfunctory.

"Um-m. All right," he grunted. "Well?"

"Why—why, I was thinkin' maybe you'd do a favor for me, Cap'n Joshua. A kind of—of money favor 'tis, you might say."

The Havens brows drew together. "Look here, young fellow," he said bluntly, "are you figuring on marrying a wife and borrowing money at the same time? Because if you are ——"

"No, no, I ain't"—hastily. "I don't want to borrow no money. It's the other way around, if anything. You see, Cap'n, I've been savin' up for a consider'ble spell and I've got about five hundred dollars put by. It ain't earnin' any interest, and I kind of want to—well, invest it, sort of. I don't know nothin' about such things, and of course you know 'most everything. So—so ——"

"Oh, I see. You'd like to have me tell you what to do with your five hundred? Is that it?"

"Why, not exactly. My notion—mine and Matilda's—was that I should ask you to take charge of the five hundred and—er—well, kind of salt it down for us, you understand. All hands in town knows how you helped out Sarah Lathrop with her insurance money. Of course, Cap'n Joshua, we realize it's a good deal of a favor to ask, but ——"

"Here, here! Lay to a minute. You want me to take your money and invest it for you, eh? Yes, yes. Any idea as to what sort of investment?"

"No, sir, nary one. Leave all that to you. Anything you see fit to pick out will suit us fine—and come out on top of the heap too. You never made no investments that didn't come out that way. This whole town would bet its last cent on your judgment, Cap'n."

THE flattery was pleasing to hear and the enthusiastic confirmation of Joshua Havens' own estimate of his business acumen gratifying. The great man smiled.

"All right, all right, Bartlett," he said. "I'll think it over and see what I can do. I'll be pretty busy for a fortni't or so, but after that you can hand me your five hundred and I'll give you a receipt for it. There, there, never mind thanking me. Glad to help a thrifty young fellow. Morning."

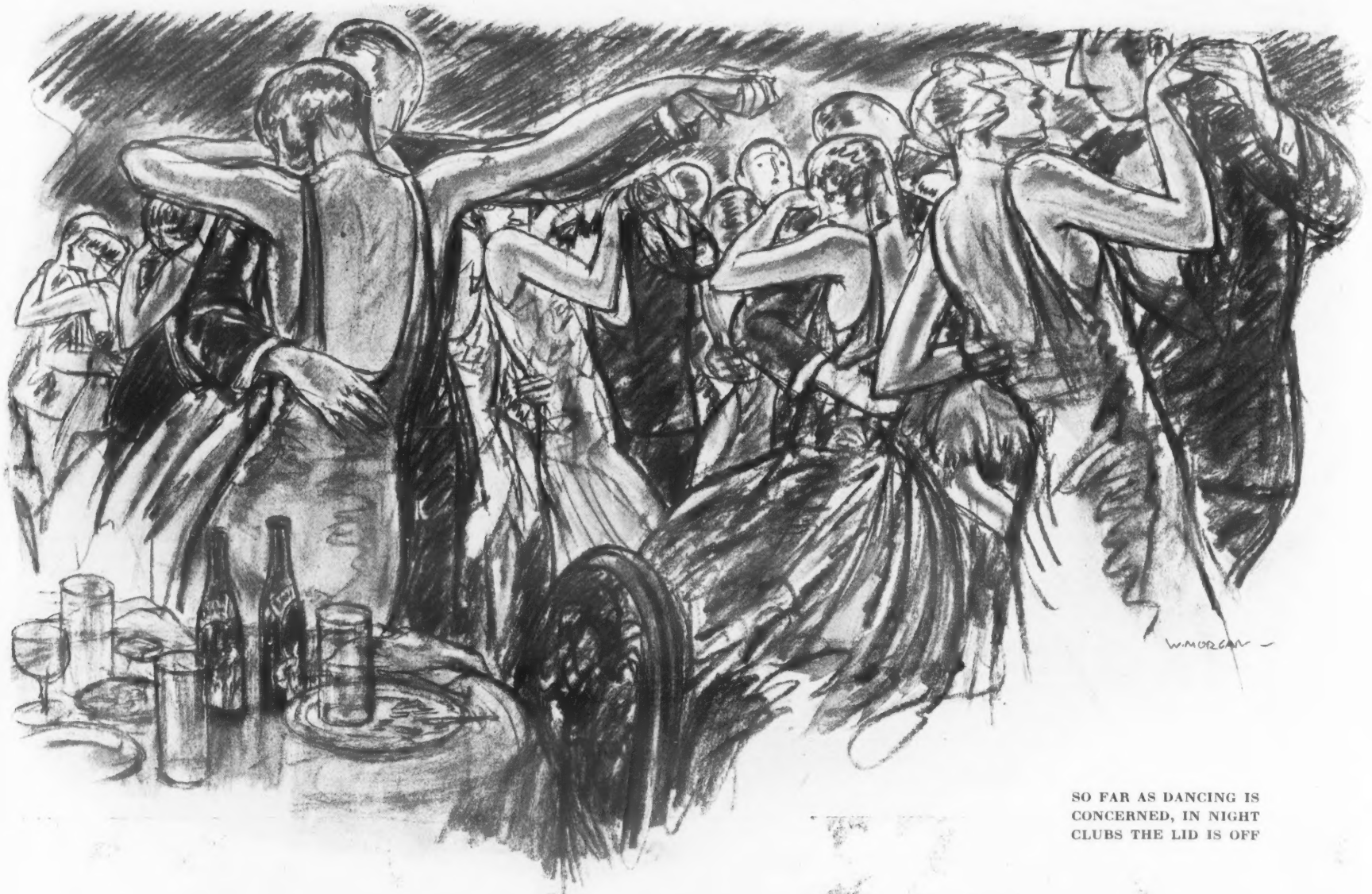
Joshua Havens' business took him to Boston for a greater part of the ensuing fortnight, and when he returned home his daughter had news for him. Mr. Barclay's gift, the wall paper for the parlor of the new house, had arrived from the Barclay factory, and Miss Philura's opinion of it was emphatically expressed.

"Look at it, father," she commanded scornfully. "Did you ever see anything so horrible in all your born days? I wouldn't paper a barn with it, to say nothing of my best parlor. The man must be crazy to send us such rubbish. Either that or he couldn't get rid of it any other way and took you for a backwoods greenhorn who wouldn't know the difference. Look!"

Joshua looked at the yard or two which she had unrolled for his inspection. It was a block-print pattern—castles and cascades, and groups of figures in the costumes of the previous century. An imitation, and a good imitation, of an old-time French paper. He shook his head.

(Continued on Page 144)

"THERE!" HE SAID. "'RECEIVED FROM EPHRAIM BARTLETT $500.' THAT'LL DO, I GUESS"



SO FAR AS DANCING IS CONCERNED, IN NIGHT CLUBS THE LID IS OFF

When Night Clubs are Trumps

By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER
Author of Ladies in Hades, Maypoles and Morals, Etc.

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

BOOTLEGGERS, gunmen, night clubs—all are part of the so-called racket of present-day lawlessness. All financed by illegal liquor—mostly paid for by people who are decent enough at home but out to make whoopee in the big city. "Suckers," the night-club owners call them.

"Tell what the night clubs are like," we suggested to Mr. Kummer. "Don't soft-pedal; let your story be just as raw as the places themselves."

And here is the first of two articles, presented with no apology beyond this brief explanation, and with no moral—for you will find the moral easily enough as you read the article. —THE EDITOR.

WHY do people go to night clubs?" I asked the manager of one of New York's smartest resorts of that character.

"Because they are damned fools," he said. But do not take that cynical remark too seriously. He winked as he said it, and I knew he was merely indulging in another wise crack.

Dinner. A show. Eleven o'clock. Half-past eleven. The theaters have disgorged their restless thousands, eager to be amused. Too early to go to bed when one is filled with the carnival spirit. The genial gentleman from the wide open spaces has heard that New York is wide open too. His throat is dry, his pockets burn with money, his breast with a desire for adventure. Visions of lively ladies in microscopic dancing costumes give him alluring thrills. In modern parlance, he wishes to make whoopee. Twelve o'clock. The hour when night clubs are trumps.

What is the lure of these places? There are hundreds of them all over town and its suburban fringes. You can mix with highbrows in the bohemian basements of Greenwich Village, or with highbrows, in the black-and-tan dens of Harlem. You can lose your virtue in some of them, or be relieved of your pocketbook in others, with equal facility and dispatch. From the simple joys of dancing, to the most degraded forms of vice, they nightly cater to an endless stream of customers.

Why do people flock to them? In what lies their peculiar charm? To answer those questions we must go to the night clubs themselves. Especially to the smart night clubs of New York.

These are the big and costly establishments which cater to what is called the "carriage trade"—nocturnal rendezvous of the great and near great, playgrounds of the socially élite. Not being very familiar with them myself, I went to my friends Bob and Dolly Breese, of New York and Palm Beach and Southampton. They, I said, can tell me where I ought to go. The Breeses are nothing if not smart.

"Do you know anything about night clubs?" I asked.

"I have a nodding acquaintance with them," Dolly smiled. "Especially around four in the morning."

I smiled, too, at that. Nodding, at any hour of the day or night, is not one of Dolly's habits.

"Then perhaps you can tell me what makes them smart."

"The prices, of course. At least they have made a lot of their customers smart."

"I don't doubt it. But I'm told most people don't mind being called suckers—in the proper environment. Rather expect it, in fact. And of course the amiable ladies and gentlemen who run the night clubs would never allow any of them to go away disappointed."

"Not if it took their last dollar."

"Altruistic of course," I laughed. "But seriously, why do people go to them? Smart people?"

"It's for want of something better—or worse—to do."

"Really? Are they as bad as all that?"

"It's a matter of opinion. When Bob and I go, which is seldom, it's to dance. Why not see for yourself?"

"I mean to. And I want you and Bob to come with me and lend a helping hand."

Mrs. Breese made one of her prize Pekingese sit up and beg. "It looks like a duty," she said. "We have nothing on for tomorrow night."

Which is how my night-club adventures began.

We entered the big room against a billowing wave of cigarette smoke, perfume and noise. Wooden noise, from the pounding of rattles on table tops. Hard, brassy noise, in the form of exuberant jazz. One felt, rather than saw, the brilliantly colorful decorations, the bizarre draperies, the soft and sensuous lights.

In the small space beyond our ringside table a girl was dancing beneath a baby spot. Her shapely body flowed like milk in the electric glare.

All around were faces, staring—cool, cruel faces gray with the night-club pallor. Red, bloated faces, indicative of overstrained hearts. Brown faces of outdoor men and alabaster faces of indoor ones. Faces of women, like pale cameos against the hard black of dinner coats, the duller smudges of mufti. Young faces and old ones, ugly and beautiful, stupid and daring. Keen, sophisticated faces beside blandly innocent ones wearing that overdone innocence which masks a supersophistication. Faces in rows, in groups, in clusters, like sections from the first-night curtain of the Chauve Souris.

Over all, a rich and shaded brilliancy, a hard confusion of sounds, an atmosphere tense and expectant. A typical, smart night club of New York.

As we took our seats the dancer finished her number. The rattles gave her staccato applause.

From the table behind us came a protesting female voice. "But, Henry—the woman was practically naked!" . . .

"THE ONLY WAY ANYBODY CAN STRING THAT BABY," SHE LAUGHED, "IS WITH PEARLS"

"I know, my dear, but such attractive nakedness. No one could ever say they married *her* for her money." . . . "Married! Don't be a fool." . . . "All right—all right! I don't insist on marriage."

The next girl, a very beautiful brunette, also danced, but—differently. Her costume should have pleased the lady behind us better, since it consisted almost entirely of a rich coat of tan. One gathered that her bathing suit had been not only sunback, but sides and front as well. In addition, she was adorned by a triangle of three fig leaves. A concession, no doubt, to modern ideas of propriety, since Eve required but one to be fully dressed. Her dance was thrillingly acrobatic.

"I'm tired of these everlasting fig leaves, myself," said Dolly. "I should think they might hit on something new, for a change."

"But—they're a symbol ——"

"Of what?"

"That the lady is—legally speaking—dressed."

"One of these legal fictions, I suppose. Why not hang out a sign?"

"Nobody believes in signs nowadays."

"Nobody believes in fig leaves, either, for that matter—particularly in night clubs."

A crash of rattles on the table tops. A burst of applause. An exhilarated gentleman had jumped from his seat and persuaded the acrobatic dancer to play a game of leapfrog with him. She sailed over his stooping figure like a cloud. But his own efforts resulted in a dismal flop. Smiling, the girl helped him to his feet.

"Ain't she grand?" he announced to the grinning ringside. "Here, kid"—he drew a bill from his pocket—"put this in your" —— he paused, his eyes sweeping her slender figure, then burst out laughing. "Too bad—too bad! What's a girl like that going to do with her money?" He began to weep. A waiter led him back to his table.

I glanced at my friends.

"If this weren't a dry country, one might suppose the gentleman had been drinking to excess. Although I suppose 'success' would be the better word."

The orchestra blared. An adenoidal tenor, wearing a Spanish costume, began to sing. The words of his ditty brought all the rattles into quick action. What difference do little things like adenoids make when one sings in ultra risqué fashion? The ring of shadowy faces turned to grinning masks. One touch of sex, it seems, makes the whole world kin. And sin—vicariously, it may be.

The tenor retired after several encores. Bottles began to appear with amazing swiftness from beneath the tables. The pale girl who followed, playing Hungarian airs upon the violin, was unfortunately "spotted." Volleys of cotton balls, hurled by two groups of playful guests at opposite tables, flew about her, threatened to spoil her performance. The manager took a hand—persuaded them to give the little girl a hand.

I spoke to him as he paused beside our table. A card of introduction from an important patron had insured me a welcome.

"Any underworld characters about?" I asked jokingly.

"If there were you wouldn't know it. They are the best-dressed, the best-behaved and the soberest customers we have."

I glanced about. All sorts and conditions of people, all well dressed. Business men or bootleggers—college boys or Broadway racketeers—society leaders or kept women—who could tell? In night clubs clothes do not make the man—or the woman. The smartly tailored young chap at the next table might be a noted gangster with a "rod" slung under his shoulder, but there was nothing in his looks or actions to indicate it. His middle-aged companion, who looked like a Greek, had shrewd eyes, but unless one happened to be in the know he might be anything, from a retired dealer in olive oil to a celebrated gambler of Times Square who thinks nothing of risking a hundred thousand dollars on the turn of a card. Patrons, of course, may imagine what they please; it is one of the charms of night clubs.

More bottles on the table now. Everybody seems to be drinking. Is that where the thrill comes in? Scarcely A bottle on the table, or under it, is just as illegal at one's golf club, at five in the afternoon, as it would be here at five in the morning. Those who wish to drink do not need to sit up in night clubs in order to do it. It is easier—and cheaper—at home.

A blast of applause sent the cigarette smoke whirling. A superbly built girl appeared to do an Indian dance. Her girdle of beads—size double A—made an appropriate costume. I had my doubts about the Indian part of it, but her sleek brown skin owed its color to older and hotter suns than those of modern bathing beaches. She sang with her body—interpreted in motion the same sex motif the tenor had expressed in words. The virility of her naked form was astonishing. Men rose and applauded. The audience went wild. In the eyes of the women were feline glints; their faces grew tense. Here was real competition. For the first time the room became silent. Something swept over it like a flame. You could almost hear the beat of tom-toms—feel the hot glare of a tropic sun. Under a brilliant spot the girl finished her dance in a huddle of quivering flesh.

"So that's the reason husbands leave home?" I laughed.

"A common one," Dolly remarked, turning up her charming nose.

The drumming on the tables subsided as a hoofer took the woman's place. There was the tinkle of ice in glasses. Many dry throats, after that blazing dance. Across the room I saw a woman sitting, her white forearms ringed with rubies in a crimson rash.

"Nice jewels," I remarked, nodding.

The hostess who was with us began to laugh. "The other night," she said, "an elderly hotel man was talking to that girl. 'You'd look a lot better, my dear,' he said, 'without all that five-and-ten-cent-store junk on you. Why don't you go home and take it off?'" Our hostess continued to laugh.

(Continued on Page 187)

WHEN MIDNIGHT COMES THEY FIND THEMSELVES LIKE THE DECEASED ATHEIST, "ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO"—EXCEPT THE NIGHT CLUBS

VAUGHN'S PERSONAL OPINION WAS THAT ROSETA UVALDE HAD ELOPED, AND PROBABLY WITH A COWBOY OR VAQUERO

The Ranger

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

PERIODICALLY of late, especially after some bloody affray or other, Vaughn Medill, ranger of Texas, suffered from spells of depression and longing for a ranch and a wife and children. The fact that few rangers ever attained these did not detract from their growing charm. At such times the long service to his great state, which owed so much to the rangers, was apt to pall.

Vaughn sat in the shade of the adobe house, on the bank of the slow-eddying, muddy Rio Grande, outside the town of Brownsville. He was alone at this ranger headquarters, for the very good reason that his chief, Captain Allerton, and two comrades were laid up in the hospital. Vaughn, with his usual notorious luck, had come out of the Cutter rustling fight without a scratch.

He had needed a few days off, to go alone into the mountains, and there get rid of the sickness killing always engendered in him. No wonder he got red in the face and swore when some admiring tourist asked him how many men he had killed. Vaughn had been long in the service. Like other Texas youths, he had enlisted in this famous and unique state constabulary before he was twenty, and he refused to count the years he had served. He had the stature of the born Texan. And the lined, weathered face, the resolute lips—grim except when he smiled—and the narrowed eyes of gray fire, and the tinge of white over his temples, did not tell the truth about his age.

Vaughn watched the yellow river that separated his state from Mexico. He had reason to hate that strip of dirty water and the hot mesquite-and-cactus land beyond. Like as not this very day or tomorrow he would have to go across and arrest some Mexican or fetch back a stolen calf or shoot it out with Quinela and his band, who were known to be on American soil. Vaughn shared, in common with all Texans, a supreme contempt for Mexicans. His father had been a soldier in both Texas wars, and Vaughn had inherited his conviction that all Mexicans were greasers. He knew that this was not really true. Villa was an old acquaintance, and he had listed among men to whom he owed his life, Martiniano, one of the greatest of Texas *vaqueros*.

Brooding never got Vaughn anywhere, except in deeper. This drowsy summer day he got in very deep indeed, so deep that he began to mourn over the several girls he might—at least he believed he might—have married. That seemed long ago, when he was on fire with the ranger spirit, and would not have sacrificed any girl to the agony of waiting for her ranger to come home—knowing that some day he would not come. Since then sentimental affairs had been few and far between; and the last, dating to this very hour, concerned Roseta, daughter of Uvalde, foreman for the big Glover ranch just down the river.

Uvalde was a Mexican of quality, claiming descent from the Spanish soldier of that name. He had an American wife, owned many head of stock, and in fact was partner with Glover in several cattle deals. The black-eyed Roseta, his daughter, had been born on the American side of the river, and had shared advantages of school and contact seldom the lot of *señoritas*.

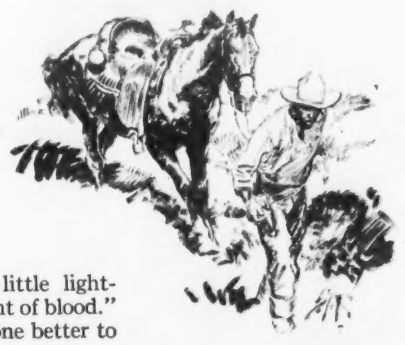
Vaughn ruminated over these few facts as excuse for his infatuation. For a Texas ranger to fall in love with an ordinary greaser girl was unthinkable. Certainly it had happened, but it was something not to think about. Roseta, however, was extraordinary. She was pretty, and slight of stature—so slight that Vaughn felt ludicrous, despite his bliss, while dancing with her. If he had stretched out his long arm and she had walked under it, he would have had to lower his hand considerably to touch her glossy black head. She was roguish and coquettish, yet had the pride of her Spanish forbears. Lastly, she was young, rich, the belle of Las Animas, and the despair of cowboy and *vaquero* alike.

When Vaughn had descended to the depths and end of his brooding, he discovered, as he had before, that there were but slight grounds for hopes which had grown serious. The sweetness of a haunting dream was all that could be his. Only this time it hurt more. He should not have let himself in for such a catastrophe. But as he groaned in spirit and bewailed his state, he could not help recalling Roseta's smiles, her favors of dances when scores of admirers were thronging after her, the way she would single him out on occasions. "*Un señor grande*," she had called him, and likewise "handsome gringo," and once, with mystery and havoc in her sloe-black eyes, "You Texas ranger—you bloody gunman—killer of Mexicans!"

Flirt Roseta was, of course, and doubly dangerous by reason of her mixed blood, her Spanish lineage and her American development. Uvalde had been quoted as saying that he would never let his daughter marry across the Rio Grande. Some rich rancher's son would have her hand bestowed upon him; maybe young Glover would be the lucky one. It was madness of Vaughn even to dream of winning her. Yet there still abided that much boy in him.

Sound of wheels and hoofs interrupted the ranger's reverie. He listened. A buggy had stopped out in front. Vaughn got up and looked round the corner of the house. Significant was it that he instinctively stepped out sideways, his right hand low where the heavy gun-sheath hung. A ranger never presented his full front to bullets; it was a trick of old hands in the service.

Someone was helping a man out of the buggy. Presently Vaughn recognized Colville, a ranger comrade, who came in assisted, limping, and with his arm in a sling.



"HOW are you, Bill?" asked Vaughn solicitously, as he helped the driver lead Colville into the large whitewashed room.

"All right—fine, in fact—only a—little light-headed," panted the other. "Lost a sight of blood."

"You look it. Reckon you'd have done better to stay at the hospital."

"Medill, there ain't half enough rangers to go—round," replied Colville. "Cap Allerton is hurt bad—but he'll recover. An' he thought so long as I could wag I'd better come back to headquarters."

"Ahuh. What's up, Bill?" rejoined the ranger quietly. He really did not need to ask.

"Shore I don't know. Somethin' to do with Quinela," replied Colville. "Help me out of my coat. It's hot an' dusty. . . . Fetch me a cold drink."

"Bill, you should have stayed in town if it's ice you want," said Vaughn, as he filled a dipper from the water bucket that stood in a corner of the room. "Haven't I run this shebang many a time?"

"Medill, you're slated for a run across the Rio—if I don't miss my guess. Something's on foot, shore as shootin'."

"—— you say! Alone?"

"How else, unless the rest of our outfit rides in from the Brazos. . . . Anyway, don't they call you the 'lone-star ranger'? Haw! Haw!"

"Shore you don't have a hunch what's up?" inquired Vaughn.

"Honest, I don't. Allerton had to wait for more information. Then he'll send instructions. But we know Quinela was hangin' round, with some devilry afoot."

"Bill, that outfit is plumb bold these days," said Vaughn reflectively. "I wonder, now."

"WE'RE all guessin'. But Allerton swears Quinela is daid set on revenge. Lopez was some relation, we heah from Mexicans on this side. An' when we busted up Lopez' gang, we riled Quinela. I reckon he's laid that to you, Vaughn."

"Nonsense," blurted out Vaughn. "Quinela has another raid on hand, or some other bandit job."

"But didn't you kill Lopez?" queried Colville.

"I shore didn't," declared Vaughn testily. "Reckon I was there when it happened, but I wasn't the only ranger."

"Wal, you've got the name of it, an' that's as bad. Not that it makes much difference. You're used to bein' laid for. But I reckon Cap wanted to tip you off."

"Ahuh. . . . Say, Bill," replied Vaughn, dropping his head, "I'm shore tired of this ranger game."

"Good Lord, who ain't? But, Vaughn, you couldn't lay down on Captain Allerton right now."

"No. But I've a notion to resign when he gets well an' the boys come back from the Brazos."

"An' that'd be all right, Vaughn, although we'd hate to lose you," returned Colville earnestly. "We all know—in fact, everybody who has followed the ranger service knows—you should have been a captain long ago. But them pig-headed officials at Houston! Vaughn, your gun record, the very name an' skill that make you a great ranger, have operated against you there."

"Reckon so. But I never wanted particularly to be a captain—leastways of late years," replied Vaughn moodily. "I'm just tired of bein' eternally on my guard. Lookin' to be shot at from every corner or bush! Why, I near killed one of my good friends, all because he came sudden-like out of a door, pullin' at his handkerchief!"

"It's the price we pay. Texas could never have been settled at all but for the buffalo hunters first, an' then us rangers. We don't get much credit, Vaughn. But we know some day our service will be appreciated. . . . In your case everythin' is magnified. Suppose you did quit the service? Wouldn't you still stand most the same risk? Wouldn't you need to be on your guard, sleepin' an' wakin'?"

"Wal, I suppose so, for a time. But somehow I'd be relieved."

"Vaughn, the men who are lookin' for you now will always be lookin', until they're daid."

"Shore. But, Bill, that class of men don't live long on the Texas border."

"Hell! Look at Wess Hardin', Kingfisher, Poggin—gunmen that took a long time to kill. An' look at Cortina, at Quinela—an' Villa. . . . Nope, I reckon it's the obscure relations an' friends of men you've shot that you have most to fear. An' you never know who an' where they are. It's my belief you'd be shore of longer life by stickin' to the rangers."

"Couldn't I get married an' go way off somewhere?" queried Vaughn belligerently.

Colville whistled in surprise, and then laughed. "Ah-huh? So that's the lay of the land? A gal! Wal, if the Texas-ranger service is to suffer, let it be for that one cause."

TOWARD evening a messenger brought a letter from Captain Allerton, with the information that a drove of horses had been driven across the river west of Brownsville, at Rock Ford. They were in charge of Mexicans and presumably had been stolen from some ranch inland. The raid could be laid to Quinela, though there was no proof of it. It bore his brand. Medill's instructions were to take the rangers and recover the horses.

"Reckon Cap thinks the boys have got back from the Brazos or he's had word they're comin'," commented Colville. "Wish I was able to ride. We wouldn't wait."

Vaughn scanned the short letter again and then filed it away among a stack of others.

"Strange business, this ranger service," he said ponderingly. "Horses stolen—fetch them back! Cattle raid—recover stock! Drunken cowboy shootin' up the town—arrest him! Bandits looted the San 'Tone stage—fetch them in! Little Tom, Dick or Harry lost—find him! Farmer murdered—string up the murderer!"

"Wal, come to think aboot it, you're right," replied Colville. "But the rangers have been doin' it for thirty or forty years. You cain't help havin' pride in the service, Medill. Half the job's done when these *hombres* find a ranger's on the trail. That's reputation. But I'm bound to admit the thing is strange an' shore couldn't happen nowhere else but in Texas."

"Reckon I'd better ride up to Rock Ford an' have a look at that trail."

"Wal, I'd wait till mawnin'. Mebbe the boys will come in. An' there's no sense in ridin' it twice."

THE following morning after breakfast Vaughn went out to the alfalfa pasture to fetch in his horse. Next to his gun, a ranger's horse was his most valuable asset. Indeed, a horse often saved a ranger's life when a gun could not. Star was a big-boned

(Continued on Page 70)

HE TURNED THE CORNER OF THE WALL TO FACE A LINE OF LEVELED RIFLES. "HANDS UP, GRINGO RANGER!"

IT WAS EXERCISE, BUT IT WAS SINGULARLY UNLIKE THE GRIM SPORTS OF THE LAST TWO DAYS

The Prodigal Guest

By

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

THE palmists do it by the lines in the hand, the anthropologists by the shape of the skull; psychoanalysts prattle learnedly of introverts and extroverts; and even cannibals do their simple best to rank their fellow beings under the two standards of edible and taboo. But Max Beerbohm once divided the whole human species into hosts and guests—and it is the most serviceable classification I know.

Oliver Wilmot was a natural guest. He was born for it, he enjoyed it, and constant practice had polished his native guestly qualities till they shone with the restrained, artistic patina of old pewter. There are Seven Deadly Plagues of the Nervous Hostess—the Tongue-Tied, the Blighted Lover, the Expert Who Talks About It, the Furniture Breaker, the Borrower, the Woman Who Has Been Psychoanalyzed and the Man Who Says He Doesn't Play Bridge and Plays. But Oliver was none of these.

He was not a parasite, but he did not suffer from that ingrowing independence that treats the entertainer of the moment as the rather inefficient proprietor of a slightly second-rate hotel. He played most games with sufficient expertness, but none with that devastating skill that drives the rest of the party fatally toward the Alpine rock garden. He could talk, but it was not necessary to gag him when the soufflé was within three seconds of wilting, and he had never once assaulted a fellow guest with a putter over a difference in political views. He cleaned neither shoes nor razors on the guest-room towels; he tipped the servants; he did not arrive accompanied by (a) ailing dogs, (b) superior English valets, (c) subscription lists to deserving charities, (d) scientific instruments of great value and extraordinary fragility, (e) saxophones, trained lizards, Indian or other controls for psychic séances, unknown but thirsty friends.

UNDER such circumstances it was not unnatural that Oliver found himself a good deal in demand. And he might easily have become a snob—but he did not. It did not matter if you gave Oliver canned soup and beans in a sixth-floor walk-up apartment, or caviar and pressed duck in a bigger and better Trianon—in either case he was just as good company. What he liked was being a guest.

He had a job—and he contracted a good many social obligations. But he did not use his genius for being invited out as a lever to pry himself into a vice presidency—and, though he was not rich, he saw to it that his obligations were repaid. Only he did it in unusual ways. A couple of hundred of those cigarettes that you liked so much but couldn't quite afford; the first edition you had been looking for; roses at Christmas; a piece of jade—that sort of thing—always something you personally wanted and would be surprised and pleased at getting, always arriving unexpectedly. If you were sick, he would nurse you; if you were in difficulties, he would go to endless trouble helping you out of them. He would even amuse your children without noticeable frenzy—and that is a test of friendship. In fact, the only thing he would almost never do was—to ask you out to dinner. But then everybody knew that that was not his forte.

He had started being a guest, in the wider sense of the term, when he was eighteen or so. At the age of twenty-six he was still a guest, and finding it very pleasant. And then he fell suddenly and violently in love with Viola Marsh.

Viola was one of those creatures who are born under a gypsy star. They have light bones and narrow hands, they walk the world as if the world were a dancing-floor, their black hair does not whiten until they are very old, and even when they are old they still keep something of the serene mockery of the child. You should give them many things, such as amulets and talismans, wild-cherry trees for their gardens and small fantastic animals blown from thin glass and gold.

But never give them good advice or your heart—for the first will disenchant them utterly, and you will never get back the second unless they choose.

The first time Oliver saw Viola he stammered, made two revokes and left the house with somebody else's hat. The second time he had to be addressed at least four times by any other member of the party before he would answer. The third time his eyes were those of a somnambulist and he had begun to read poetry aloud. Under such circumstances some men have slain dragons, some have wasted away into shadows, and others have produced immortal works of art. Oliver resolved to give a party.

HE COULDN'T see enough of Viola at other people's parties; there was always somebody stupid in the way. And he was still so deeply in the first or self-irritant stage of love that the thought of taking her out to lunch alone and the thought of scaling the Matterhorn clad only in his best pajamas filled his mind with the same mingling of awe and despair. Moreover, the instinct that causes the male beetle to pretend itself a wiser and nobler beetle, the male lyre bird to expand incessantly the miracle of its tail, and the small boy to turn a series of unnecessary handsprings in front of a certain gate, was strong in him. He was not particularly wise or unusually witty, he had never been bitten by wolves, and no trade journals had yet alluded to him as The Steam-Refrigerator King. But his years of guestship had taught him something, at least, of social occasions, and that knowledge he stood prepared to lay wistfully at Viola's feet. He would appear before her, no longer one of the undistinguished stream of guests that come and go and are forgotten, alike as their own bow ties—but something unique, individual—the perfect host.

(Continued on Page 153)

Lawlessness

By GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

Cartoon by J.N. Darling

"APPALLING, isn't it?" one's dinner companion invariably exclaims somewhere in the course of any of those casual conversations that ultimately drift toward matters of public interest. "The crime situation, I mean. The general disrespect for law; the defiant immunity of millionaire bootleggers and gang leaders; the prevalence of murders and other crimes whose perpetrators are protected by huge war chests devoted to the corruption or the outwitting of justice, and all that sort of thing.

"Just picture the situation," he continues, bristling with facts and information. "Convictions for violation of Federal laws have increased more than 400 per cent since 1915; more than 9000 murders are committed annually in the United States; our crime bill runs to millions of dollars a year; and investigations in many of our largest cities are showing ghastly evidences of graft, collusion and abuse of legal privileges, largely due to the liquor traffic. Why, if it continues this lawlessness may eventually mean the downfall of our Government and our country. Yet what is the answer to it all? What can we do about it?"

With this disheartening situation I am no less concerned than is my dinner companion, although neither I nor anyone else can say precisely how much of today's crime record in America can be traced directly to violation of our prohibition legislation.

But it seems to me, as to many others, that there is an answer, perhaps not to the troubling problem of law enforcement, but at least to the question of what the worried and patriotic individual can do to remedy conditions. And perhaps it can be approached by the Yankee method of propounding another question in turn.

"Is it possible," one might ask the worried patriot, "that you or some of your friends actually contribute toward the war chest that supports certain forms of crime, by buying from the bootlegger who keeps it filled?

"It appears to be well established that much of the wealth and the power of the criminal forces today come from the illegal sale of liquor. In other words, the bootlegger collectively supplies the funds that finance a large number of our more serious crimes and protect the criminals."

Prohibition

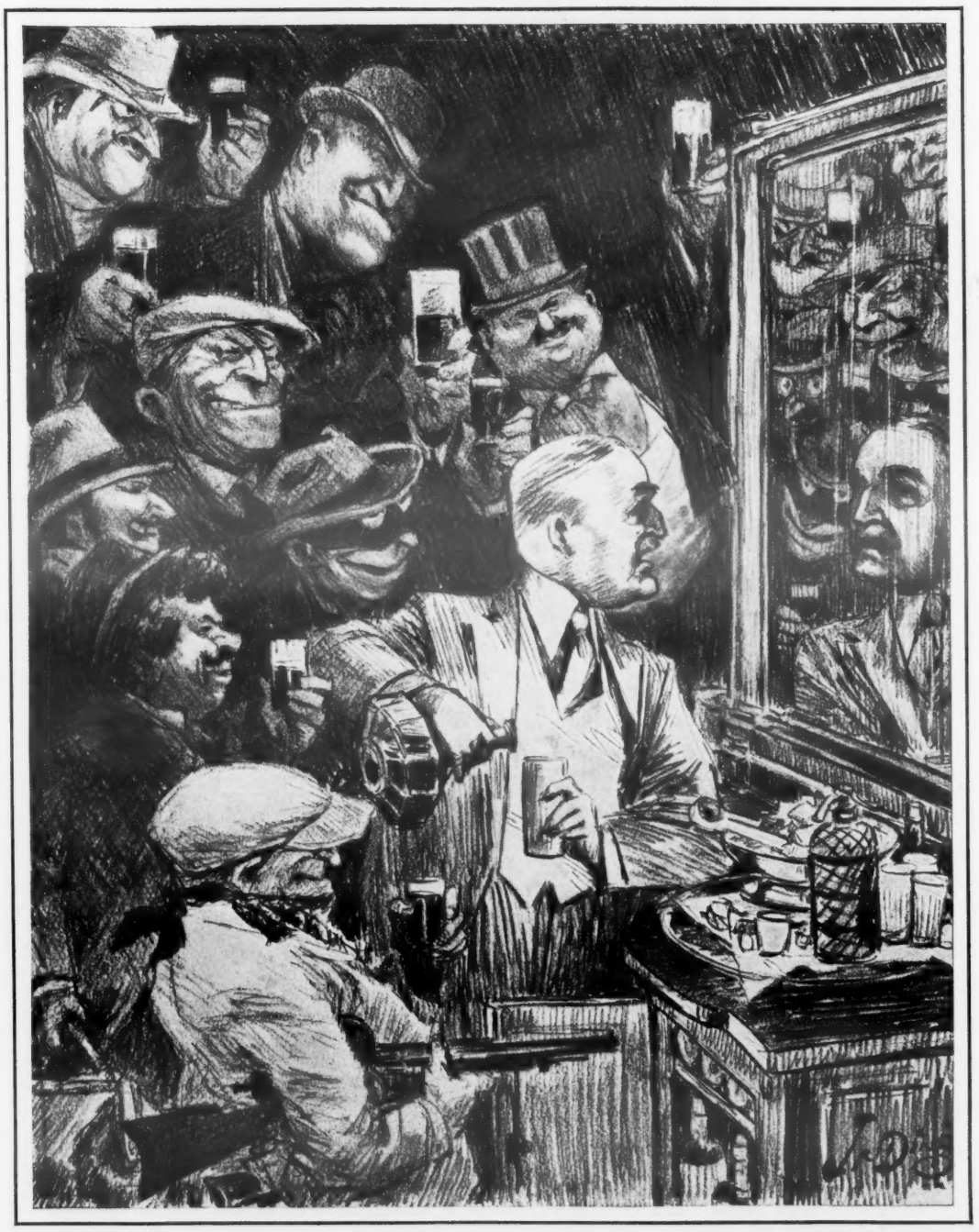
"BEFORE he appeared on the national scene crime was financed on a far more stringent and limited scale. Its income was principally from thefts, robberies, blackmail, and the like—activities attended by great danger, and by their very nature difficult to organize and control.

"Today, as a result of the generosity and indirect connivance of his clientele, the bootlegger can supply funds for organization and protection that must in the aggregate run into many millions of dollars. And with prices for his product high as they are, it seems evident that the bootlegger must depend to a great degree upon the well-to-do, the more or less prominent and established citizens of his community, for his market.

"Doesn't it, then, seem rather obvious that if that market were closed to him the great power of the criminal, which must depend upon the money at his command, would fail? To that extent the bootlegger's patron is encouraging and contributing to a condition that creates the situation you find so appalling."

"But," runs the popular protest to such a suggestion, "you wrong the man who buys a bottle of liquor from the only source open to him. In the majority of cases he fears and deplores the lawlessness of today as profoundly as do you or I. His purpose is not to aid or encourage the criminal. More often it is to make a gesture of protest against prohibitory legislation, which he considers iniquitous and tryannical and by its very nature a blow at liberty."

To this form of argument there can, of course, be only one answer. It is that the man who patronizes the bootlegger—and organized crime—and who explains that his conduct is a patriotic protest must be either self-deceived or singularly unreflecting.



"HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU"

If he really believes that the prevalence of disrespect for law menaces his country, then by encouraging and compensating lawlessness he admits himself willing to sacrifice his country for a drink.

If, on the other hand, he believes the prohibition laws so iniquitous that a gesture of protest is necessary, reflection should show him that he has chosen an impotent method of registering his objection.

Defiance of an unjust law has been the moral right and the practice of conscientious rebels in all ages. But it has proved effective only when done publicly and in the open. All men who have accomplished great political or other reforms gloried in the wide publicity of their protests. It was their most effective weapon, and they used it even when martyrdom was the certain outcome.

I would not have my dinner companion think that I am advocating similar heroics or martyrdom over the present prohibition issue. What I would point out, however, is that the man who buys and drinks liquor furtively is less often a village Hampden opposing his little tyrant with dauntless breast than he is a thirsty citizen; that, however exalted his panegyrics to liberty, he is generally not so eager for reform as he is for alcohol; and that sentimental efforts to portray him as a protesting idealist are usually more silly than convincing.

Precisely to what degree the bootlegger's patron contributes thus indirectly to the war funds of organized crime is difficult to determine. The inference is, of course, that his collective contribution is large, and that the major share comes from the pockets of men who can afford to pay the high prices demanded for illegal beverages.

This in turn indicates that the men of substance in any community, including commercial, professional and other leaders, are an important source of the criminal's income, and that they can stop that income, crippling his power, whenever they determine to end their patronage.

The Law

THE poor man, sociologists have estimated, is contributing comparatively little, and the criminal less, to the astounding total of income realized from the illicit sale of high-priced liquor. These facts were emphasized by President Hoover when in his inaugural address he discussed enforcement and said:

> A large responsibility rests directly upon our citizens. There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronized it. We must awake to the fact that this patronage from large numbers of law-abiding citizens is supplying the rewards and stimulating crime. . . .
>
> The duty of citizens to support the laws of the land is coequal with the duty of their government to enforce the laws which exist. No greater national service can be given by men and women of good will, who I know are not unmindful of responsibilities of citizenship, than that they should, by their example, assist in stamping out crime and outlawry by refusing participation in and condemning all transactions with illegal liquor.
>
> Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support. The worst evil of disregard for some law is that it destroys respect for all law. For our citizens to patronize the violation of a particular law on the ground that they are opposed to it is destructive of the very basis of all that protection of life, of homes and property which they rightly claim under other laws. If citizens do not like a law, their duty as honest men and women is to discourage its violation; their right is openly to work for its repeal.

Many students of public affairs are now looking hopefully toward the final report of the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement appointed by President Hoover, for further light on the responsibility of the prohibition law and its violators—both buyers and sellers—for our present crime statistics.

Zealots among both the wets and the drys seem convinced that this report will prove the truth of their divergent and passionately nurtured theories. The wets believe it will present facts proving that absolute prohibition can never be enforced and thereby open the way to either nullification or an appreciable weakening of our present legislation. The drys are convinced it will not only show that prohibition can be enforced, but that the results of lax enforcement efforts are so serious in their contribution to crime as to demand an immediate and rigorous tightening up.

In this attitude both sides are possibly too sanguine, as is the way of zealots. In the first place, the final report may not be completed for one or two years, during which period

(Continued on Page 182)

GLIBLY THE SHOPMAN ANSWERED THAT THIS WAS ONE OF THE FINEST IMPORTED COLLIES IN AMERICA AND A SURE WINNER AT ANY SHOW

Blue Ribbons

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by Albin Henning

IT BEGAN when Ron Taylor told a tale of the mythical collie of an equally mythical drunkard—a collie which met and led home his befuddled master every night for two years; and which flew at the same master and bit him savagely when the inebriate chanced to come home sober—and therefore unrecognized by his own dog—on the night after the Civic League closed all the saloons.

Taylor told the yarn to a group of people loafing on the deep porch of the Garth Country Club, between dances.

Thais Lane listened with wide-eyed interest. Thais had a marvelous ear for a joke—an ear her less gifted girl acquaintances envied her. Almost invariably she could tell from the tone-shades of a joker's voice at what moment she was expected to laugh appreciatively.

But Ron Taylor told the yarn of the drunkard's collie with no such guiding intonation. Wherefore, Thais accepted it as fact. It stirred within her tender heart a genuine pity for the poor dog's undoubted chagrin when he should have learned that it was his own master he bit—that and an admiration for the beast's staunch loyalty to so worthless a man.

"Oh!" she sighed. "How splendid—I mean, how pitiful! I'd give anything to have a collie. I've always wanted one. You're lucky to have so many of them, Ron, and to be able to make such a study of them."

Taylor did not answer at once. Thais' wistful words caused a glorious idea to spring, full grown, into his agile brain. Taylor owned the famed Inverlochry Collie Kennels that were the pride of his rambling estate on the outskirts of Garth. The kennels were his fad. He did not need to make them a paying venture. He had as much money as he needed—almost as much as he wanted.

In one of his kennel yards just then dwelt a glorious young collie with an assured bench-show future; a magnificent youngster for which Taylor had refused five hundred dollars. Thus far, the dog was wholly without education—after the manner of the average show prospect. But a single month of intensive training would make him an ideal chum and house dog; in brief, an ideal present for Thais Lane.

If ever a gift could soften and warm a girl's heart toward the giver, this was the one. And right eagerly did Ron Taylor crave to soften and warm Thais' heart toward himself. Thus far he felt he had made too slow progress. But when he should fulfill her just-expressed wish in this sumptuous fashion ——

Brent Willard, in the shadows behind Thais, read Taylor's thoughts with all the morbid clairvoyance of a lover. Yes, this was to be one more instance of a man with all the money in the world scoring cruelly over a man who had almost no money at all! One of Taylor's blue-ribbon collies presently would be Thais' adored comrade and servitor; an ever-present reminder of the donor's devotion, a subtly powerful ally in the donor's courtship.

Willard's teeth set; and into his brain was born a plan as brilliant as Taylor's own. There were other places on earth, surely, where collies might be bought for his sweetheart, besides Ron's flashy Inverlochry Kennels!

The next morning Brent took a train to the city an hour earlier than was his wont. In a classified directory overnight he had found the addresses of half a dozen pet-dog shops.

In the third of these shops visited by him before he went to the office, he found what he wanted. There, tied to a table leg in the shop's back room, stood mournfully a collie. It was precisely such a collie as Brent Willard remembered seeing pictured in his colored nursery books of years agone.

The dog was yellow and white, with kinky coat and broad head and great round friendly eyes and prettily flopping ears. True, he bore but a rudimentary likeness to the show dogs Brent had seen in Taylor's kennel runs. But surely the picture-book artists would have known best. Brent's only dread was lest such a paragon's price might be far beyond his means. Timidly, yet with an effort at carelessness, he asked the bored shopman how much the dog would cost him. Glibly the shopman answered that this was one of the finest imported collies in America and a sure winner at any show, besides being a miracle of intelligence and loyalty. He finished a long eulogy by saying he could not possibly part with so grand a dog for less than twenty dollars.

THAT evening, as Thais was sitting on the veranda of the Lanes' quasi-Moorish bungalow just after dinner, Brent Willard marched proudly up the walk toward her. By a shiny new chain he was convoying a yellow-and-white collie dog that capered gymnastically from side to side of his escort, and varied the capering by merry dives between Brent's legs and by quite as jocund efforts to twine the chain about the man's ankles.

As Thais came forth to meet the pair, the dog abandoned his efforts to trip and throw Brent and charged patteringly up the porch steps toward her. Bodily he flung himself at her, seeking to lick her face and succeeding in tearing her skirt.

"Oh, the beauty!" cried Thais, hugging the wriggly mass of golden fur and disregarding the torn frock. "The beauty! He's—why, he's the very loveliest collie I ever set eyes on. Aren't you, you darling dog? How long have you had him, Brent?"

"Man and boy, I've owned him the best part of ten hours," answered Willard. "And if I have the luck to make you like him enough to keep him, I'll cease to be his lifelong owner here and now. You—you said last night that you'd always wanted a collie. If you meant it ——"

"Brent!" gasped the girl. "Brent Willard! You—you don't—you can't—mean this perfectly gorgeous dog is for me? I —— Oh, I don't know at all what to say, Brent! I know I haven't any right to accept anything so valuable and so utterly lovely. But—but he is so utterly lovely and I —— Oh, there aren't any words at all to thank you—except that I never had such a heavenly present in all my life. Did I, you wonderful dog? What's his name?"

"His name is whatever you'll make it," said Brent, hot and ecstatic at the reception accorded his offering and at the new light in Thais' dark eyes. "The man I got him from called him 'Loch.' That's Scotch for 'Lake,' isn't it? The man told me he imported Loch from the Highlands for a millionaire sportsman who died before the dog got here. But you can change the name if ——"

"It's a perfect name!" Thais reassured him. "It sounds just like Sir Walter Scott or something. And, besides, he knows it so well! Did you see the way his ears went up when you said 'Loch'? There! See? Why, he's the cleverest dog ever! Thank you ten billion times, Brent!"

LIKE Willard, the girl had gleaned her first and only idea of what the true collie should look like from the linen picture books of her youth. And Loch measured up most admirably to all those inspired likenesses. She was thrilled to the very soul at the rich gift. She was touched strangely, too, that Brent should have obeyed so promptly and so gloriously her careless words of the night before. She knew he was not rich.

She knew the defunct "millionaire sportsman" must have paid a shocking price for importing this splendid animal from the Scottish Highlands and that Brent must have paid infinitely more than he could afford, to gratify this wish of hers—that he must have made a tremendous financial sacrifice to grant her whim. At once, as she reflected on this, man and dog alike took on an augmented desirability in her eyes.

Later in the evening—after Thais and Brent had given Loch a walk and had romped with him on the lawn and had called up a carpenter to order a dog house and had learned with a thrill that the collie already had mastered such intricate

feats as lying down and shaking hands, to order—man and maid were sitting somewhat close together on the porch hammock, with Loch sprawling asleep at their feet.

A car stopped at the end of the walk. Ron Taylor descended from it and came toward them. The street light disclosed dimly his unloved and impecunious rival in the hammock alongside of Thais. Taylor's jaw stiffened involuntarily. But a piker like Brent would soon be taught his place when the Inverlochry Kennels' five-hundred-dollar wonder collie should come, highly educated, into Thais' possession. Reassured, Taylor advanced.

Thais hailed him civilly, if not overcordially. Perhaps there might have been even less cordiality in her voice—for she was enjoying with a new zest her evening with Willard and the interruption was anything but welcome—had it not been for her eagerness to show off her new possession to anyone and everyone.

"Look, Ron!" she exulted, switching the porch light on. "Isn't he magnificent? Brent gave him to me. Loch's the darlingest dog in the world. Look at him!"

TAYLOR was looking. He was an expert in collies, and in both their good and bad show points. Before him on the rug was drowsing a collie that had not a single show point to his name. Probably Loch was all collie. But he was a mutt, for all that, viewed from a professional dog man's standard. The big round topaz eyes should have been small and dark and slanting. The domelike wide head should have been classic in its clean lines and angles. The kinky soft coat should have been barely wavy and as harsh as it was pliant. The ears flapped down the cheeks instead of standing semierect. In every possible respect Loch was precisely what a modern collie should not be.

That he was handsome and strong and friendly and a good pal counted as nothing and as less than nothing to the breeder who was staring somberly down upon him.

Not being a born fool, Ron Taylor choked back the chunks of language which sprang sizzling to his lips. A glance had told him that Thais loved this new collie of hers and that she considered the dog peerlessly beautiful and perfect. A glance told him the progress made in Brent's suit, by reason of the gift. A moment's reflection also told Ron that he would be smashing permanently his own chances should he ridicule or decry the dog.

Taylor had been forestalled. His rival had scored heavily. Ron was not going to change a temporary setback into a permanent defeat by telling just what kind of dog Brent had given Thais or that it and its kind may be bought wholesale for ten dollars apiece.

Suavely he fell to praising Loch, making much of his thickness of coat, the liveliness of his expression, the supple strength of his frame. Brent listened with the uncomfortable feeling that he himself never could have mustered presence of mind and sportsmanship enough to have lauded thus a gift of Taylor's to Thais. The girl, too, felt more kindly than usual toward Ron for his generosity; and she prized Loch the more highly at hearing her own glowing opinion of the dog confirmed by an acknowledged collie expert.

Thus came Loch, the mutt, into Thais' life; and thus did he pave the way for closer intimacy between her and the man who gave him to her. It became a matter of course henceforth that Brent should accompany the girl and the dog on their long rambles through the wooded hills behind the pretty suburb of Garth; and that he should call almost every evening to be shown the amazing new tricks Thais had taught the collie. It was a mighty bond of interest between the two, a bond that strengthened steadily, if imperceptibly.

Loch was a favorite with Thais' family as well, his friendliness and exuberant spirits warming all their hearts to him. The Lane cook, who fed him, was his smirkingly worshiping attendant. The folk in the houses on either side, too, adopted him as a welcome daily visitor.

Brent Willard viewed all these manifestations with dizzy happiness, a happiness which became all but unbearable when an office shake-up tossed him into a job which paid actually a modest marrying salary. The world was a jumble of roses and gold for the erstwhile despairing lover.

But Taylor was happy too. At least, he began to be infinitely less miserable than the sight of Loch at first had made him. This, because his brain, momentarily bemused by the setback, had gone into action afresh and with a definite objective in view.

IN GARTH, as in many another fashionable and semifashionable suburb, the annual dog show was the summer season's foremost outdoor event. Always it was held on the wide and tree-starred lawns of the country club. Always, in the evening, it was followed by a country-club dance.

At this show, for the past three years, Ron Taylor had carried away all top honors in the collie division with a group of his great home-bred dogs. This year he had a collie which could hardly fail to annex the silver cup for "best of breed." It was the same young dog he had been planning to give to Thais Lane, when Brent had cut in ahead of him with Loch.

To win this cup, then to present it to Thais, along with the dog that had won it, would be a master stroke. No girl could fail to revel in the knowledge that she owned the cup winner whose sensational show victory had been witnessed and applauded by everyone in her set.

But in the path of this genius-born plan sprawled the muttlike Loch. From her very evident fondness for Loch and her boresome praise of his myriad accomplishments, Thais could not be expected to oust him from her heart and home for the sake of any other dog on earth. No, Loch must be ousted first. And therein lay the gist of Taylor's inspired scheme.

(Continued on Page 190)

"I—I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE," HE BEGAN HALTINGLY. "IT'S HARD TO MAKE IT, BUT THE TIME HAS COME FOR IT"

HER FINGERS WERE NEARER HER BRAINS THAN HER HEART, AND THEY WORKED SWIFTLY, LAUGHINGLY, WHILE HER HEART MOURNED WITHIN

Hating the Same People

By DOROTHY SPEARE

Illustrated by Roy Spreter

THE group at the table beneath the striped umbrella was talking about her. Lesa Norton felt sure of that as she came slowly down the clubhouse steps that led out to the first tee. She felt surer as she reached the Talk-it-Over table and greeted her husband's friends, who gave her casual nods and went on with their conversation.

"It just goes to show," Ned Barrett told Almond Blake, "that one simply can't marry out of one's own class."

"Because," Dick Cahill contributed, "if a couple can't hate the same people, where's their emotional life?"

No one had asked Lesa to sit down at the Talk-it-Over table, but she did anyway. Baby Lacey turned and looked at Lesa for a moment, as if discovering her presence for the first time, then gave way to comment as thin and green as her eyes:

"Why, is that you, Mrs. Steve? A little late for your husband's match, aren't you? They're coming up the fairway now!"

Lesa silently surveyed the tall speck on the fairway that was Steve, the shorter, more animated speck that was Denis Flaherty, and the mass behind the competing specks; the crowd that trailed Steve on the golf course and the crowd that always trailed him anyway and the crowd that had come out to see how Steve could hold up the home honors against the most unusual guest that the Hathaway Country Club had ever entertained. She did not care whether Steve had succeeded in beating the famous Irishman or whether Denis Flaherty had taken the honors. She did not care if she was late to see her husband play a golf match on their first wedding anniversary, on what was to have been their first week-end away from sports since they were married.

Steve had forgotten until the last minute that his anniversary and the Hathaway hospitality match came together, and an outraged delegation of club governors had had to go over and talk to Lesa before she would agree to be sporting about it. Lesa knew that the Talk-it-Overs knew this and were appalled at the enormity of her almost committed crime. That she should even have considered making her husband default to Flaherty, when the whole countryside was hanging on this match!

NOT that the Talk-it-Overs cared who won. It wasn't the sporting thing to care; at the moment the sporting thing was to entertain Denis Flaherty, the international playboy who had started life as a Dublin caddy, who now spoofed kings and beat Scots with equal nonchalance and whose American visit was in the nature of a triumphal tour. It was the thing to patronize Denis Flaherty, but there must be someone from the world of legitimate patronage to give him competition on the links.

Steve Lane was the only member of the Hathaway Club who could play Flaherty at scratch. Steve could play anybody at anything at scratch, and he belonged, and all his life he had drifted gently around among his own people, playing and belonging. . . .

The two specks on the fairway had resolved themselves into Steve's six feet three of blond good nature, and Denis Flaherty's dark, flashing Gaelic smile. The crowd back of the players had split; some rushed ahead to carry the news to the Talk-it-Overs, the locker rooms and the bar; others were crowding to congratulate the players.

Steve had succeeded in giving the champion the best fight he had experienced thus far in America. While even the Talk-it-Overs found the energy to gasp over the valiant details of the score, Steve's wife surveyed the animated scene before her with an indifference which simply called attention to the fact that she had not been out with the gallery following Steve around the course. Baby Lacey could not resist another thin green comment:

"Of course, I suppose a professional woman like you, Mrs. Steve, with her own career and all, hasn't any time to be interested in her husband's career, but all the same aren't you even glad that Steve made such a decent showing?"

"Glad?" Steve's wife repeated, with one of the smiles which made her look exactly and vulgarly like the magazine-cover girls that had made Lesa Norton magazine covers famous. "Glad that Steve has made golf safe for the Hathaway Club, or the club safe for golf, whichever it is—I haven't quite made out yet?"

"I take it," Baby inferred, with her most cloying lisp, "that you don't think golf is so important as painting—ah—billboards, Mrs. Steve."

"My name is not Mrs. Steve," Steve's wife responded, with regrettable emphasis. "My name is Lesa Norton. As for painting billboards, I did have to do that in what is lightly known as the old days, and I assure you that it is much better exercise than golf."

In the course of the Talk-it-Overs' sheltered careers they had been exposed to a self-made man or two, but never to a self-made woman. Uttered by one of themselves, Lesa's reminiscence would have been considered an amusing bit of repartee. As it was, it left one with absolutely nothing to say, and everyone was still engaged in saying it when Steve broke away from the straggling of sycophants that still trailed him and came over to the Talk-it-Over table, followed by the great Denis himself.

Steve was beaming with his usual good-natured radiance, the charm of which lay in his total lack of subtlety. He hailed his friends with the spontaneous joy that made everyone always so delighted to see him, and presented them to Denis Flaherty with a casually conscientious observance of the importance of the occasion.

"THESE are the four Ironic Pillars of society," he punned terribly—Steve's dreadful punning was one of the sweetest, most appealing things about him, it made one feel so Olympian to laugh pityingly—"and this is my wife, Miss Norton."

Lesa had been sitting quite still in a false composure of rigid defiance. At first she did not even look at the great man who stood at Steve's side. Then she heard Denis Flaherty repeating her name:

"Lesa Norton! Is it really you? You who look twice as beautiful as all the beautiful Lesa girls on the magazine covers that were the first cause of my coming to America?"

Lesa's white, languorous eyelids, on which she had founded a type through necessity in the days when she could not afford a model, raised themselves ever so gently. Denis Flaherty was smiling the infectious, twinkling smile that she had seen reproduced in the newspapers; but the newspapers had not reproduced his wild Irish eyes. They were coal-blue, and the lashes that fringed them were too long; but at the moment the savage intensity of their regard saved them for Lesa. He was looking at her with a certain violent recognition and understanding. It was as if he said to her, masked by the words which, even as masks, were so much gayer and nicer than anything Steve's friends had ever troubled to say—it was as if he said: "We know each other, you and I. We are both outlaws here."

Lesa took a long breath before she replied to the Irishman's sally and gave her hand into his expectedly personal clasp. A moment before and her heart had been pounding with bitter disappointment in the Steve who was not her own and rage at the Ironic Pillars, who truthfully called Steve's sweetness their own. Now she suddenly felt as gay as the wild Irishman who smiled down to her with his message of kinship. As gay and as reckless. . . .

"I have been hearing about you for years," the bard, Flaherty, continued, in the face of her dazzled silence. "How have you had the time to become a legendary figure?" Just as indignantly as if it were not the most legendary figure of all contemporary dynamics that was speaking. "Do you know, in London they say that when you finish a Lesa girl you make up your face in the same color system of pastels that you have used on your design, be it green, rose or violet, and go down to the magazine editor so, with the design on your face and the cover under your arm, so that when he sees your face he can never refuse your cover?"

"Those are legends of the old days," said Lesa demurely, not unconscious of how their group was widening to admit Oldest Members and other club fauna, who could all kill her for making them wait to meet the international card. "I don't have to paint two girls to sell one any more. . . . What else do they say—in London?"

With an airy gesture Denis Flaherty conveyed the idea that London said ineffable things about Lesa Norton. Lesa

enjoyed the patent envy of the Ironic Pillars; it was nice to have London saying ineffable things about one. Steve, vaguely bored at what seemed to him a succession of polite nothings, broke the spell that no one else dared break, to waft Flaherty away from what he considered to be a social backwater. Before allowing himself to be wafted, Denis turned again to Lesa.

"Will you promise to let me see you again?" he demanded, not troubling to lower a voice that he knew how to make romantically insistent. "There are things I want to tell you—other things than what they say in London."

IT WAS time to apply the light touch to all this. "You can't very well help but see me again," Lesa assured him and the Ironic Pillars. "Steve is your official host and I'm Steve's wife!"

She was Steve's wife. As she and Steve drove home in the large, expensive runabout that had been given him by the Hathaway Club, she reviewed that statement of hers and wondered why it had suddenly come to mean almost nothing.

Almost nothing on the day of their first anniversary. Almost nothing after only one year together. Certainly almost nothing if she could meet a man as she had met Denis Flaherty that afternoon and experience a thrill, first glamorous and unexpected, then deliberate and questing. . . . It must not be allowed to quest. She must not see the flamboyant Irishman again.

"Let's not go tonight," she said suddenly.

Not go to the dinner and dance the club was giving in Flaherty's honor! At first Steve thought she was joking, then he became aghast. He was perfectly sincere in believing that the dinner and dance could not take place were he not there to enliven the formalities. The worst of it was, Lesa could not conjure up in herself any spark of feeling to follow her last plea for their betrayed anniversary.

"You've done your duty. You've played their old match. I gave in this morning and we've missed our trip; but we can still save something if you'll give in now!"

"Save something!" Actually Steve laughed, the same buoyant laugh that had first made her love him because it was so like himself, so free of all the cares of the world. "Have I got to stay home and listen to another lecture on economy?"

HE WAS side-stepping the issue as he side-stepped all issues. All her life Lesa had had to face facts. She was beginning to see that Steve had spent most of his life wriggling out of facing facts.

It had begun, she supposed, when he was too young to realize that there were other lines of action open to a boy who was not so rich as his friends. It was the fault of his parents, who, in the face of their declining fortunes, had sacrificed themselves so that Steve might have the education due his birth and class. And so Steve had been taught to know nothing charmingly, and he had successfully absorbed the greatest principle of all: that whatever a gentleman loses, he must not lose his superficiality.

When she had first met Steve, Lesa was enchanted by his superficiality. She considered him an artist in living, and his friends were also artists only a little less engaging than Steve, dwelling together in a Bohemia where their creative urge led them to practice the art of existing deliciously.

Then he gave her a gorgeous engagement ring, for which she paid the bill rendered six months after they were married. By this time she realized that all Steve's life he had been playing ostrich with bills which, sooner or later, some obliging friend would pay. Though they were personal accounts, it was even logical that they should be settled by those whose existence was brightened by the delightfulness and convenience of Our Own Steve Lane. But now when these accounts involved someone who was not Steve, he could no longer depend upon his world for his livelihood.

He had kept a tiny bachelor's apartment in town which he airily called his *pied-à-terre*. He was never there; he lived in the houses of others, rounding out week-ends, brightening the lives of those who were willing to maintain him as, in the days of old, kings maintained their court jesters. He was more than court jester, because in the interests of sport he gave glory to clubs, teams and individuals, and received rewards commensurate to his services. These rewards he accepted as unquestioningly as a child accepts pennies from his mother. If this had not been so, it would have been impossible to love Steve and to go on doing for him the things that he expected so sweetly.

Lesa had started that way herself—loving Steve and doing things for him. Long before the ring revelation came she had learned that Steve's income had just managed the town *pied-à-terre*—which they were still keeping on, as one must have a town apartment—and that he was evidently expecting the angels to meet the rent of the beautiful furnished country home they had taken in Hathaway to be near Steve's favorite club, "until we build," as Steve was fond of saying. Lesa paid the rent and tried to be tactful about it, until she saw that Steve accepted her aid as simply as he accepted the support of the rest of the world.

At first she had been too much in love with him to want to think things out. For a while she was too much in love even to want to work. It was the pressure of their joint bills that made her finally transform their sun parlor into a studio, to the disapproval of Steve's friends. She began to wonder why it had never occurred to Steve that he might work.

Once she had even asked him, and he responded with a laugh that he was worth more on the links than in some "stuffy old office."

Which was undeniably and unendurably true.

And they were never alone. They were never alone because Steve had been bred in the inmost curve of the social gesture, and it was necessary for him to keep that gesture spontaneous, and he took it for granted that Lesa understood his chosen career as he understood hers. But she worked at her career only when he was out on the links or in the polo field; and his career went on, into dinners and evenings and week-ends, until it came bang up against their first wedding anniversary.

And now Steve thought that Lesa was starting a lecture on economy because she implored him to "save everything" by giving in—even at this late hour!

"There are other people at the club who can dance and amuse Denis Flaherty, you know," she told him with a last effort, the more desperate because of its lack of impetus. "It's their turn."

(Continued on Page 252)

IT WAS AS IF HE SAID TO HER: "WE KNOW EACH OTHER, YOU AND I. WE ARE BOTH OUTLAWS HERE"

Monkey Business

By RICHARD HALLIBURTON

DICK AND NIÑO

OF ALL the girls that I have ever met, there is one who stands forth boldly in my heart. This girl cheers me and delights me when all else fails. To her I always go whenever—just before meals—I feel depressed. A smile from her is like a burst of sunshine in my dark forest; to hear her sing makes me happy for the day. Her name is Trudis, and she's six years old.

Oftentimes Trudis is my hostess for Sunday tea. On one such occasion I was relating to her my activities of that afternoon.

"Trudis," I said, "I have just come from the biggest church in New York. It's called the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. And I heard the most wonderful music. It was played on an organ."

"Oh," she exclaimed, her face suddenly bright, her eyes dancing, "tell me about the monkey!"

The monkey! Who ever heard of an organ without a monkey! It would be like Christmas without the Christmas tree, like the fairies without their wings, like the spring without the daffodils, like the world without Trudises. It would simply be impossible.

That is why, when I bought Niño, a Paraguayan monkey, from an Italian organ grinder in the city of Buenos Aires, I bought the organ as well.

To become the owner of such an outfit was quite the last thing in my mind when on strolling down a suburban boulevard I heard the strains of automatic joy pouring forth from a hurdy-gurdy up a side street. All the urchins for blocks seemed to be running in that direction and drew me, no less curious, to the spot.

The Technic of Begging for Pennies

THERE I found a swarthy Neapolitan, red bandanna, earrings, black mustache, and all the rest, cranking out La Paloma at the top of his hand organ's lungs; and there was Niño, dressed in his gay red coat and hat, begging for pennies with a technic that was utterly irresistible to these happy Argentineans.

As I pushed my way through the circle of enraptured children Niño caught sight of my white collar. Ah, here was big game—a rich American with pesos, not pennies. The monk came straight to me, climbed up my arm and began systematically to explore my pocket treasure realms. And what's more, he did find a silver peso.

Had it been a hundred-dollar gold piece, I think I would have let him keep it. The boldness and confidence, the roguish impudence with which he conducted his search made a peso seem small payment for the amusement he afforded.

Never in all my adventures with monkeys had I seen one with such amiability. When I stroked his neck he curled up on my arm and purred like a kitten. When I gave him a nut he sat on my shoulder, wound his yards of tail around my neck, and skillfully shelled and ate the nut with his small and fragile fingers.

Before our acquaintance was five minutes old a desire to own him myself took possession of me. Reason railed against such a crazy idea. There was nothing in the world I was less in need of than a monkey. But then it isn't often the things we need that we want. Also I was the guest of Argentine friends at the Plaza Hotel who would be scandalized at the introduction of so plebeian an animal into their elegant ménage. All true—but still I wanted him.

I Couldn't Resist

THUS was I struggling with temptation when the hand organ broke forth in heaven-rending strains of Valencia and set Niño to dancing with ecstatic abandon. The spectacle overcame my last resistance. I capitulated unconditionally.

"Señor, how much will you take for your monkey?"

"I cannot sell him. I love him," Antonio replied in Spanish, sensing the economic fact that resistance would boost the price. But he added: "How much will you give?"

I hadn't the slightest idea of monkey values. "Fifty pesos"—twenty dollars—I said recklessly.

The Italian grinned with ill-concealed delight.

"*Bueno!* He's yours."

I handed him a fifty-peso bank note.

He handed me the most affectionate but most rascally monkey in Argentina.

The circle of children, consumed with curiosity, crowded close.

They made me remember Trudis and her famous remark, and ask myself what good the monkey was, now that I had him, without the hand organ. This way he was only half complete.

So I bought the hand organ too—and all three of its tunes, Valencia, La Paloma and the Marseillaise.

Then, feeling I was already lost beyond all hope, I bought the Italian's red bandanna, earrings, hat.

Suddenly and utterly bereft of his property and of a good part of his clothes as well, he thought it diplomatic to depart with his pesos before I came to my senses.

Thus did I find myself, surrounded by swarms of children, in the middle of Buenos Aires, clutching a dilapidated music box and a ragamuffin monkey—when a moment before I had been at peace with the world.

Now that I had become a hurdy-gurdy man, I must do something about it. I tried turning the hand crank. It worked, and forth came the tin-pan strains of Valencia no less fortissimo than for the Italian. At the very first note Niño went into his rhapsodic dance, leaped upon a newly arrived spectator, reached into his pockets, extracted a penny and deposited it into my hand. The monkey's allegiance to Antonio was not, apparently, very binding. Whoever held the end of his chain, played Valencia and provided the peanuts and the protection—that was his country.

Niño had probably never been in the Plaza Hotel before. Even so his behavior there was no worse than that of some of the other guests. Without the knowledge of my hosts, I tied him to a post in the basement and fed him fruit salad.

Next morning, resolved to take the organ-grinding profession quite seriously, I put on my corduroy pants, an old sweater and the bandanna, and sneaked down to Niño's apartment. He refused to speak to me. Growling and whimpering, he ran to the end of his leash and scorned every attempt I made at a *rapprochement*. There was no mistaking the nature of his grievances; I had completely forsaken him the afternoon before—here in this dark and dreadful basement. Even Antonio gave him more consideration. He ate from Antonio's table, slept on his bed, was never left alone. But I was a brutal and inhuman master.

I tried to explain, to apologize. Niño would have none of it. "Don't speak to me," he growled. "Don't come near me. You don't love me—I'm going to run away."

But I continued to beg his pardon in my most cajoling tones until slowly and rebelliously he turned about and on his stomach crawled into my outstretched hands. Still quarreling violently, still denouncing my heartlessness, he climbed onto my shoulder where I scratched his head, stroked his neck, fed him breakfast, and besought him to take me back. After half an apple and a banana his anger began to cool, his quarreling tones to change to purrs. Presently his arms went about my neck.

"Niño," I asked, "am I forgiven?"

"I suppose so," he sighed.

"Shall we go out and entertain the Argentinelets?"

In answer he hopped down and tugged at his chain, as much as to say: "All right. I'm ready. But don't forget the hand organ. We're not much good without it."

With the monkey and the hurdy-gurdy under my arm, I escaped unseen out the back door. San Martin Park lay close by. I made a break for it and sought refuge amid the friendly trees.

Niño, however, saw no need for all this shyness. It was time to go to work, to earn our daily bread, to sing and dance for our supper. He began to quarrel at me again impatiently.

Shamed by his own courage, I touched the organ crank. Out leaped the stirring Marseillaise—and from every side the children poured down upon me. It was a radiant spring morning; the sun flooded the garden, and a good part of Buenos Aires' childhood seemed to be present at this playground. Here they came, small ones and big ones, slim ones and fat ones, toddling babies, little girls with their dolls, little boys with their dogs, all laughing and dancing to my merry tune.

Niño—every inch a showman—did not fail to take advantage of such an audience. I released him from his chain, and he was free to climb onto the shoulders of his "public." Some of the very littlest ones were afraid of these advances, but most of them, sensing his harmlessness, crowded up to shake his hand and offer peanuts. Niño's fairylike black paws went exploring into every baby's pocket, and there were few pockets from which he did not extract at least one grubby penny. If the baby wept the penny was returned.

One urchin offered him a bottle of soda water. Nothing he loved more! He sat on his haunches and, lifting the bottle with both hands to his mouth, drained the last drop of strawberry pop. Down on top of this went candy and peanuts. Never have I seen a monkey so destructive of peanuts. It soon became obvious that food was Niño's great weakness. He had no sense of proportion. No matter what or how much food he was given, he would eat every particle of it and cry for more. I would have died before night had I eaten half of the indigestible combinations Niño seemed to thrive upon.

It was only natural that all this loud tin music and shrieking mobs of children would sooner or later attract the police. Presently the park guard pushed through the circle and brusquely ordered me to get my very objectionable monkey and my not welcome self out of the exclusive confines of the San Martin gardens.

The Pied Organ Grinder

HOWEVER much I may have resented the unreasonableness of the guard's walking orders, I had no other choice than to obey. But if I must depart I'd keep my children with me as long as possible.

Up went the hurdy-gurdy. Carrying it by the neck strap I moved across the park, grinding out Valencia with a vengeance:

Valencia . . . in my dreams it always seems I hear you softly call to me . . .
Valencia . . . where the or-ange trees forever scent the breeze beside the sea . . .
Valencia . . . in my arms I held your charms beneath the blossoms high above . . .
You loved me; in Valencia long ago we found our paradise of love—tra, la, la, la. . . .

Niño hopped gayly behind me, and behind Niño danced my train of Argentinelets—

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and dark brown curls,
Tripping and skipping, came merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter —

— after the wonderful music, and the pied organ grinder of Buenos Aires.

PHOTO FROM EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK CITY

BEFORE ME THE IGUASSU, THE GREATEST WATERFALL ON EARTH

There was no cave in a near-by hill into which to lead my flock. Anyway I had no reason to steal the children in payment for having rid Buenos Aires of rats. When we came to the far end of the garden I gave my followers a few final flourishes from the Marseillaise, bade them good-by, and with Niño on my shoulder strolled along the Avenida Santa Fé.

Within the first two blocks we came to a small private hospital, built close upon the sidewalk. This was a place that probably needed a little cheering up. Down went the organ, forth came La Paloma with anything but dovelike softness, up went a score of hospital windows for three stories above, and out leaned a number of hospital inmates. One look at our gay troupe, one moment of Niño's antics, and all hospital aches and pains were forgotten. Everybody was laughing, some were singing to my music—Valencia—La Paloma—Marseillaise—Valencia—La Paloma—Marseillaise—and, as always, from everywhere the children came running.

A little hospital boy leaning out from his bed by the window threw down a penny. Niño leaped upon it. I held up my béret cap with the best imitation I could register of that ingratiating smile which always accompanies the Italian hand organist's plea for alms. It worked something grand. Several more coins fell down on top of us. Niño was almost beside himself trying to keep up with them.

I had attached a thirty-foot string to Niño's belt, and this allowed him to climb up the façade of the building as high as the second story. Trustfully, eagerly, he went from window to window, holding out his little red hat in that comic, winsome way that rarely was denied. If it wasn't pennies it was nuts or fruit or marbles or cookies. The edibles never got home, but the coins and marbles were faithfully delivered. Not until Niño's curiosity had been satisfied by a visit to every open window in the range of his leash did I decide that we had "worked" the hospital to the limit and should move on to fresher fields.

Unappreciative Territory

THE next stop was a hotel. We parked before the front door, hoping to repeat the hospital triumph on a larger scale. Again street crowds gathered around us instantly, but no beneficence flowed from the hotel. Perhaps I wasn't playing loud enough, so I brought more pressure to bear on Valencia until the music could have been heard three blocks. At last a porter came out of his den, but with nothing more than a curt proposition that if I'd go away, and quickly, he'd give me a peso.

Somewhat hurt by this lack of appreciation for my art, I accepted the bribe and wandered on down Santa Fé Street, taking a stand at every corner or beneath every house that looked fertile, and remaining there till the police drove me on.

Having observed the no more than mild interest caused in North America by the appearance of a hurdy-gurdy man, I was not prepared for the happy riots my own show invariably excited in Buenos Aires. Had I been told of the extent to which the average citizen of this city was demoralized by a dancing monkey, I would not have credited it. The children, naturally, were the most enraptured. But they had to fight to hold their vantage points against the pressure of their elders. Old gentlemen stopped to watch the monkey and laughed like the children when Niño explored their pockets for pesos. Automobiles drew up to the curb, and the occupants stood on the seats to get a good view. If a trolley car passed, the first person to observe the monkey would cry out, *Monito! monito!*—a monkey! a monkey!—and all the passengers would flock to our side and lean out the window, whistling at the little red-dressed performer and exclaiming over his monkeyshines. Shopkeepers ran to the sidewalk; business stopped. When Niño climbed on top of my head and beat his hands together and sang out his chirrup-chirrup song, a hundred people bent double with shrieks of laughter.

This gentleness and simplicity of the Buenos Aireans impressed me more than all the capital's grand rococo buildings and fancy boulevards. None of your self-conscious Anglo-Saxon reserve about these people! They've come from Italy—a third of them—and from Spain and Portugal. They have warmer hearts than ours, more spontaneity. They were not the least ashamed to stop and watch a monkey dancing to Valencia, or to sing loud and lustily when the tin organ pealed forth the Marseillaise—nor did they pinch their pennies when Niño held out his mercenary paw.

But it wasn't altogether their Latin temperaments that explains such responsiveness. It was partly Niño and his own winsomeness. He had the most extraordinary way of melting people. A hard-boiled truck driver would climb down from his truck, a grin all over his face, get on his knees, take Niño in his arms and talk Spanish baby talk to the smiling *monito*.

Niño was a pal of everybody, and he knew it. Utterly without evil in his own heart, he never suspected design in the hearts of others. To him the world was all goodness, all generosity, and he met it with complete and loving trust. In his presence the young and the old, the high and the low, were reduced as if by magic to one common denominator—a tender and happy child.

If my early career as a monkey man in Buenos Aires was incredibly successful, the explanation may have been partly my lack of competition in an unexploited field. Any predecessors I may have had were furtive and retiring, plying their trade only in the remote and shady suburbs. But I, not knowing any better, marched brazenly down the Avenida de Mayo, the ultrafashionable avenue of Buenos Aires, performed before Cartier's, collected from guests at the Ritz, played La Paloma for the edification of the Grand Central Station.

At the end of the avenida, blocking out the sky with its colossal dome, stands the national capitol building of Argentina. Its majestic marble steps looked to me like an ideal stage for Niño's dancing. But the moment I struck up Valencia, about ten narrow-minded gendarmes, appearing from amid the marble columns, came swooping upon us; the first, catapulting me off the steps, flung the organ and then Niño down on top of me. With a terrified screech the poor monk leaped to my shoulder, and clinging to my neck with his trembling arms, urged me to push at full speed through the usual mob of curious spectators and flee down a side street.

We Grind Forth to New Fields

WE SOON found an obscure wine shop and dived into it for refuge and refreshment. Over a large bottle of beer, we counted our pesos—ten pesos, eleven pesos, twelve pesos, twelve pesos and sixty centavos—over five dollars we had earned that day. I was so intent over the count I did not notice that Niño's head was deep in my beer mug. The little fellow, after four hours of ceaseless activity, was desperately thirsty. By the time he had his fill of beer he was disgracefully tight.

So novel and so entertaining had my excursion into the realm of monkey business turned out to be that I decided not to retire after just one day's minstrelsy but to carry on as long as it amused me. This ridiculous pastime was proving

(Continued on Page 80)

THUS DID I FIND MYSELF, SURROUNDED BY SWARMS OF CHILDREN, IN THE MIDDLE OF BUENOS AIRES

MRS. FARRIER, LARGE, FLUSHED AND INTOLERABLY OBTRUSIVE OF EYE, STOOD UPON THE THRESHOLD

The Owner's Wife

By

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

UPON an important Monday morning in April, Mr. William Farrier, of the Farrier Textile Company, awoke in his comfortable new suburban house, wearing his natural expression. He was a plump, short, youthful-looking man, not yet fifty, with thin, fair hair that had a tendency toward infantile little curls; and the expression that his gently rounded features wore, when he was alone and not thinking of either his factory or his wife, was childlike, beaming and innocent. Being an intelligent man, he had long ago formed the habit for all business purposes of placing over this natural expression of his a coating of severity; and he had frowned his way up to the ownership of the big plush factory that now bore his name.

His successful business frown, however, was not customarily seen upon him at home or when he went abroad in the company of Mrs. Farrier, for at such times the third of his prevalent facial aspects was almost invariably present; when he was with his wife, or when he thought of her, his appearance was that of a nervous man in custody. But a mark of his intelligence even more creditable to him than his official assumption of a Mussolinian brow was the fact that he had always kept the greatest possible distance between his place of business and his place of residence; and the situation of this new house of his proved the high order of his diplomatic talent. Without Mrs. Farrier's having once suspected him, he had contrived to get it built in that remotest suburb, Bridgeton, while his plush factory cast its smoke upon the great city's southern fringes, thirty-five miles away.

His natural expression, the childlike and benevolent one, remained upon him this morning during his earlier preparations for the day; elated by the crystal inspiration of his shower bath, he even sang in reminiscent gayety, "London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady-oh!" But he began this vocalization more loudly than he finished it; his voice became cautious, lowered, sank to silence, and, as he dressed, lines of apprehension came faintly upon his forehead, deepened, and by the time he descended to breakfast his usual domestic aspect of being in custody was complete.

Mrs. Farrier already sat at the table. She was not a woman who could have sung London Bridge in her bath, although if she had ever thought about that ancient span she would have been sure that it was going to fall down; continual fretting over things that were going to fall down had gradually put one tiny alteration after another upon her face, until a stranger's first thought of her now was likely to be, "She must have been pretty." In her less fretful moments she still sometimes had the airs and little claims of prettiness; but her large eyes, which had become broodingly intrusive, were no longer happily adapted to the art of coquetry, and when, in these lighter and softer moments she lapsed into a little baby talk, her husband often failed in a struggle not to look more inescapably in custody than ever.

That indeed was his appearance as he took his place opposite to her at the table this morning, for she glanced up from the letter she was reading, and said lispingly, "Junior thends 'ove and kithes to dilittle papa from thchool."

Mr. Farrier received the message without enthusiasm. "Does he? Seems to me a boy sixteen years old needn't be sending anybody kisses. I hope they're not going to keep on letting him be a mamma's boy at school."

"William!" Mrs. Farrier was offended instantly; also, her feelings were hurt and her lower lip trembled. "I suppose you'll explain in a minute that you've got a great deal on your mind or else you wouldn't have spoken to me so cruelly in that way for the thousandth time!"

He did not respond immediately; instead he applied himself to a bowl of cereal until he had finished it. Then he said doggedly: "Well, any man that runs a factory usually has a good deal on his mind, hasn't he?"

"Yes; if he's like you," she returned in a tone of patient reproach. "No wonder, with a factory run at least three-quarters by female labor! If you'd ever been willing to listen to me as most men listen to their wives, you'd have thrown all those creatures out long ago and installed male workmen only. Then perhaps you wouldn't have so much on your mind."

"Oh, see here!" he said. "Factory girls aren't creatures any more than anybody else, and I've told you a thousand times they run those looms better than men would."

"Then you have nothing unusual on your mind?"

"No, I haven't."

She laughed incredulously, with an injection of pathos. "That's right; don't tell me about it of course—I'm merely nobody! Oh, I'm used to your treating me as just a nothing—never to be confided in, never to be told anything of the slightest importance!" Here the pathos was abandoned; her tone sharpened. "I'd never have known a word about what you're planning to do if I hadn't happened to get acquainted yesterday with your superintendent's sister-in-law, that Mrs. Bridger. Nice way for a woman to know what her husband is doing! I'd wait till doomsday for you to tell me."

"Wait for me to tell you what?"

"Hypocrite!" Mrs. Farrier exclaimed shrewishly. "You might as well understand that through Mrs. Bridger I've learned what you've been trying to keep from me so industriously because you were afraid I'd intrude my advice upon you and try to save you from wrecking your business."

"'Wrecking my business!'" he repeated scornfully. "I've never made a change yet that you haven't said would wreck

the business—if you heard about it beforehand." These last words he added in a tone indicating too clearly that in his heart he cursed Mrs. Bridger. Also, they were incautious, being an implied confession of the fact that so far as within him lay he habitually prevented Mrs. Farrier from hearing beforehand anything about proposed changes. Realizing his lack of caution, he went on quickly, hoping to occupy her mind with other thoughts. "Enlarging my business isn't wrecking it, is it? Using a new idea ——"

"Yes, but an idea that means a tremendous extension of the factory, adding a whole new plant ——"

"What of that?" he interrupted. "If I don't do it somebody else'll use the idea and make a fortune out of it and leave me feeling pretty sick for not having done it."

"How can anybody else use the idea?" she asked. "The idea belongs to you, doesn't it?"

"No, it doesn't. It belongs to my economy expert and to one of the foremen, Mears, who's devised an alteration of the looms for making the new type of cloth. It was the economy expert who first suggested that we could supply the whole textile interior of closed cars, furnishing not only the plush seats and cushions but the cloth side and top linings and the carpets and silkenite curtains too. Mears could probably sell the mechanical side of the idea to one of my competitors, if he wanted to, and that would carry the rest of the idea with it. I haven't got any power, or any right, either, to stop Mears from going to someone else if I don't take it up, and I've about made up my mind to do it."

Mrs. Farrier shook her head forebodingly. "I guess it's a good thing I met Mrs. Bridger! Do you remember what my poor father said about you, and the advice he gave me during his last illness?"

William Farrier sighed heavily. "I should say I do, after hearing it about four thousand ——"

BUT Mrs. Farrier was not to be denied this reminiscence. "'You've married a gambler, Minnie,' poor father told me, and I'll never forget the troubled look in his eyes. 'As soon as he makes a little money he won't put it into sound investments; he throws it all back into the business, and you never can tell when a business is going to fail.' I never will forget it."

"Neither will I," her husband returned morosely. "Precious little chance I'll ever have to forget it! Your father certainly took his own advice, and that's why he finished the way he began, with a one-quarter partnership in a small-town drug store."

Mrs. Farrier's eyes again threatened to overflow. "I'll thank you," she murmured, "to stop insulting my father's memory!"

"Oh, look here, I wasn't ——"

"You were!" And the pessimistic eyes of Mrs. Farrier instead of weeping, now became indignant; the unfortunate man perceived that his indiscreet repartee had solidified her opposition to the industrial project, and he knew unhappily that once solidified in an opposition nothing could change her. "You insulted him," she went on, "and you insult me, as you always do when I try to instill a little caution and care for the future into you."

"Care for the future!" he echoed. "That's exactly what I'm thinking about; when a business stands still these days it's begun to die. I wish to heaven, Minnie, you'd be for something sometime and not everlastingly against everything!"

"OH, GO ahead! Denounce me all you like! But don't expect to see me cower under your lash and let you go ahead and ruin us! You needn't think you've got me terrorized, because I'm not. You just march down to your little factory and tell Mr. Mears and your economy expert, or whatever you call him, that you're not going to ruin your family by throwing everything we've got straight into the fire. You just get their idea out of your mind as quick as you can, because it's vetoed."

"By whom?" He pushed his chair back from the table, not rising, and stared at her rebelliously. "By whom?"

"By me! How were you expecting to raise the money for the extension of the factory? Will you please tell me that?" Her question was all too embarrassing to Mr. Farrier, and she instantly made the most of her opportunity. "Ah! I thought so!" she cried triumphantly. "You weren't going to tell me a thing about it; but you were planning to sneak up on me sweetly some day pretty soon and shove a paper and a fountain pen into my hands and murmur, 'Just sign here, dearie, please.' Then you'd hustle the paper away, hoping I wouldn't notice that what I'd signed was a mortgage on every inch of property we've got—probably including this very home we're living in. Don't think I haven't knowledge enough of law to know that you can't put a mortgage on anything without my signature, and don't think either that I can't read you like a book! Have you got nerve enough to tell me you weren't planning just such a trick?"

Mr. Farrier had not, indeed, the assurance of which her question implied so strong a doubt. She had read him perfectly, as it happened, for his intention had been precisely what she described. Desperately he made an effort to placate her, and sweetened his voice; he even went so far as to force upon his features the similitude of an affectionate smile.

"MISS DALE, MY HUSBAND IS NOT IN NEED OF A NURSE EXACTLY!"

"NOW look here, Min," he said, "we ought to be able to reason this out together in as nice a way as we used to when we began to have little arguments just after we were married. It's like this, Min; my economy expert has already had an understanding with representatives of two of the most important automobile manufacturers, and there isn't any question about our being able to get on a quantity-production basis and make good. It does take a lot of money; I don't deny that, and temporarily I'd have to strain resources a bit, so to speak. I'd have to get your signature, as you say, of course; but this is going to be a really big thing, Min, and I know you're going to be a good fellow about it." Here he risked making a gesture long unfamiliar to them both; he leaned forward, extended his right arm across the table and patted her hand. "Min, I'm sure you're going to behave like a sport about this and ——"

"Am I indeed!" Mr. Farrier's little dramatic effort was wasted upon so experienced a woman; she snatched her hand away and glared at him, implacable. "Just you bring your old mortgage to me and see how many pieces I can tear it into!"

"But Min, dearie ——"

"Don't 'dearie' me!" She jumped up, trembling. "Just bring your old mortgage to me and see what happens! That's all I ask!"

He persisted, essaying the power of sheer entreaty. "But look here, Min, you won't go back on me in a matter like this, will you, dearie? It's serious, and I've got to put it through. My economy expert has never made a mistake yet and I have absolute faith in ——" He hesitated for a moment and rather curiously grew red. "I have the greatest faith," he went on, "in—in his judgment, and he's worked very hard over the plans to make this a sure thing. I've virtually promised both my economy expert and Mears that I'll do it. My economy expert ——"

"Your 'economy expert!'" Mrs. Farrier echoed, in high contempt. "I've heard enough about your old economy expert, so you might as well stop dinning him into my ears. I never heard of a factory's having an economy expert anyway."

"Well, my factory has, and a mighty good thing too!"

"Sheer waste of money! How much do you pay him?"

"A VERY small salary compared to what"—Mr. Farrier paused and swallowed—"compared to what his shrewdness and experience make for the business. He's worked his way up from the bottom, he knows every detail of the whole works, and his counsel and his advice ——"

"Oh, quit talking about him!" Mrs. Farrier interrupted. "You trot down there and tell him that a wife has about as much to say sometimes in her husband's affairs as his economy expert has. You go and tell your old expert that his plan's vetoed!"

"I won't!" the round little man said defiantly as he jumped up. "I won't tell him anything of the kind. I'm not going to let you interfere and spoil a big chance like this. There are

(Continued on Page 88)

"ALL RIGHT," CHESTER RETURNED, EMBITTERED, "GO ON IN AND GET YOUR NECK WRUNG. I WON'T EVEN LIFT MY LITTLE FINGER TO SAVE YOU"

"HERE'S A WINDOW PIECE, J. B.," HE SAID. AT FIRST DAY DID NOT KNOW HE MEANT HER. "LITTLE DUTCH DOLL"

Elephants for Luck

By IDA M. EVANS

Illustrated by Saul Tepper

SHE has your exquisite brown eyebrows," said the nurse with enthusiasm, at Day's birth.

"For this town, heaven better have given her courage instead of eyebrows," Molly Burke retorted with weak acidity.

Weak, because Day had cost pain. Acidity, because Molly, a year back of a minor Broadway revue, was aware that her own innate courage had excusably frazzled in this past year with the gray-eyed Bronx accountant, Gilbert Burke, whom she had impulsively wed a Saturday morning in late May.

"Now," Gil agreed with his Molly, "believe me, that's the truth." He was not recriminative. Too white was Molly on her pillow. But in the year there had been plenty of times when he could hardly stand his pretty Molly—as when she compared accountants' incomes with revues.

He had had to borrow some of the hospital bill from his brother.

Whatever heed heaven paid to the parental prayers, Day Burke did not keep tab.

Probably she never knew that her parents had been so piously pessimistic. Likely, the two themselves had forgotten.

By the time Day was twelve, Molly had three more offspring, whom she had accepted with less drama and more diapers than Day the first; and Gil was an older Bronx accountant, so accustomed to the shafts and reins of marriage and family and his own home-on-payments in Bronxingside that he did not even know how much Molly's waist had spread.

At seventeen and graduation from high school, Day thanked her stars, and not heaven, when she slipped upon the payroll of the J. B. Whinzer Gift Shop, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and began to pay board at home, subway fare and attention to the silk-to-the-top-and-reinforced-heels sales on Fourteenth Street.

Her father had a cousin who had a loft-factory on West Thirteenth Street where small near-ivory elephants trunked forth in steady tiers to bring luck to the public and half-dollars to gift shops. The Whinzer shop liked recommended employes. It had need to be careful.

It was no mushroom establishment. It could remember Lincoln's assassination and the dedication of the Brooklyn Bridge.

For the one, it had draped its windows in black. For the other, it had advertisementally displayed behind plate glass an ivory-colored miniature bridge of putty that blocked the pavement outside and called police for dispersal of curious throngs.

And now, while the Whinzer shelves carried half-dollar factory elephants, they carried also pieces of white jade that discriminating fingers lusted to feel and parchment that had been the property of eleventh-century monks. Like Barnum, old J. B. had an open mind where the public was concerned.

Between the Battery, where ships of all nations and rum-runners touch keels, and the great gray tomb where Grant serenely sleeps, crowds breed like oysters in a vast oyster-bed.

At eighteen, Day knew more about crowds than a seventy-year-old bibliophile knows about Chaucerian gold-and-blue text.

She had seen humans, massed panting, elbows a-dig and heels a-scrooge, for Lindbergh, the Prince of Wales, the queen of Rumania, Gloria Swanson, Alfred Smith, a President-elect, a human fly, a girl skywriter, a subway accident, a gangster prince's mile of funeral orchids, a theater afire, a taxicab-drivers' war, a run-over tot with golden curls and a Whinzer window display of three nine-carat diamonds on a Tibetan tapestry.

Day wore her dark hair in a Dutch bob, by J. B.'s request. She wore likewise, at work, an orange sateen smock. J. B. liked color and the feel of jade. Certain pleasures are experienced in the greatest degree only by octogenarians.

Day liked crowds, though she did not tell this to Molly. She had an odd feeling of being part of the soul of many persons when they were massed.

And in a crowd she first had seen Winfield Cule.

Across a gaping—well, call it a pond of faces, Manhattan noonday faces, and some with toothpicks—he had smiled from the outside pavement with irony at her as she arranged the triple nine-carats on the ancient embroidery. As a master of publicity, J. B. arranged that his windows be trimmed in the full glare of Manhattan lunch hour.

This Winfield Cule had a tanned face and reticent black-gray eyes. Also he was tall and lean. He had come on into the shop.

"Any elephants for luck, little girl?"

THE "little girl" was because of the Dutch bob. Demurely Day pushed forward an inch-high factory mammal. But J. B. himself came on hasty old feet from the rear. And Luke Berrison, buyer-salesman, followed.

"Well! Cule!"

"Oh, J. B.! Man!" sighed the stranger, holding up the factory piece in apparent sadness, through which mockery gleamed like steel in water. "Have you no pride?"

"Plenty," retorted old Whinzer. "But I'm not pride-tied. I like any kind of money. Where've you been for three years, Cule?"

"Lots of places where you can get more fleas and indigestion than home-cooking." The drawling voice never lost a faint mockery. His dark felt hat was several years old.

"Got stuff?"

He had, it seemed, for all his shabbiness, a ship-hold of curios for Whinzer. "Well, a quarter-hold, anyhow. It is not a very large ship. So don't get scared, J. B. Some tapestry stuff. A few worm-eaten chests that India could well spare. Bit or so of white jade. Lapis lazuli, too; idol stuff. Some temple bells and a crate or two of carnelian. Get your hat and come down to look it over."

Forthwith J. B. got his hat.

Later, that curious Day, her soft brown eyes dreamily excited, was told by Luke Berrison over dairy lunch: "Cule?

He's a blue-blooded hobo. Belonged to one of New York's best families. Would you think it after seeing his hat? The family has died out, and it didn't have overmuch dough when it was alive. If Cule wasn't so shiftless, he could be a rich man. Set up his own shop here. Give J. B. a run for the trade. But he's a high-class bum. Got a flair for finding the right stuff. So 've I," said Luke, with a subtle change of tone. He eyed with approval the delicate arch of Day's left eyebrow. "Say, Day, maybe you haven't got me this past year. Marriage is in my mind, sweetie. What's the matter with June?"

Day vaguely, unhearingly, while she sipped a glass of cool milk, agreed that nothing was the matter with June.

Day set down her white glass and asked intently, "Do you mean he just travels over the world?"

"Who?" asked Luke blankly. She had cut right into his favorite jest—"and we'll start ahead of where our parents started, because we'll have a radio without waiting twelve or fifteen years. . . ."

THE childish brown eyes lifted in dreamy amaze. Who? But there had been other women who had heard Winfield Cule's voice just once and ever afterward stayed conscious of it.

"Cule? You still thinking about him?" Luke's voice held a cold jealousy. "Sure, he's what I said. A hobo. Always broke. He's cabled to Whinzer more than once from the other side of the world for cash for a meal and a haircut. What beats me is the old man invariably sends it. And women too. He never treats a woman decent. I could tell you stories about him. A girl died in Bellevue once, screeching his name and refusing to give her own. And even old Marie lifts her Roman nose and gray shingle whenever he strolls into the place, and forgets which is her debit column."

"Does she?" said Day thoughtfully.

Luke laughed harshly, taking up the two checks. "It's funny—old hen like Marie. She don't matter. But there was a girl had your job four years ago—taffy-haired little flossy. And she was going around steady with Tom Fenton—you know Tom, submanager at the Fibroid and Ivoryoid Company? She couldn't see Tom for months—till Cule as usual left town for a year or so. He gave Elsa a pair of pink pearl eardrops to remember him by. But he let his own memory do as it pleased. She used to drive Tom crazy whenever they went out nights, fingering the gewgaws. Oh, yes—she trekked back to Tom and his orchestra seats after Cule left. But Tom was no easy mark. He married another girl."

"And what happened to Elsa?" asked Day intently.

"Mannequin on Fifth Avenue. Tom takes her out once in a while when the wife's visiting her mother."

SOMETHING stirred in Day's eyes, like the reflection of the sky in a pool. Or like the reflection of overhead wings which in their whirring have been caught and held by unsettled waters.

"He has tired, searching eyes," she said slowly, as they left the lunch room.

"Who? Tom Fenton? He's got pop eyes—oh, for the love of heaven, is it still that rotter, Cule?" The anger of a big, booming, blond man is explosive. Rudely Luke jerked the girl from in front of a taxicab which she had not seen. "Where you walkin'? This is no Iowa prairie where you can meander over the hay. How about a good show tonight, Day? I got two passes from a fellow ——"

Rather reluctantly she agreed to go. "Unless I have to help invoice the new things."

"Let Marie. She's too old to do anything better." Luke had his own way of meeting difficulty. He went on with scorn, "I can tell you what Cule's eyes are tired from. Looking for more than they ought to see! And searching for things that decent, normal men don't want."

"Oh, I don't believe you."

"Why—why ——" He threatened to explode on the street. "You baby! I'll shake you! Don't you follow some other poor fools of girls."

She was glad that Luke was away from the shop all afternoon. Winfield Cule returned with Whinzer and stopped in front of the show case where she arranged quartz, chalcedony and paste-pearl necklaces.

"Here's a window piece, J. B.," he said. At first Day did not know that he meant her. "Little Dutch doll. Usually you're so keen after crowd-bait. How did you overlook this?"

Day went warm and cold. It was his voice. Once she had heard a popular evangelist croon to a crammed hall, "All ye who are weary and heavy-hearted. . . ." She was not weary, of course. Nor heavy-hearted. Her blood ran with a curious new lightness. But her whole body had been affected by that impassioned croon, just as it was now affected to trembling.

J. B. laughed genially. "Don't make her vain. Most all my pretty girls leave me for livelier careers, anyhow."

"DAY, HOW WERE THOSE FLOWERS MASHED?" HE ASKED HOARSELY. "THREE MEN—AFTER I GOT OFF THE STREET CAR ——"

Winfield Cule continued to look at Day; at her brown Dutch bob, so satiny and young; at the perfect eyebrow line and the young red mouth.

"Any person that can become and stay vain is lucky," he said. "Vanity is this life's best breastplate." For some reason he scowled at Day's hands moving with a polishing cloth over huge glass stones. "Every time I get back to this town, I loathe it more. Why don't they board up cradle manufactories?"

"I don't get your meaning." J. B. lifted a sandalwood box from old-world wrappings as if it were a favorite child.

"IT SEEMS to me that the world," drawled Cule, "might so manage that its women and children needn't get up at dawn to ride in the Subway to arrange loft-factory elephants in glass cases. Faugh! For luck."

"Tut, tut." The octogenarian gloatingly lifted a lapis-lazuli paper knife and a small ruby-colored idol with silver anklets from the sandalwood. "These are very good, Cule. Oh—as to that, I think you are too hard on our economic system at home here. Would our women and children like instead to arise at midnight to wash Hindu priests' feet? Or would they enjoy a bastinado for too small measure from a rice field?"

"Perhaps not." Cule smiled at Day. He had that kind of smile that lights a saturnine face into charm and sweetness. "Don't listen to me, little girl. Polish your beads."

Later Marie told Day: "There are stories about him. He never tells his side. He wouldn't take the trouble to defend himself to—to God, in my opinion. It's something about his voice"—a tinge of red rose to Marie's gray shingle—"that gets you. Like an organ chord. I don't care who says my middle name is mush. Like Luke Berrison's voice, for instance, could never make you think of anything except a big parchment drum at Coney." Once Marie and Luke had questioned each other's inventory figures. "That was a cousin of his at Bellevue. It's a wild family line. Elsa—well, he wasn't the only one she'd rather have had than Tom Fenton."

Cule had brought Marie a string of rose quartz. A pharaoh's mummified left eyeball. "At least," said the donor, "a beggar vowed it was the left one." For the other salesgirls and certain of the workroom he had unique trifles.

HE SAID to Day, in a low minute in the afternoon, "But I didn't know you were here." He spoke thoughtfully, as if it were shameful that he had not known.

"It doesn't matter," she said, pink of young face.

"Do you ride home on a bus?"

She did not. She ran with other runners to a tube. But she said "Yes!"

At six o'clock they sat atop a northbound bus. It was May, and daffodil baskets were yellow splashes at corners. The belated daffodils were in scented warfare with baskets of lilacs.

"Atop a bus on Fifth Avenue in May," he said absently, "life seems almost worth being lived."

Past Grant's gray tomb he rode with her, and went back. Day walked and rode back across part of the town and finally found her Subway and train.

Molly was irate with alarm. "My goodness, where've you been? You

(Continued on Page 245)

Bridal Nots

By GRAEME LORIMER

(With a Few Italic Protests from His Wife)

Illustrated by Garrett Price

IN THE MATTER OF CLOSETS

OUR marriage has declared two dividends in three years, and so you see it's a going concern. As the head of that concern, though the partner is far from silent, I feel well qualified to give a lot of good advice—which of course won't be taken—to the new crop of brides and grooms. First in importance comes the matter of precedents. Great aches from little pin pricks grow, and planting time is usually from the first to the sixth month of marriage. For example, it is the most natural thing in the world on your honeymoon to read each other all your letters in a spirit of love and trust and now-we-are-one-ness, but don't do it. It is a bad precedent to establish, because sooner or later the best of mothers is sure to write something that will ruffle the dearest girl in the world. Sharing occasional excerpts is, of course, another matter and quite harmless, but keep some private life of your own—you'll be more fascinating if you do.

One of the most fascinating things about Peter is that he is always throwing away my mail.

This matter of privacy is important. Each should have a corner from which the other keeps hands off. A man's desk at least should be sacred to him. A friend of mine had collected autographs for years. They were on scraps of paper, old envelopes, torn from the bottoms of letters, and sloppily stuffed into the pigeonholes of his desk. He married one of these tidy souls, and not long after he found his desk ominously neat—and bare. With fear clutching his heart he rushed upstairs to his wife.

"Oh, those names you had scattered over on scraps of paper and stuffed in cubbyholes and drawers? I entered them in your address book and threw them out."

It's ghastly the way wives have to dig their husbands out of their belongings sometimes, in the interests of the public health, and so on.

Another precedent — who sits at the head of the table when there's company? If the groom is not careful his bride will slip one over on him here by saying the party has to be built around her because of the bell. Move the bell or seat the guests unevenly, but under no circumstances should the groom give up the one outward and visible sign of his domestic authority.

Peter also rules the cellar. And he had me say "obey" when we got married. He honestly has some rights.

Likewise a right start is everything in the matter of closets. Within the first few days in the new house the groom should grab off as much closet space as he is ever likely to need, because by the end of the third week the bride will have every available inch filled up, and never again will he get so much as a look-in.

Now closets! What could a man put in more than one closet?

The bride must watch her step too. Not long ago one told me of a terrible precedent she almost set. An efficient soul, she jumped out of bed the minute the alarm went off, so that she could have breakfast ready on time.

Husband usually took five or six minutes to get his eyes open far enough to see his way across the floor, by which time wife had the windows shut and the heat turned on.

"Here!" she said to herself. "If I don't look out I'm going to be shutting the windows the rest of my life, and one of the things I looked forward to in marriage was not having to." Now, no matter how long it takes husband to get his eyes open she stays in bed until the windows are shut. "If he doesn't like having his breakfast late—why, he can get up earlier."

He doesn't, though, and now I have to get up at six to get Joan's bottle.

Almost the first thing a young husband learns is that helpful criticism is never appreciated in the home. Innocent suggestions about the coffee, food, cobwebs, dust, which the established wife of several years' standing will take smilingly and ignore, cause upheavals during the first six months, when the bride feels herself and her housekeeping on trial.

Peter was always shutting the icebox doors and telling me how at the office everybody loved criticism because it helped them in their work. Women are different; it just dampens them.

For the first dinner in the new house a young wife I know got out all the best wedding-present china and set the table with loving care, thinking joyfully how pleased and honored her Dave would be. She could hardly wait to hear his ecstatic praise. When Dave saw the table his only comment was:

"Don't you think this china is a little good to use when we're just by ourselves, dearie?"

"Oh," said the crestfallen bride, holding back the tears, "you think so?"

The next day she bought a complete dinner service in tin. That night Dave learned the error of his ways.

Just before I was married an older man told me of a similar mistake he had made, in the hope that I might profit from it. One morning his wife served corn bread.

"Oh, Ethel," he said, after eating a bite, "this isn't sweetened. My mother always put sugar in the corn bread."

His bride looked him straight in the eye: "My mother didn't."

For twenty years now, whenever they have corn bread there are two kinds—sweetened for him, unsweetened for Ethel.

"I learned my lesson from that," my friend told me. "It's all in the way you go about it. If I'd pretended to enjoy it the first time and not said anything and then one day insinuated that I'd kinda like a bit o' sugar in the corn bread Ethel would have made it that way gladly to please me. Don't drag in mother."

I FELT LIKE A MURDERER

Except Peter's mother.

There is one exception to the rule against helpful criticism. A woman wants to be told if her slip shows, but be sure you say "It's snowing in Florida, dearie," before you go to the party, not on the way home.

An even worse blemish in a young husband than a spirit of helpful criticism is an overdeveloped sense of humor. A woman well past her silver anniversary told me that for her husband's first birthday after they were married she saved from her allowance and bought the finest silk, beautiful frogs, a perfect pattern, and with loving fingers made him a pair of pajamas. Instead of commenting on the fine quality of the silk, which he might truthfully have done, he observed that the pants were big enough to hold the whole family, and his first remark the next morning was that he had to sleep holding them on. For thirty years she has taken her revenge by letting him sleep in cheap ready-made pajamas, but the memory of his laughter rankles still.

Another woman told me that the first time she made sandwiches for her husband he laughed because she cut the bread so thick and uneven. Years have passed, but she never slices bread without a quiver of rage at the heartless reception of her first efforts.

And one time we had a roast chicken that looked as though it had died of fright—I mean I left its feet on and they had a sort of appalled look—and Peter laughed heartily.

This touchiness of the bride about her inexperience doesn't stop at husbands. The other day a huckster called a newly married friend of Patsy's to the door and asked her if she would like some nice fresh spinach. It was on the tip of her tongue to say yes, because she had heard spinach was healthful and she was trying to feed her husband scientifically, but in the nick of time she realized she didn't know whether it came by the stalk, the bunch or the spinach. She wasn't going to let that huckster see she didn't know how to order.

"No, we never eat spinach," she said firmly, slamming the door in his face.

Patsy's greatest problem was trying to keep Estelle, the combined cook, waitress and chambermaid, from finding out that she knew more about each of her jobs than Patsy did about all three. As they were planning the dinner one day Estelle, probably out of deviltry, asked:

"An' please, ma'am, would you be likin' the brown Betty with bread an' how does the boss favor his hard sauce?"

Patsy thought fast and said, "Make it your way, Estelle, and if it's not satisfactory I will tell you."

After a little intensive study in the cookbook she was able to inform Estelle quite nonchalantly next day that she really believed she preferred brown Betty made with bread crumbs, and in the future would Estelle add the white of egg to the hard sauce to make it more creamy?

Much more difficult than the cook problem is the cook's-night-out problem. It was at such a time that a friend of mine who had been intrigued

(Continued on Page 99)

THE FISHING HONEYMOON WAS A GREAT SUCCESS—AT LEAST AS FAR AS BILL WAS CONCERNED

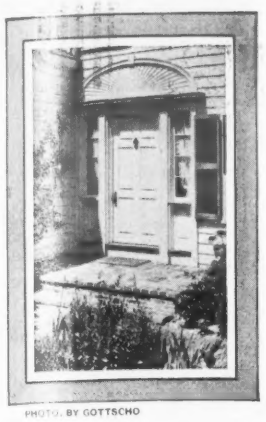


PHOTO BY GOTTSCHO

The Personality of a House

Whether You Build, Remodel or Buy Ready-Made

By EMILY POST

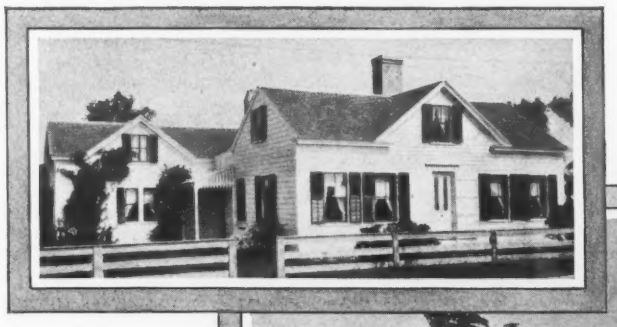
Author of Etiquette: the Blue Book of Social Usage

LET us begin with the house that you build. If you have found a site that you love you have perhaps already visualized the style of house you want to put on it. Or perhaps on the other hand, you know merely that you intend to have a home of your own but have no definite ideas as to the type of house you like best, or the situation to put it on.

In either case, the first thing to do is to consult an architect—not because he is the cousin of a friend or because you find him good-looking or agreeable, but because the houses he has built appeal to you. Remember also that a bad (inexperienced) architect gets exactly the same fee as the best one.

Of course if the house is to be very small, straightforward and unpretentious, if you have had a certain amount of experience in building, and you have a reliable contractor, you may be able to do your own designing, or you can buy ready-made plans which may be used as they are, or modified slightly better to suit your requirements. But under normal circumstances, no matter how well you think you know what you want, and how large (and unnecessary) the architect's 10 per cent over-all fee may seem, the wisdom of engaging an architect cannot be overemphasized. Not merely because the house is likely to be more beautiful, but because the chances are greatly in favor of your saving money in the end.

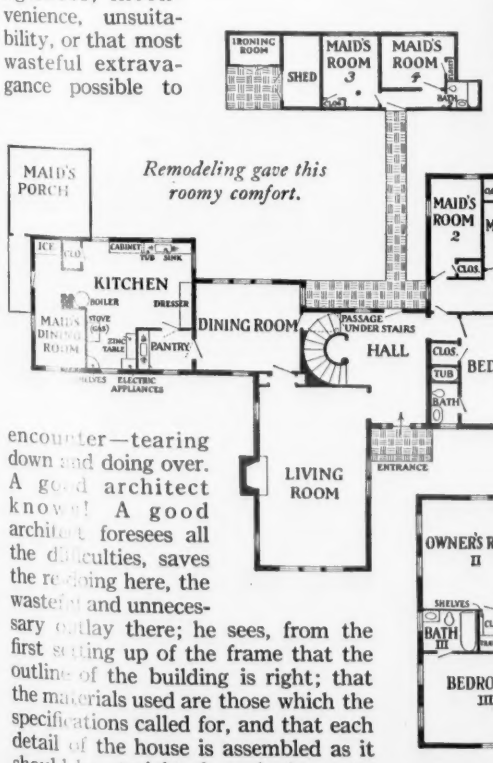
House building is not a simple process to the inexpert. The details that come up for decision are unceasing, and more often than not perplexing. And if you "guess wrong" the result is ugliness, inconvenience, unsuitability, or that most wasteful extravagance possible to encounter—tearing down and doing over. A good architect knows! A good architect foresees all the difficulties, saves the redoing here, the wasteful and unnecessary outlay there; he sees, from the first setting up of the frame that the outline of the building is right; that the materials used are those which the specifications called for, and that each detail of the house is assembled as it should be, straight through the entire operation, from cellar to roof. The architect is personally responsible, and should of course be held so.



The original house plan.

GOTTSCHO

The Edgartown, Mass., house remodeled by Mrs. Post for her summer home. Above—Its original form.



Remodeling gave this roomy comfort.

Without an architect the building progresses exactly as a ship at sea with no one at the steering wheel. Few people can even visualize size, let alone forms; fewer still know anything at all about detail, not one in a thousand knows good building from bad, and not one in ten thousand knows, or can produce even when he knows, the qualities that give a house personality and charm. Any builder can put up a hard block or box of a house. Only an architect of talent (or an owner of genius) can devise the subtleties of line and proportion that alone produce a building of beauty.

Let us assume therefore that your architect has been chosen (if you know enough to build a house without one, you know far too much to be bothering to read this article).

One point is very important: Before going to see your architect make up your own mind as definitely as possible so that you can tell him something like this:

We are thinking of buying this lot on Elm Street, or that lot on Prospect Hill. We have fifteen thousand dollars to spend on the house—finished. We must have four bedrooms and two baths, two maids' rooms and bath; a good-sized living room, dining room, sun porch, pantry and kitchen. We must have a one-car garage, a tool shed and a good cellar. What sort of house could we build on either of these lots for that price? (Whether you tell him that you have five thousand dollars and that you need four rooms, or that you will spend a hundred thousand dollars and need twenty-odd rooms does not matter. The procedure is the same.)

Before answering you he will have to go and look at the sites—you will probably look at them together. He will then tell you that the lot on Prospect Hill will cost about 20 per cent more to build on than the lot on Elm Street. The former will require blasting for the foundations, and high retaining walls for the house. The other is meadowland, on which the foundations could be easily laid. He may also remark that two of the elm trees are perfectly placed for a front door.

At all events, the first decision to be made as soon as the site has been agreed upon (it may be the deciding factor in choosing it) is the style of house. Instead of classifying houses according to so-called styles it may make the subject clearer if we merely divide all "periods" (or styles) into five outstanding types:

1. The Severely Formal.
2. The Minor Formal.
3. The Balanced Picturesque.
4. The Irregular Picturesque.
5. The Blank-faced.

The outstanding characteristic of the SEVERELY FORMAL house is regularity. A line drawn perpendicularly through the center of its front elevation will go directly through the center of the front door, and every detail on one side is repeated in exact reverse on the other. In fact, it is a drafting-room custom to draw only one-half of the façade and, holding a strip of mirror in the center line, let the reflection complete the design. Houses that belong in this category may be either Georgian, Colonial, Italian, rectangular or E-shaped French; or many forms of E or H shaped English. The Formal house requires an absolutely flat setting, which may be an artificially built terrace or platform, or may be a natural tableland.

THE MINOR FORMAL means a simple house of unpretentious size that is evenly balanced in design. Thousands of small houses that have a door in the middle and one or two evenly balanced windows on either side, with regularly spaced windows above, should sit tranquilly also on platforms of land.

THE BALANCED PICTURESQUE is suitable to all hillsides. By "balance" is not meant "repetition," but adjustment of height to weight. It should give the feeling that its "balance" is comfortably secure. Its heaviest—central—weight is either placed on the crown of the hill with supporting wings

(Continued on Page 162)

GOTTSCHO

Woodwork and furniture mahogany, paper bluish green and bluish red on cream, floor green.

PHOTOS. OF INTERIORS BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Note the contrast of design, with harmony of texture here. The plain walls and floor set off the large-figured fabrics and hangings splendidly.

Note how the coarse plastered walls, coarse lace at windows, the texture of the rug, together with use of fabrics and hangings, achieve harmony of texture.

Walls and Floors as Backgrounds

By LOIS PALMER

THE seashore would not look half so lovely, would it, if the sand were exactly the same color that the water is? Sand on the shore may be full of pink, as in Bermuda, or it may be dazzlingly white, as it is along the Florida coast—it is the contrast between it and the lapping blue waves which makes the sand appear more beautiful than it would otherwise. Backgrounds, let it be noted, always count.

In the same way, a room is more attractive and more interesting when its walls and floor contrast with the other furnishings. When you think of them merely as walls, and a floor, these component parts of every room do not seem so very impressive. But the moment we begin to see each one as the shore is to the sea—that is, as a background, against which all our furnishings must appear, they step into the picture so to speak, and claim as much consideration as any other items of decoration.

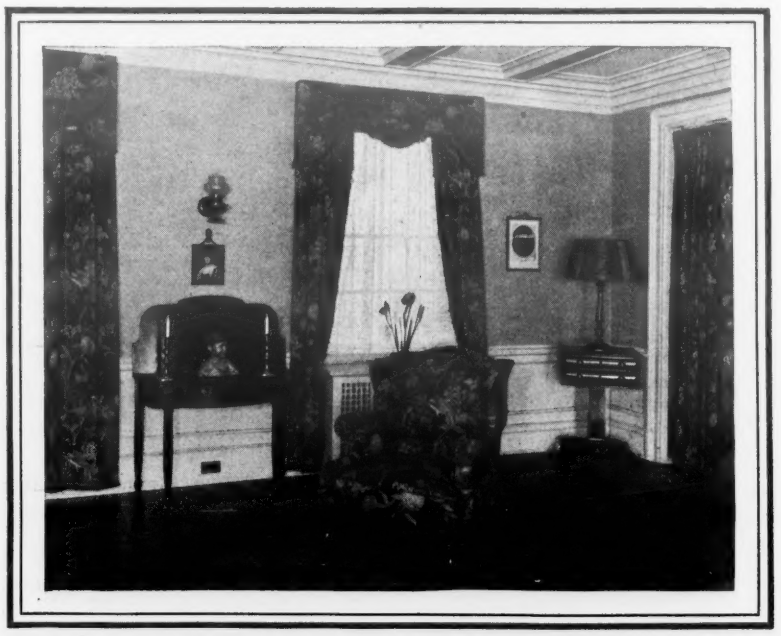
Color is usually the first matter to demand attention; you can decide upon the finish for your walls, but you cannot do much about ordering the paper, or paint, as the case may be, until you have first determined what your color scheme is going to be; in fact, it often happens that whether we are to have the walls painted or papered depends partly upon whether we can most easily secure the tone we want in one medium or the other.

Rough brush-textured wall.

Texture

AND the tone you want is the tone which contrasts most pleasantly or effectively with your upholstery, your hangings, your rug, the wood of your tables and chairs and other pieces of furniture. In rooms which are used all the time, we prefer less vivid contrasts than in rooms where we spend but few hours a day; in a bedroom or dressing room, the contrast between the walls and furnishings may be very decided without becoming tiresome, whereas in a living room or library the harmony of colors which blend with each other is easier on our eyes and nerves—slight contrast, rather than great.

For example: In a well-lighted living room the walls and woodwork, as well as the bookshelves, are finished in a light gray-green. The furniture is soft gray, with two chairs upholstered in blue-gray, and the rug, a plain one, is taupe with a decidedly grayish cast.



This room of fine texture would be even more interesting if the chair covering were plain. There is sufficient design in the hangings and rug.

Here we have merely the contrast of two rather neutral and decidedly restful colors, gray and green—with a touch of blue in the gray of the upholstery, and taupe in the rug to keep it from being a positive gray and to give it richness and warmth. Accent often goes a long way to save a drab room.

The most noticeable contrasts in the room occur between the walls and window hangings, and cushions and lamp shades—that is, the accessories or smaller surfaces. The gray-green walls furnish a pleasant though slight contrast to the soft gray of the furniture, but the taupe of the rug keeps gray from becoming a monotonous color in this room, at the same time furnishing a contrasting background for the gray furniture which has been placed on it.

It is interesting to note that texture was also considered in making this decorative plan. The owner desired to use denim and heavy linen crash for upholstery and cushions, and so she decided that the texture of her backgrounds, the floor and walls, should harmonize in that way, no less than in color. For this reason, instead of choosing to have fine canvas painted walls, she decided on a sand finish, and selected a rug of rather coarse texture for the remainder of the background, the floor.

Fabrics

YOU can easily imagine how inappropriate fine taffeta would have appeared against the coarseness of those backgrounds.

Very fine, highly polished wood, such as mahogany or rosewood, would also have been unsuitable, contrasting with those somewhat coarse backgrounds. To realize that this is so, you have only to think of how well ornamental iron looks against a rough plaster wall, and recall the beauty of old Spanish or Italian furniture on a bare tile floor.

Yet at times the finish of a fabric should be considered, apart from its texture; in a room where the walls and the furniture wood have a dull finish, we can use shiny fabrics nicely. It was not only because they loved rich materials that Renaissance craftsmen put costly brocade or handsome velvet on chairs of the period, but also to gain relief, through their

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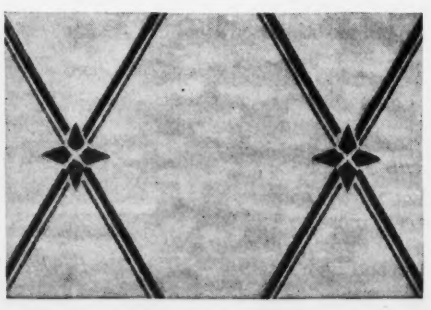
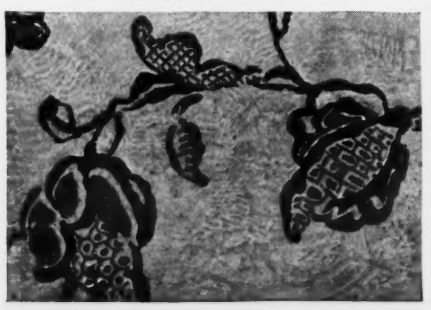
All-over patterns of this type are next best to a plain, solid-color background.

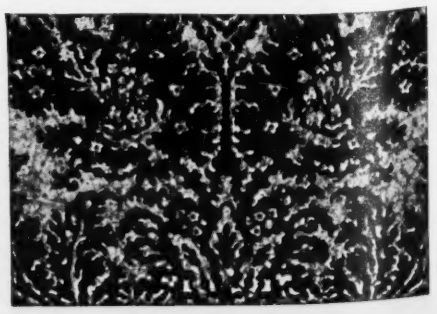
This severely designed wall paper is suitable for a formal drawing-room.



An entire color scheme was built up from this wall paper by one woman.



Another instance of an all-over pattern that is attractive as well as popular.



A general group of potted bulbs for window garden, showing tulips, hyacinths and freesias.

SUBJECTS FOR PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE SUPPLIED BY PETER HENDERSON & CO. AND JOHN SCHEEPERS, INC.

Bulbs for Winter Cheer

By F. F. ROCKWELL

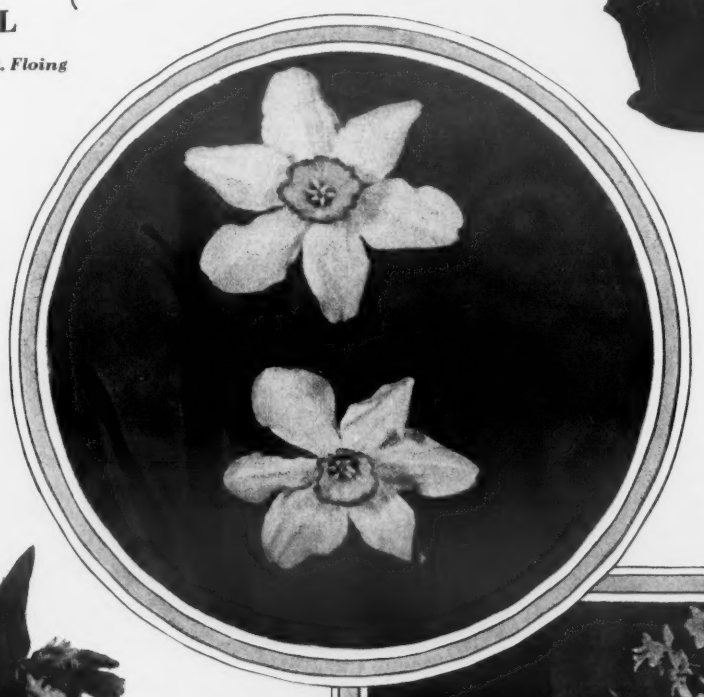
Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing

IF THE good cheer of those gay bulbs which bloom in the spring is welcome when all outdoors is awakening and the robins in the rain are hunting worms over green lawns, how much more delightful their message when it comes to us while Winter still retains his icy grasp upon garden and woodland, and outside the frosted panes nothing but a stretch of glittering snow greets the searching eye!

It is during that seemingly endless period after the Christmas holidays, and before the wild geese, flying north, honk as they pass that spring is on the way, that one can appreciate to the full the spirit-lifting beauty of a bowl of flowering tulips, the azure tones—like a glimpse

(Continued on Page 232)

Tulipa sirene (left), one of the very decorative lily-flowered type. Freesias (right) are now available in many colors, as well as the old pure white.



The poet and poetaz types of daffodils may be grown indoors, as well as the trumpet types. Below, left to right, are: Southern Gem, Bath's Flame and Thelma.

Bath's Flame (above), one of many new daffodils that are now becoming popular.

For variety, try some of the unusual things, such as Tulipa clusiana (left), or one of the Parrot tulips, like Fantasy (right).

"GOOD MOTHER! GOOD HUSBAND! GOOD WIFE!" SHE CRIED WILDLY. "OH, MICHAEL, DON'T I UNDERSTAND!"

Good Wife

By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

IT WAS not the sort of day on which you could imagine anything tragic happening. It had been, from the beginning, a lovely day. When Joan Light waked in the morning, she lay for a happy moment, almost gloating over the sunshine that came tumbling into their room through the open eastern windows. Gay sunshine it was, boisterous, tossed about in the clear air as though the brisk wind from the Sound were trying to play ball with it. The blue organdie curtains fluttered and shook the beams from their folds so that they fell in broken geometric pattern across the flowered hooked rugs. Light caught on glass jars and bottles upon the maple dressing table and formed rainbow prisms to dance and flicker among the yellow patches.

Joan turned her head and looked at Michael, still sleeping, his long legs drawn up, his face burrowed into the white pillow, away from her. She lifted herself on an elbow and bent over him. Brown lashes covered eyes that were as deeply, clearly blue as the Sound across the meadows; relaxed in his sleep, with his brown hair curly and rumpled, he looked like a little boy, instead of a brilliant and successful young man of twenty-seven years.

She smiled. She knew that he didn't like it—he was so cross when he first waked, always—yet she couldn't resist bending closer, so that her blond hair tickled his face. His features contorted irritably at the contact and, still asleep, he raised one slender hand and rubbed his nose. Joan giggled softly. He looked so like his own baby son! Ever so lightly, she kissed his furrowed forehead, then his thin, straight nose. Then, bending closer, kissed his warm throat beneath the square chin.

"Dammit, don't do that!" muttered Michael, and sat up so abruptly that she lost her balance and fell backward upon her pillow. He looked down at her crossly where she lay, laughing up at him, her hair gold in the sunlight, her cheeks the warm pink of sea shells.

"It's a lovely day!" she told him, and giggled again. "Mike darling, you are the crossest man! You look as if ——" Sudden contrition checked her laughter. "Poor little boy—what's the matter? Headache?"

"No!" roared Michael Light, and got out of bed and stamped into the bathroom.

She could hear his shower rushing angrily like a mountain torrent, fierce and unchecked as his own swift moods. Michael was not one to sing in his morning bath, not he! An instant longer Joan nestled into the covers, thinking about him. He was a difficult man, her Michael, but she loved him and she knew how to handle him. She paid no more attention to his moods and tempers than she did to his baby's. Not so much! Laughed at them, or listened to him with a mock gravity, a burlesque attention that withered the wrath on his lips.

When they became engaged, nearly three years before, people—even Michael's own people—had warned her. Brilliant and charming they all conceded him to be, but—well, erratic was a kindly word among the adjectives which they used of him. Joan lay and smiled comfortably to herself. A lot people knew! She was the one person with whom Michael Light didn't quarrel. It took two to quarrel, and at the least suspicion of unreasonableness on Michael's part, she girded on her laughter and her love as medieval knights had girded on their armor.

She swung out of bed, slipping her bare feet into gold mules, thrusting her bare arms into a dressing gown of unornamented white satin. Before the mirror, she brushed back her half-grown hair so that it hung thickly and evenly about her shoulders, like the hair of a Renaissance angel. She called down the stairs, gayly:

"*Bon jour, Yvonne! Voulez-vous faire monter le petit déjeuner?*" Her young voice had a singing, lilting quality, like the day itself.

She moved swiftly on her golden shoes across the hall into the nursery. Young Mike, bathed and breakfasted, sat in a pool of sunshine, like an infant saint in a melted halo. His crib was strewn with toys and he gurgled and waved a wooden spoon at her enthusiastically. Joan picked him up and kissed him, hugging his wriggling body close to her, and her heart seemed to expand within her breast with warmth and love.

How happy she was! How lovely all her life was! This smooth-running house, where Yvonne and her mother, Madame Jubelin, did the work that four servants failed to do in other homes—little Mike, twenty-five pounds of flowing, perfect baby—and big Michael and herself, young, and successful in their youth.

Later that day she was to remember the proud exultance of this moment as something from another existence.

She heard Yvonne's swift footsteps pattering up the stairs with the tray, her thin, birdlike voice in its morning greeting, "*B'jour, m'sieur—dame,*" and she released the baby and returned to her bedroom. Michael, still dark and cross and smoldering like a deadened fire, was dressed; he sat down without a word at the butterfly table by the window and commenced eating his grapefruit.

Joan smiled at him and poured out his coffee into the generous Breton cup. Oh, she was sorry for women who had dull, stodgy husbands! She cherished Michael's moods, almost took pride in them.

"Darling," she said equably, "will you stop somewhere on your way home tonight and get some more of those cheese sticks? The Clarkes are coming for dinner, you know."

Her husband lifted his eyes, smoky, foreboding.

Joan knew that he hated to do errands in town; yet, after all . . . "It won't kill you, you know!" she assured him.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked. He wasn't smiling.

Her brows lifted. "Michael Light, what's the matter with you this lovely morning?"

"Damn the morning!" said Michael.

She was half laughing, half solicitous. "Let me see your tongue!"

He looked almost in a mood to thrust it out at her, she reflected, like an impertinent child. Instead, he scraped back his chair and stood up, leaving Madame Jubelin's golden-brown *brioches* untouched. He was off his feed, thought Joan to herself.

"What you need," she said calmly, "is a good dose of castor oil."

Michael Light paused as though he had been turned to stone, immobile except for the twitching of his sensitive lips, the upper one thin and curved and always close to laughter; the under, full, faintly petulant even when he smiled.

"Joan, sometimes I think that if you say that to me once more, I will kill you!" he said very distinctly.

SHE met his gaze mildly. If she had quarreled with Michael every time he was in this mood they would have parted years before! She stood up as he moved toward the door.

"Good-by, boy." Prettily, delicately formed, her soft mouth lifted to his. . . .

Michael sighed heavily and kissed her. "'By, Joan," he said in a voice that carried resignation.

She was buttering her third *brioche* when the station wagon backed out of the garage and scraped the flagpole; she watched, with amusement, as Michael yanked it angrily about over the flat grass and swung it recklessly into the purple-brown state road beyond the gates.

For just an instant she wondered whether Michael ever appreciated her understanding of him, ever consciously realized the thing that all their friends said so often—that she was a good wife. She laughed at herself. Heavens, she didn't care whether he appreciated it or not! She loved him. Perhaps he wasn't what the world calls a good husband, but who, she asked herself with an ingenuousness which, under the circumstances was rather appalling, wanted a good husband? She wanted only Michael Light. . . .

She shook herself from her thoughts with a jerk. It was nearly nine o'clock and there was much for her to do. People said that they didn't see how she did it all. As though a house and a husband and a baby were not enough, Joan still kept one of the accounts she had handled for Carter, Peabody Company, the firm which employed Michael and where she had worked before they were married.

Her mind was wayward this sunny morning, and a moment longer she continued to sit, thinking still of Michael, of Michael as she had first known him when he came to the office. How she had admired the brilliancy of his work! She had read that first copy of his as breathlessly as though it had been immortal literature. He was two years out of college then; two years in which he had knocked about from one job to another—press agentry, newspaper reporting, and one passionately brief editorial position on a magazine of liberal thought. She wondered sometimes whether he would have stayed on with Carter, Peabody, if it had not been for her. Of course he would have had to settle down some time. Wouldn't he?

"MICHAEL, YOU CAN'T GO AWAY LIKE THIS WITHOUT TELLING ME WHY!" SHE CRIED OUT

She found herself wondering, wondering what Michael would be, what he would be doing now, this very morning, if they had never met. Married to some other woman? Her rather small mouth curved into a grin. Heaven help both the other woman and Michael! She could imagine herself married to any one of a number of men, herself being a good wife to him. A politician, a doctor, a big business man. Not that she had ever seen or could even imagine any man she would prefer to Michael! But still, she was adaptable. Michael was—himself. They broke the mold after they had made him.

She got up at last and dressed swiftly. Yvonne was getting young Mike; he would go out into the yard and play all morning in his pen. Madame Jubelin knew about dinner; the house would go on without need of her. Joan looked at herself in the mirror, pretty and slender in a one-piece frock of sky-blue jersey, her fair hair knotted at her neck. She was glad that she was pretty; she had grown prettier since she married Michael. She was so happy!

She worked in a small room off the living room, an orderly, efficient little place that was surprisingly unself-conscious about its rôle. Yvonne had set a bowl of freshly cut flowers upon her table—sturdy, bright marigolds and deep-blue bachelor buttons interspersed with the fine white stars of gypsophila. Joan bent over them, breathing the earthy, aromatic perfume. Then, contentedly, she pulled out a broad brown folder and set to work.

As the morning hours slipped by the loveliness of the day became almost unbearable. It was the sort of day on which staying indoors is a punishment; Joan frowned deeply at her work. Michael would be taking his vacation soon; perhaps they would go off somewhere.

After lunch she went out into the flower garden and pulled up weeds with more enjoyment than industry. The hot sunlight beat upon her uncovered head, yet the salt breeze from the Sound tempered its heat. Lovely. . . . Lovely. . . .

She thought it was a caller, Mil Carewe, whose place was a mile farther up the road, and she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up, as a car rumbled through the gate.

"Why, Mike!" she cried. Michael, at this hour! Still . . . it was a lovely day.

JOAN was ever so faintly conscious of the picture presented to her husband's eyes—the little white house with its blue shutters and picket fencing, the flower beds, the baby, lusty and ecstatic in his pen, and herself, blue and pink and gold. Almost too pretty, like a calendar, or an advertisement.

Michael's lack of emotion as he surveyed the pretty scene was colossal. Straight and tall he stood, with his hands by his sides, his blue eyes dark and heavy.

"Joan, I'm going away," he said.

Joan, still on her knees in the garden, looked at him inquiringly. "Going away?" she repeated. She didn't know what he meant, yet suddenly a terrific sense of something imminent and ominous surged upon her. The stillness, while she waited for him to speak, prolonged and became like that pulsing stillness which throbs before a thunderclap.

"I've thrown up my job. I'm sailing at midnight tonight for Europe," said Michael very concisely.

Joan sat back on her heels, the sunlight full on her white face. "Michael! What do you mean?"

It was as though something within Michael Light snapped at her question, electrifying his sullenness into vehemence. His limp fingers clenched so that the brown hands became fists; the muscles in his lean face tightened, drawing his mouth into a hard line, and sudden fire leaped in his sooty eyes.

"I mean, Joan, precisely what I say," he told her coldly. "Incredible though it may seem to you, I often do!" Michael, a stranger, cold and hard and infinitely remote! "I don't know," he went on, "whether I shall ever come back. You can tell people what you like. Get a divorce if you wish. You can ——"

(Continued on Page 170)

A Spanish Kitchen

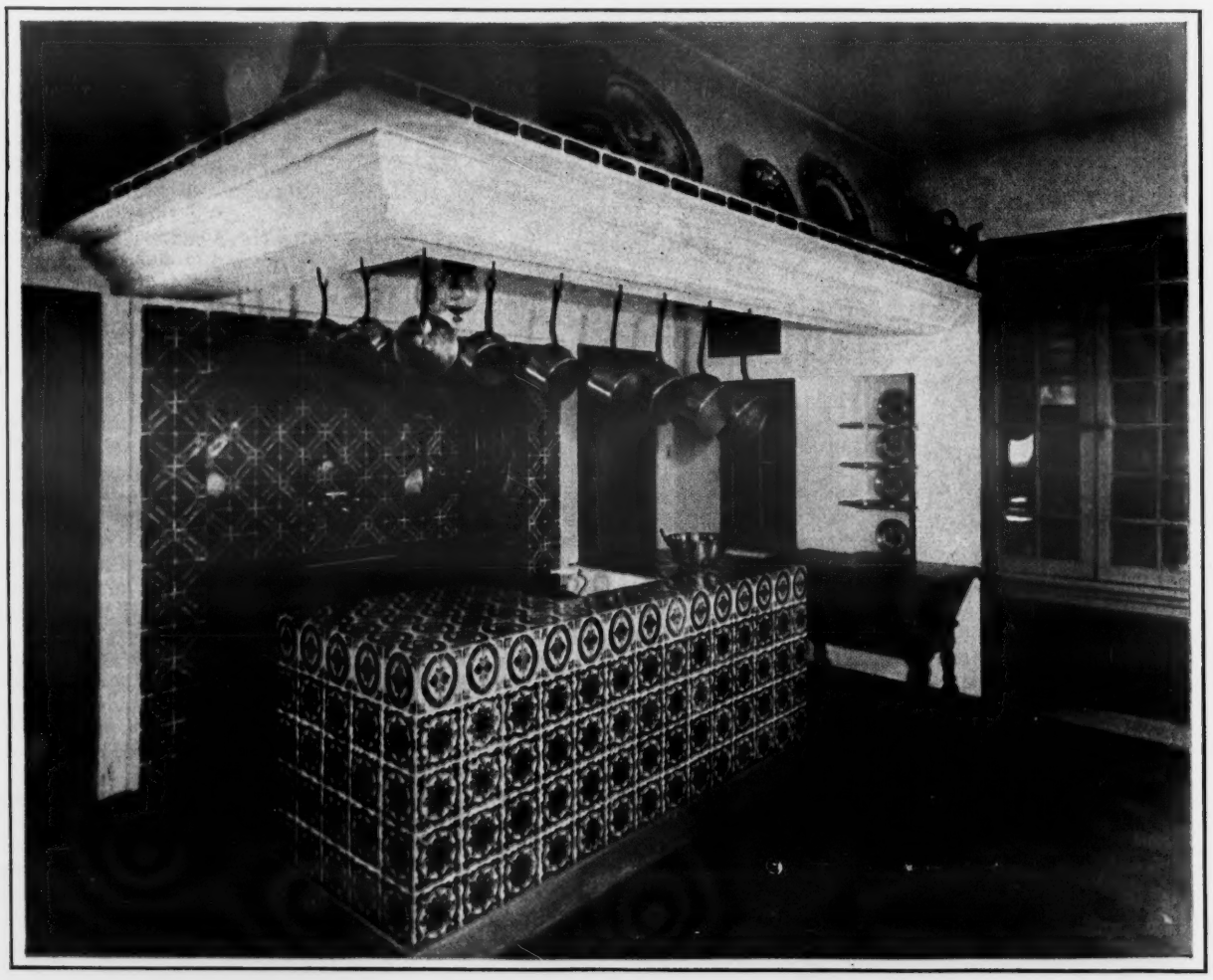
Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing in the Offices of the J. Walter Thompson Company, Chicago. Howard Raftery, Architect

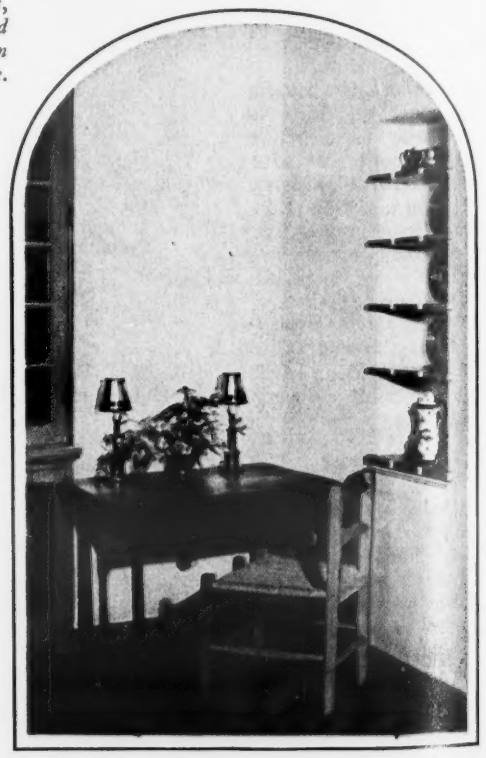
Article by Cora Blair

Here in the form of a centuries-old Spanish tiled stove, an electric range has been ingeniously incorporated—a happy combination of efficiency and charm, with ample working surface above and cupboard space below.

A faithful copy of the Spanish lavabo to which modern plumbing has been adapted.

At left, below, burnished copper utensils, bright-colored pottery, an old oak bread mixer, all set off by a red-tiled linoleum floor. At the right, below, the kitchen office.





THE application of creative attention to our kitchens has somewhat lagged behind the development of the other rooms of our homes. Our bedrooms, living rooms, book rooms, dining rooms—they have been the subjects of deep study. But our kitchens have been evolving at a very slow rate from the days when they ceased to be family living rooms.

Though slow, it has been evolution. We have only to think back, to know it. First, those dens

(Continued on Page 221)

The Kingless Kingdom

By JULIAN STREET

Drawings by Irving Nurick

THE leader of the gypsy orchestra had been wandering with his violin among the tables of the restaurant under the great trees of Margaret Island, addressing his melodies now to a pretty face, now to a pair of dreamy eyes, now to a group of blue hussars laughing over their champagne, and now—being part artist and part mercenary rogue—to a huge, upholstered woman of the Orient, with enormous diamond earrings and an uxorious little husband from whom this special flattery should cozen a large tip.

THE SCÁRDÁS, A DANCE OF THE RURAL TYPE

But all this ended with the arrival of the beautiful dark lady for whom we had been waiting. In Budapest, a city famous for the charm of its inhabitants, she was conspicuous for charm, and in addition she was known to have a way with gypsies, an extraordinary gift for stimulating them to play their best. As the musicians caught sight of her coming toward us in a golden cloak, I saw their faces light. Thenceforth they played to her alone, making music such as I had never heard and never thought to hear. It was as though magic had got into them. She made no special exhibition of her power; indeed she seemed unconscious of it, and I felt only her profound absorption and delight in the music of her native land. Sometimes she would call for a piece by name, or by speaking a line from one of the Hungarian folk songs from which the *tziganes* get their melodies, or perhaps she would sing a few bars in a low sweet voice while the leader, hovering over her, would improvise an obbligato fairly stupefying in its beauty and its brilliancy.

They played as gypsies do, entirely by ear, taking their tune and tempo from the leader's bow, snatching up whatever melody its movement might suggest and tossing it joyously amongst themselves like a troupe of skillful jugglers.

Music runs in gypsy families, the fathers passing on their art to their sons and grandsons, so that the position of the gypsy bandsman is in a sense hereditary. Moreover, there exists between certain families of gypsy fiddlers and certain families of the Hungarian nobility a traditional bond like that which in the days of chivalry bound families of minstrels to their lords.

In restaurants and cafés throughout the land the bands may be regularly heard, and if there is to be a party or a celebration gypsy musicians are immediately summoned. Hungarians understand the gypsies and are amused by them much as people from the southern part of the United States understand and are amused by negroes.

The Blue Danube

ONCE in a café of the humbler sort a friend called my attention to the fact that the bandsman who passed the collection plate held it in his left hand and kept his right hand firmly closed. This, my friend explained, was a piece of symbolism surviving from the time when the gypsy who collected funds was required to catch a fly in his right hand and hold it until the collection was completed, when in the presence of his fellows he would release it, proving that the spare hand had not dipped surreptitiously into the plate.

Even in Budapest there comes a time when people think of going home. One by one the tables round us emptied until at last only our party and the hussars remained. The velvet curtain of the night began to lift, showing a cold blue band across the sky, beyond the sturdy tree trunks. Someone said it was after four o'clock, and presently we rose.

Music followed us as we moved toward the exit, but now the air the gypsies played was not Hungarian. They were bidding us farewell with that glorious waltz of Johann Strauss', The Beautiful Blue Danube, and its strains, drifting out to the foyer, were so seductive that we fell to dancing there, while cloakroom attendants waited with our wraps and hats.

"On account of that tune," I told the dark enchantress as the final notes dissolved, "I got up at dawn—a thing I hate to do—and caught a boat from Vienna instead of coming here by rail at a civilized hour."

She asked if the effort had been worth while, and we spoke of the glory of Budapest as seen at twilight from the river, with its bridges, palaces, domes and spires outlined in silhouette against a rosy sky, and the hills of Buda strewn with diamond chains of light.

"One can't find fault with Strauss," I said, "for calling the Danube beautiful, but I've never been able to understand his having called it blue, when really it's as muddy as the lower Mississippi."

"Oh, sometimes it's blue," she answered as she slipped into her golden coat, and we left.

"We'll all go up to my flat for a while," announced our indefatigable host as the car drew up at an apartment building on the river front.

Upstairs his servant was awaiting us, and as we entered I was shocked to see the table laid with a substantial supper.

I didn't want anything to eat. It seemed to me that from the moment of my arrival in the city, more than a fortnight ago, I had done nothing but move from table to table, from meal to meal. Seated in the dining room I was nibbling at a sandwich, watching the beautiful dark lady supping on chicken, ham and salad, and wondering how she kept her figure, when another member of the party who had been roaming restlessly about burst in and seized me by the arm.

"Come!" he cried. "I got something to show you!" And he dragged me to the sitting room and out upon a balcony.

"There, what color is the Danube now, eh? I ask you man to man—what color is it now?"

The dawn had rapidly advanced and the steely azure light which filled the sky was mirrored in the water's surface. No stream was ever bluer.

"Only one way to see the Danube blue," my companion ran on, "and that's sit up all night—catch it in the act. Man who wrote Beautiful Blue Danube was night owl, and that wonderful little woman in there, she's night owl too."

I sought out our host and said good night.

"You'll find my car outside," he told me. "Have the chauffeur drive you home—he speaks English—and tell him to come back for me at nine."

It was then half-past five. "Nine this morning?" I asked.

He nodded.

"When does he sleep?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "In the wintertime."

Perhaps the tales they used to tell before the war of gilded sin in Budapest were true, but a considerable experience of cities leads me to doubt it. Always I have wished to see a city that was magnificently wicked, but though I have visited several having such a reputation I have never found one that measured up—or perhaps I should say down—to its bad name. Judging by outward signs—signs which, in truth, tell less about the morals of a city than about the efficiency of its police—Budapest has less vice than London, Berlin, Vienna, Paris or New York. Gay, happy, pleasure loving, alive with nocturnal energy, it seemed to me, nevertheless, an extremely orderly place, a place peculiarly free of exaggerated dissipation.

THENCEFORTH THEY PLAYED TO HER ALONE, MAKING MUSIC SUCH AS I HAD NEVER HEARD

The great vice of the Hungarians, I am persuaded, lies in their appetites, and I cannot understand why, as a nation, they are well formed instead of being fat. Their food is heavy and rich and the hours of their repasts are from an American point of view extraordinary. In the fashionable restaurants of Budapest people sit down to lunch at two or half-past, and the afternoon is likely to be well advanced before they rise from table. If they are going to the theater, which begins at half-past seven, they take a generous tea beforehand, waiting until after the performance to do their serious eating. If the evening's plans do not include the theater they dine at nine or later; and if they belong to one of the nocturnal groups that make Budapest so gay they go on later to a party or to a dancing place, frequently finishing off the night with a daylight snack at somebody's house. How anyone who leads the festive life in Budapest finds time to work, I do not know.

To Eat

THE main characteristic of Hungarian food is the use of highly seasoning spices, onions and fat. Paprika—ground red pepper—is Hungary's favorite seasoning substance, and there exists hardly a native dish in which it is not required. The high-grade paprika used by the prosperous classes is sweet and not very strong, but the peasants prefer the home grown variety, which is sharp and biting. Meat is the principal article of sustenance, and two or even three meat courses are sometimes served in a single meal. Vegetables are prepared with a thick sauce of flour fried in grease, but the proportion of vegetables to meat is small.

The diet of poor peasants and laborers is composed chiefly of bread, onions and bacon, the latter cured but uncooked. No meal is complete without a slice of bacon, and cooking in humble homes is still done in casseroles, over the open hearth. White lard is eaten with paprika, and even breakfast is frequently washed down with strong spirits distilled from fruit, homemade apricot brandy being a favorite national beverage. Of Hungarian wines the most famous is tokay, a sweet dessert wine which when old is comparable with the best of port. The native beer is very good, and the coffee of Hungary and Austria is the best I have had in Europe.

WE SPOKE OF THE GLORY OF BUDAPEST AS SEEN AT TWILIGHT FROM THE RIVER

The Hungarian dish most widely known in other lands is *gulyás*—goulash—a sort of stew prepared by frying chopped onions in fat and paprika and adding beef, sliced potatoes and water. Fish soups are prepared in a like manner, and Hungary takes proper pride in a native fish called the *fogas*, which is caught in Lake Balaton.

The Hungarians are, so far as I know, the only Europeans who eat corn from the cob in American fashion; fruits grow in great profusion and variety, and a popular dessert is *rêtes*, a pastry originally introduced by the Turks, which may be filled with apple, cottage cheese, farina mixed with sugar and currants, or other sweetening. The little frosted cakes called *gerbauds* should also be mentioned. They take their name from that of a French pastry cook who came to the Hungarian capital many years ago and built up a business that still bears his name.

In Budapest, as in Paris and Vienna, a great feature is made of eating out-of-doors. The delightful tree-bordered promenade called the Corso, which skirts the left bank of the Danube, is lined with outdoor

(Continued on Page 256)

HE SAW HER, WHEN SHE REACHED THE FOUNTAIN, PAUSE AS IF UNDECIDED

The Green Complex

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Illustrated by James C. McKell

JOHN ADAMS (HANDSOME) BARCLAY and Patrick (Porky) Mallory, privates in the A. E. F., then occupying Coblenz, are discovered back up against a hayrick that is located much nearer to Paris than Coblenz.

Born only four miles apart, geographically, in New York, these two are at opposite ends of the social pole. Yet they have been inseparable pals during the war, where Barclay had come to die in order to forget a Follies-girl love, and Mallory to hide from the police of Manhattan in order to escape the penalty for having transgressed on the personal rights of others.

A lorry, full of M. P.'s hunting for A. W. O. L.'s such as they, put them to flight, but not before Handsome handles one of the police quite roughly. An old French farmer woman loans them the corduroys that had belonged to her dead sons, and so attired they approach Paris. At an inn, Margaret Allison—known as Dick—is struck by the good looks of Handsome.

Handsome is full of plans for borrowing money that will get Porky and him back home. But one drizzly September night Porky's faith in the integrity of these plans is shaken. He sees Handsome, in immaculate dinner clothes, hold up and frisk an officer outside of a café, then retire to an apartment to change into his corduroys of every day. Next day Handsome explains that he took from the officer—husband of his ex-Follies-girl love—a piece of chrysoprase that had belonged to his family for many years. Porky doubts this, attributing the thieving to shell shock.

In the Luxembourg Gardens, meanwhile, the two pals come upon Dick Allison, and Handsome follows her. At a military parade some days later Handsome points Dick out to Porky as the girl in green, distinguishing her thereby from the girl next to her in red. Both Handsome and Porky separately decide to follow the girl in the green dress. Handsome succeeds in starting a conversation with Dick and they have tea together at the Ambassadeurs. Just as they are saying good-by in a more than friendly mood Handsome sees a pair of M. P.'s striding toward him, grimly resolute. One is the M. P. that he had so roughly disarmed on the way to Paris. Handsome immediately breaks into a run, reaches the subway first, and slams the door in the guard's face—but what the devil will Dick think about it?

XII.

AT DINNER that night Barclay had one of his old spells of silence. Thought had run a perpendicular furrow between his eyebrows. Tight ropes. From one tight rope to another. To come to Paris to see Nita and to find that there wasn't any such person, theoretically! To have frisked Holway of that chrysoprase, impelled by a purely sentimental reason! To find his thoughts suddenly filled with another woman! In the old days he hadn't committed any fool escapades; he had been just soberly in love with love. A green dress. It was a crazy world, and no mistake; but when he began to write novels he would have a great deal to draw upon. Nita, passing, had left him a vacuum; and Dick Allison had instantly rushed in to fill it. He felt quite equal to straddling a Notre Dame gargoyle, had she willed it. He wondered if Porky had any notion of what a sizable fool his buddy was. Porky. Barclay awoke to the fact that there was silence on the other side of the table. He looked at Porky, whose face was calm and masklike. This expression disturbed Barclay somewhat. Porky had always looked like that just before a major assault.

"I'm sorry, Porky!"

"An' for what?"

"Oh, for getting you into this mess."

"Aw, that ain't it, Handsome. It's not knowin' what y' gonna do next. This new jane, now ——"

"Don't worry about her. Probably I'll never see her again"—moodily.

Probably never would, thought Porky. He'd keep out of her way as he would keep out of Holway's. Ye-ah.

"Let's go see Charlie Chaplin—first show. I'll have to leave you after that for a couple of hours."

"Uh-huh."

There it was, Porky thought. Talk wouldn't do any good. He had given Handsome all kinds of warning. No go. If he came out flat, ten to one Handsome would beat it for parts unknown. How many times had Handsome left him alone, half a night, all night? Always with a flimsy excuse. Would

he go over to the Avenue Hoche, put on glad rags and prowl; or would he go straight to the hotel in the Avenue d'Jéna? The latter he probably wouldn't see again. The poor crock wouldn't have a Chinaman's look-in. Yet Porky decided to give his buddy one more chance.

"Handsome, take me along with yuh tonight."

It was almost a cry. But Barclay missed the note of despair. He happened to remember that Dick might be over in the Luxembourg tomorrow.

"What's that you said, Porky?"

Not even listening! "I said, take me with yuh tonight."

"But I'll be back in a couple of hours!"

"All right, big boy; all right." Porky's silver-blue eyes grew hard. Ten to twenty years, anyhow. So what the hell! "Let's get a move on, then, before the jam starts. Charlie Chaplin, the king o' the flatfoots!"

Due to his preoccupation Barclay missed the false note in Porky's laughter that night. A travelogue followed the slapstick, and then the house became silent. After this the curtain dropped, to stay down till the house was emptied and refilled. As the lights flared up, Barclay discovered Porky's vacant seat—an aisle. Impatiently Barclay's gaze roved. He could see no uniforms among the spectators. He weaved in and out of the milling crowd till he reached the sidewalk. No Porky. Where the devil had he gone? No matter.

He stared up and down the Boulevard des Capucines. Above, it was threatening to rain. He hailed a taxi and was driven to the *pension*, or rather the apartment, in the Avenue Hoche. Suddenly he realized what had happened to him: He had become terribly homesick! He decided to climb down from the tight ropes, all of them.

Meanwhile Porky had taken a cab back to the Boulevard Saint Michel, distributed sundry bits of sinister steel among his pockets, then proceeded to a *brasserie* he knew of, but which neither he nor Handsome patronized. He ordered three small beers, allowing half an hour for each. It was now nearing midnight. After many half circles and crosscuts, he entered the Avenue d'Jéna.

Rain? He held out his hand.

While in her apartment Dick Allison pressed her nose against the window and it became an alabaster point in a growing circle of flickering specks which she knew to be rain. She had not told her aunt of today's adventure. She wanted the essence of it first, and that seemed rather difficult to get. Her cerebral retorts did not seem to be in working order. A. W. O. L. No doubt about that. But, after all, it wasn't a serious military crime in peacetimes. Or was he shielding his buddy? That was more probable. He had spoken about his buddy being in some difficulty. They hadn't caught him—she had seen the two M. P.'s return to the Champs-Élysées. A hysterical giggle had seized her throat and she had had a time stifling it. For it had been funny—farcical.

HANDSOME and well-born, but down on his luck. What irritated her so profoundly was that she could not drive him from her thoughts.

But this much she did know: The adventure had not been what she wanted. It was all kind of cheap.

"What a night for witches!" she said.

"What kind of witches?" her aunt asked.

"Oh, broomstickers, of course. Aunty, I believe I'll run down to Tours and spend a few days with Rolly Morgan."

Her aunt sighed relievedly. She recognized the boredom, and, paradoxically as it seemed, Paris was no place for it. Paris was the last place on earth for a person who did not know what she wanted. At the Villa Fanny there would be plenty of dancing and bridge and golf. She might be gone ten days or return the day after she left. At present there was no making out the child.

"Oh I forgot!" Dick laughed. It made her aunt think of fountains in the wind. "That Meller woman stood near me when the parade went by. She nearly set the Champs-Élysées on fire. Scarlet. I don't suppose there's a yard of it left in the Rue de la Paix. A truck stops in front every afternoon. Millions. And she always wears scarlet. She pretended not to see me. Sunday she was in the Jockey Club inclosure and I outside. Doesn't that break your heart? If I ever marry it will be to a man in modest circumstances. I want to live, not dress. She must pay six thousand a year for the first suite. . . . Oh, I wish something would happen!"

"I wish I could get you home."

"I should die!"

"What about that strange young man?"

"I took him to tea at the Ambassadeurs."

"You—what?"

"Took him to tea. He was following me, and I turned on him. He was lonesome and wanted an American girl to talk to."

"Dick Allison!"

"DON'T worry, aunty. The last I saw of him he was being chased by a couple of military police."

"Good heavens!"

"That's no deadly crime. I believe, however, that it is his buddy who's in trouble."

"Loyalty. That's a good sign. On my word, I'd like to see this young man of yours."

"Mine? He isn't mine. But he's so darned handsome, he sticks in my head. Do you know, that young man said something funny. He said that I had a green complex and that he had one too. That green dress of mine, I suppose, and the neo-chrysoprase necklace. He must have written poetry at one time or another. That lets him out. A poet!"

"What's wrong with a poet, if he is a good one?"

"In any family I create I'll take care of the temperamental stuff, if you please. Maybe he wasn't a good one. That shabby coat doesn't spell success. You read poetry. Have you ever seen the name John Adams Barclay signed to any?"

"No"—promptly.

"Well, there you are. A handsome failure. . . . Oh, pshaw! I like him. He's not only handsome, but he's nice too. And I ought to be ashamed of myself, chuntering all the time the way I do."

"Chuntering? Where did you get that word?"

"He used it that way."

"But what ever does it mean?"

"I don't know; haven't looked it up. But it sounds highbrow and somehow fits in."

"You remind me of a tale by Anatole France."

"What about?"

"A king, in order to cure his ills, had to wear the shirt of a happy man—if they could find one."

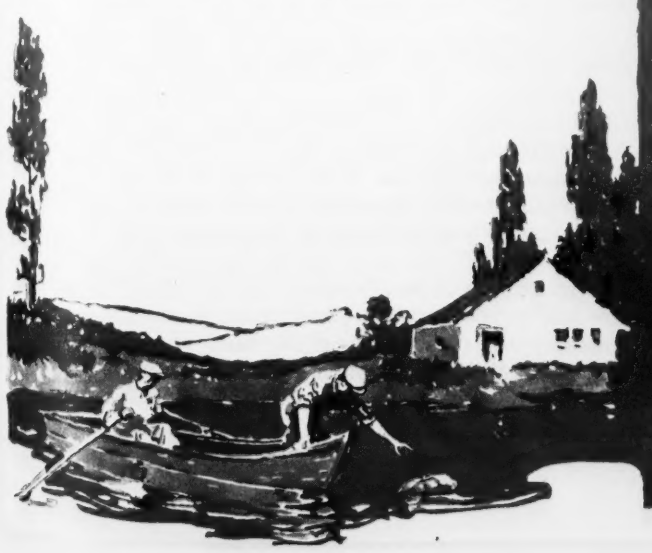
"And did they find the happy man?"

"Yes."

"What?"—incredulously.

"Yes. But, alas, when they found him he confessed that he'd never had any shirt."

(Continued on Page 197)



MIDWAY ACROSS THE BRIDGE HE DROPPED THE BUNDLE INTO THE SEINE

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Among Ourselves

THIS is the biggest JOURNAL ever published in history! There are 272 pages, including covers, crammed to the last line with helpfulness for the homemakers of America.

Turn the pages again! All the way from former Governor Smith's sympathetic discussion of our duty to underprivileged children, down to the table of contents on page 266, no more important contribution to better homemaking has ever before been made in publishing history.

We are proud of this, the October number. We are proud of its stimulating helpfulness; we are proud of its fine printing; we are proud of the entertainment it offers; we are proud of the impressive discussion of national problems it presents as reflected in its articles—written by men and women who are important and who are doing worthwhile things in the day in which we live; we are proud of the publishing records which it shatters.

For this, the October issue, does establish many new publishing records. Not only in the long history of the JOURNAL itself, but in the history of the whole publishing world. Among the records created by this number which you are now reading, are the following:

1. The biggest JOURNAL *in size* ever published. Turn the pages again. There are 272 this month!
2. The greatest editorial space in JOURNAL history.
3. The greatest advertising space in the history of the JOURNAL, impressive as its record has been for forty-five years.
4. The greatest advertising revenue in a single magazine in publishing history.
5. The greatest number of four-color pages of advertising in a single magazine in publishing history. There are eighty-two in this issue of the JOURNAL.

The advertisers have made many of these records possible. They have borne a greater proportionate share of the cost of this big, genuinely helpful number—thereby enabling you, the readers, to buy it for ten cents. Not only that, but the advertising pages greatly enhance the value of the magazine to you. We call your particular attention to the helpful messages they bring to you, many of which rival even the editorial pages in information and "news."

If you have been impressed by the statistics set out above, turn the pages again. Never before has so much practical service to you, the real homemakers, been assembled between the covers of a magazine. See for yourselves! All the way from fiction, the articles, to the practical side—this October JOURNAL is a veritable arsenal of real helpfulness. Look at the challenging new Practical Homemaker department; look at the colorful garden pages; look at the practical and sensible solution of your furnishing and decorating problems; look at the fashion department—bringing you the exclusive patterns of the leading Paris couturiers. All exclusively yours who read the JOURNAL.

We are proud of the records this issue establishes. We are proud of the magazine, down to the last line. But, after all, it merely reflects something that is even more important and of which we are even more proud. That is the enthusiasm of the increasingly important audience which the JOURNAL reaches each month. For two generations the homemakers of America have instinctively turned to the JOURNAL for the solution of their everyday problems. And today you good friends who make all of these records and statistics possible, are greater in numbers and enthusiasm than ever before. Your letters, which are so helpful, prove it. The records mentioned here affirm it. The magazine in your hands demonstrates it!

Color Photography

SO MANY readers have written to ask us about the color photography appearing in the JOURNAL for more than a year past, that it is a pleasure to tell you more about it.

Color photography has been used in many of the garden and interior-decorating pages for the past eighteen months. The Floing process is used by the JOURNAL editorial department exclusively. This means that it has been available to no other magazine. Only in the JOURNAL have you been able to see these colorful gardens and these interiors, in all their natural beauty.

When we say "color photography" we mean exactly that. For these pictures are made by a camera, as any other photograph would be made. The only difference is that the prints come to the JOURNAL *in natural color*, faithfully produced by the camera itself. No retouching whatever is permitted.

During the weeks just past, the JOURNAL has sent expeditions to Arizona to photograph cacti in bloom; to Mount Rainier to photograph American alpines at their best; to St. Louis to photograph orchids; to Detroit to photograph roses, and to many other gardens in the East and South. Distinguished interiors in all parts of the country have been photographed for your benefit. And they will appear in the next few months. Nowhere but in the JOURNAL can you have the benefit of this natural photography; no other magazine reflects so accurately the colorful age in which we live!

Please Read

MAY we suggest that in this issue of the JOURNAL you read with especial attention two articles—Lawlessness, by George Wharton Pepper, former United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and When Night Clubs are Trumps, by Frederic Arnold Kummer, author of several very modern books?

These two articles head up in the same subject, though their approach and treatment are diametrically opposite. Mr. Kummer gives a vivid picture of the night clubs—which were brought into being by prohibition. Mr. Pepper discusses a broader aspect of crime—which is fostered and financed as never before by prohibition.

Between the lines of both articles you may read the same reason for the present prohibition lawlessness—respectability has allied itself with the underworld. When the leaders of business and of society finally decide to obey the law, the prohibition fiasco will be at an end.

Eighteen-Day Thinness

QUITE a lot of people tried Hollywood's eighteen-day diet during the summer in a vain attempt to recapture the lost waistline of youth. Newspapers solemnly printed the daily formulas; restaurants offered their patrons the meager allowance of food prescribed for each day's self-denial; markets offered to send the correct allotment in a paper sack.

Many of the dieters probably did lose weight—for the summer was hot and perspiration is a great reducer. And probably no one was harmed by the lack of food; most of us eat too much anyway.

But when Mutt and Jeff and Mr. Jiggs of the comic strips went on the eighteen-day regimen the fad was ruined. With all our sense of humor we can't stand ridicule.

New Values in Homemaking

By LITA BANE

MISS LITA BANE, president of the American Home Economics Association from 1926 to 1928, joins the staff of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL this month as Associate Editor in charge of Homemaking.

Miss Bane's career in her chosen field of home economics has given her a background of knowledge, of leadership and of stimulating human contacts such as few persons are privileged to enjoy. A graduate of the University of Illinois in 1912, she has since taken a master's degree at the University of Chicago, and has done additional graduate work at Columbia and Wisconsin.

Beginning her professional career as a teacher, she became assistant professor of home economics at Washington State College. During the war she was engaged in the food-conservation work of the United States Department of Agriculture, going from there to the Illinois Extension Service, where for five years she was state leader.

Her clear thinking, broad-mindedness and genuine interest in home problems led to her choice as executive secretary of the American Home Economics Association, a position which she held for two years before becoming president of that growing body.

Recently Miss Bane has been associate professor in charge of home economics and health in the University Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin, and also on the resident home-economics staff. She is a member of the National Education Advisory Committee, recently called into being by Secretary of the Interior Wilbur.

Under Miss Bane's direction the JOURNAL will present to its readers a new and broader conception of the important business of homemaking—a conception in line with her own expressed standard for the home, which has been incorporated into the permanent aims of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers and has been widely used by this and other associations.

Miss Bane's own aim for the homemaker is to have the home:

ECONOMICALLY SOUND
MECHANICALLY CONVENIENT
PHYSICALLY HEALTHFUL
MORALLY WHOLESOME
MENTALLY STIMULATING
ARTISTICALLY SATISFYING
SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE
SPIRITUALLY INSPIRING
FOUNDED UPON MUTUAL AFFECTION AND RESPECT

SOME years ago there appeared a little volume entitled What is Worth While. Some of life's values were examined and commented upon and the author's conclusions given as to those things most worth while. After reading the book it occurred to me that probably every age would emphasize slightly different values, for it is true that

Each age is a dream that is dying
And one that is coming to birth.

In our homes, more than in any other place, this dying of an old dream and birth of a new are evident. Time was when the success of a homemaker was largely judged by the bread she could bake, the whiteness of the laundry she hung on her line, the homemade jellies, jams and pickles on her pantry shelves.

But that was before science had given us so much valuable information. A new factor has entered the problem of providing the three meals a day. Not only must the food be tasty and well served, but it must contain the food constituents needed for bodily health and vigor. Whereas we once ate foods only because they tasted good, we now demand that we have what the body needs and that it be made so tasty that we shall want to eat it.

True enough, we were at the stage not so long ago when we were made so conscious of being urged to eat what was "good for us" that we sometimes rebelled. Now, however, like the multiplication tables or any other useful devices that serve to make calculations less difficult, vitamins, calories and the rest have become for many a fundamental working formula out of which are built thoroughly enjoyable meals, lacking perhaps the almost unending variety appearing on our grandmothers' tables at each meal, but having greater variety from meal to meal.

The woman who does not have a rather close acquaintance with the value of milk and vegetables in her children's diet, the need for adequate food for growth and protection, feels herself out of step with the mothers of today marching on their way to greater knowledge of food values and their relation to health.

Valuable and necessary as is food, we are all agreed that man does not live by bread alone. After the first general awakening, when we all became food-conscious and looked to food to solve most of our difficulties, there came the realization that selection, preparation and serving of proper food are only one of a great number of problems confronting the homemaker.

Industry has brought to our doorsteps all sorts of equipment for the household. How much shall we buy and what shall we buy? Should every family, no matter of what size or income, have every new labor-saving device? When should the new be discarded for the still newer piece of equipment? By what standards shall the efficiency of new equipment be measured? How can the household buyer make sure what pieces of equipment are best for her use? Which are most efficient?

And the kitchens—our household workshops. Do we need to reconsider them in the light of invention and changing housing conditions? What is their function—is it only for the preparation of food or is there a possibility of using them as a center of education for children? Could some of the training offered by the schools be supplemented by using the home kitchen as a center of instruction and self-expression?

What can art contribute to the enjoyment and restfulness of home life? The homemaker of today is acquainting herself with fundamental principles involved in the use of color and design in order that her home may be artistically satisfying to family and friends.

The wise use of the family's money presents another problem new in many particulars, since money has so recently come to be our chief medium of exchange. We no longer exchange potatoes, butter and eggs for calico and coffee, but we exchange money earned as wages or salary for the things we want. So quickly has this come about that whereas we know the cost in labor and time required to raise the potatoes, make the butter and care for the poultry because of long experience, we are bewildered by the rapidly changing value of the dollar, which one year may buy only half as much as it bought only a few years before.

A wise and orderly use of money is one of the fundamental requirements for successful homemaking today. Homemakers are beginning to inquire why it is that some families having no larger money income than others seem to live so much better. When they see

(Continued on Page 124)

Our October Paris Collection

Demonstrates All the Newer Fashion Notes

Capes, one hears, are good in almost every length for evening, but the recent popularity of the velvet evening cape in Paris is directly responsible for a charming model, No. 1239, by Lenief, with pointed winglike effect lending movement to a long coat which wraps around with a flare in front. Large cuffs and a collar of long-haired fox lend it further distinction. It was designed in red velvet with beige fox fur, but would be effective in black velvet with white or platinum fur, in blue with beige, or in yellow or pumpkin orange with orange fox. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38.

The lace evening gown never loses its charm and distinction, but the two models which are shown below are, as a matter of fact, suitable for chiffon, crêpe georgettes, silk or satin crêpe as well. Joseph Paquin's 1231, at the left, combines lacquered rayon lace with matching red georgette, both in the Spanish shade. The skirt is longer in back, and gathers achieve a close, natural waistline. Designed for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 34 to 40. Dœuillet-Doucet's black evening gown at the right, 1232, has three circular skirt flounces, the lowest one trailing into a train effect at back, natural waistline and deep U back. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 42.

Closely fitted hips, the new circular line, which is inset rather than all-round circular, and which gives a low flare, natural or higher in the front waistlines, are common to the three unusually smart afternoon frocks above. 1227, by Paul Poiret, has a deep inset of lace in bodice and sleeves and was designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 40. The jabot effect and the narrow bands of fur edging sleeves and neckline are new details in the Premet frock, 1236, designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38. Unusual lace sleeves, lace vest and standing collar distinguish 1251, by Philippe et Gaston. Designed for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 34 to 42.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

As the Season Advances

The New Mode Develops Further

CHARM, prettiness, elegance, formality—words that were struck out of the fashion vocabulary some seasons ago—are important this winter if one is to describe the new mode.

And the hourglass of fashion permits a little more sand to trickle through. The new silhouette is high of waist and long of limb, but it trails, and shows its elegance in other ways, so that the favored age is more mature, and the ascendancy of the very young figure and type loses ground. Elegance and distinction—and they are necessary for this new mode—are seldom achieved before thirty.

In the pages that follow, you will find, in pages of costumes designed in Paris for you to reproduce, in the pages which bring the very latest news from Paris—on page 68 are some radio sketches of very recent lines and details—in the pages which reflect the trend of styles on this side of the water, the following salient points; consider them carefully when you select your new wardrobe additions for winter:

That waistlines are high and normally placed has ceased to be news. Up-in-the-front movements and double waistlines are chosen by many women as a middle step between the low hipline to which they have been accustomed and the new hipline.

Length is important, as foretold in the September issue. It is the most variable feature of this season's line; at its shortest it is four inches below the knee and even all around, for sports and street. Its longest point may trail behind it in evening, and afternoon gowns are long and extremely uneven as well.

The flat, plain, unadorned dress waist is finally démodé. There are, in its place, a hundred variants of the bodice trimming motifs which have been forecast. Scarf collars tie in front, or in back sometimes for sports. Jabots, frills, scarfs, lingerie touches of all kinds will give variety to what has recently been a too monotonous portion of a dress.

For evening the deep U or V décolletage is much smarter than the straight-around line with shoulder straps.

Furs are important—in the flat varieties or the tightly curled types for short jackets and coat trimmings. Fur coats follow the general line of the mode and are longer, tightly fitted about the body, flares being low-placed on the skirt and the working of the skins a marvel.

By **PAMELA COYNE**

Fashion Editor of the Journal

Our Paris office writes us as follows concerning furs:

"For evening the new season gives equal attention to fur capes and coats; while white ermine continues to be seen, it is now given a secondary place in the list to mink, chinchilla and sable—chinchilla for capes, and mink or sable for voluminous coats.

"In sports fur coats the style harks back to the flapper type with normal waistline, belted quite snugly and made with deep patch pockets. Heim creates this type in gray caracul, and Max Furs have a model in brown pony trimmed with brown rabbit finished with a slim separate scarf which may be adjusted in two or three different ways.

"The fox collar on coats still holds an exceedingly smart place, and especially in the raisin tone used by Worth.

"Worth shows a fur suit in a skin so soft and pliable and tight that the skirt is pleated."

Coats for daytime follow the close-fitting, low-flared lines of dresses, although there is a tendency to emphasize three-quarter-length coats, and even short jackets, either for sports or, as in the radio sketch on page 68, as an adjunct to a formal afternoon dress.

Individuality Comes In

COATS for evening vary all the way from the short cape to the very long coat or the floating wrap like the Jenny model on page 42.

While the sports costume still adheres to the straight jumper and jacket type, other daytime costumes seize every opportunity to depart from old lines. Floating cape effects, deep collars, ruffles, flounces, and, for evening, trains and panels vary the outline.

While the basic silhouette follows the curving vertical lines of the body, with a low flare almost at the knees, there are many variations of the sharp outline. Berthas particularly are excellent for evening frocks, with spiral draperies such as are seen on the Nicole Groult evening frock included in the radio sketches; sleeves are of all lengths and show much more variation than last season's did.

As the dictum for higher waists goes out a long sigh comes up from thousands of women who either dislike this higher line or to whom it is unbecoming. Our Paris designs are the answer to this very feeling. Many women who are not even interested in trying some of the transitional types of silhouette to accustom themselves to the newer line will continue, and wisely, to wear the long waistline. And, what is even more important, perhaps, many dressmakers will continue to create dresses designed on these principles.

Hence in the Paris designs for this month you will find creations that allow you, in your choice, interpretation of your own individuality. For more than anything else, this new season turns the tide against hard, standardized types and encourages the expression of the individual type.

Further indication of the triumph of individuality is the new hat—the day of the small, standardized cloche with its regular, hard lines being done. On page 56 we have shown some of the newest hat sketches from Paris, which illustrate the new lines and types for fall.

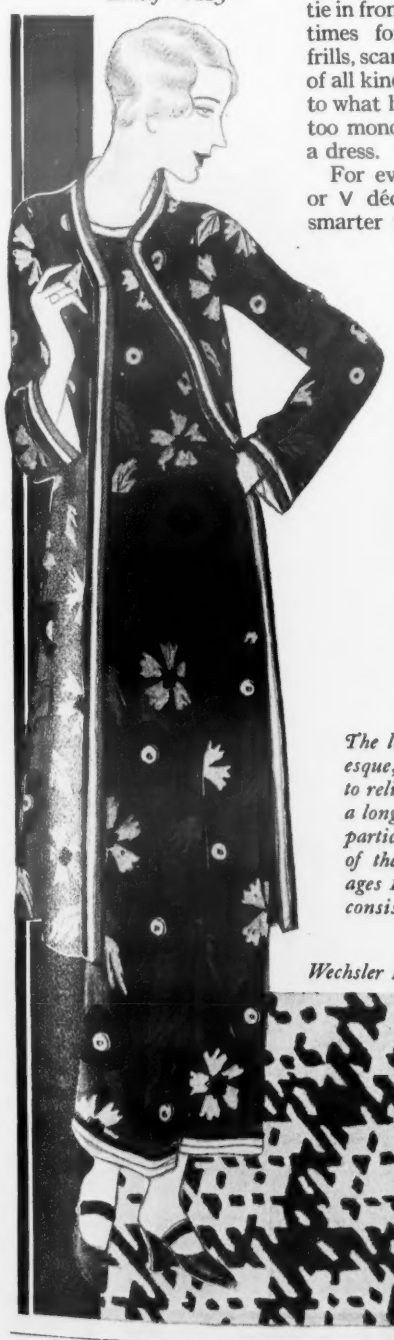
While one's statement is that hats are small for the new season, one must immediately qualify the generalization with the addition that long back or sides, such as one sees in the page 52 sketches and in the radioed sketches on page 68, are also the rule. Velours, felt and reversible felt and velours are favorite fabrics, with velvet receiving deserved smart attention. Fur is used on many smart hats, sometimes in black incrusted with black felt; in other ways, too, such as Agnès' startling innovation of light felt and black fur which is shown in the radio sketch.

More than before, it seems to us, must jewelry be selected with care; casual days of dress being over, the accessory acquires more formality and consequently more importance. The tendency of so many women to spoil an effect by cheap, unimportant jewelry or to wear jewelry because they have it, without consideration of the particular costume with which it is worn, is an unfortunate one. Jewelry of the type shown on page 56 is particularly interesting, in that it can be had in real stones, and in a variety of colors to suit the type of the wearer and the color of the costume, and is both well designed and very carefully made. It is at the same time sufficiently reasonable in price to make it interesting as costume jewelry. All the designs shown may be had in chrysoprase, onyx, carnelian or lapis.

Shoes, too, come in for an important share in any discussion of costume accessories. On page 56 we are showing some smart new models—"Lombardy," in navy blue kid stitched in light gray, a three-eyelet oxford to wear with tailored street costumes such as the Lucile suit on page 40; "Conquest," a dark brown kid three-strap slipper with brown suéde and lizard trim, to wear with the formal street costume such as Nicole Groult's dress 1249 on page 44; "Tonia," a delicately designed and attractive one-strap slipper of beige kid with a center buckle,

(Continued on Page 68)

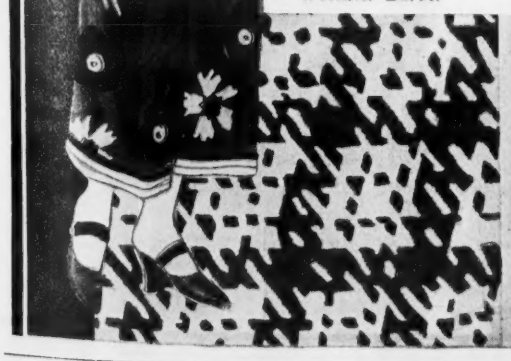
Lenief—1223



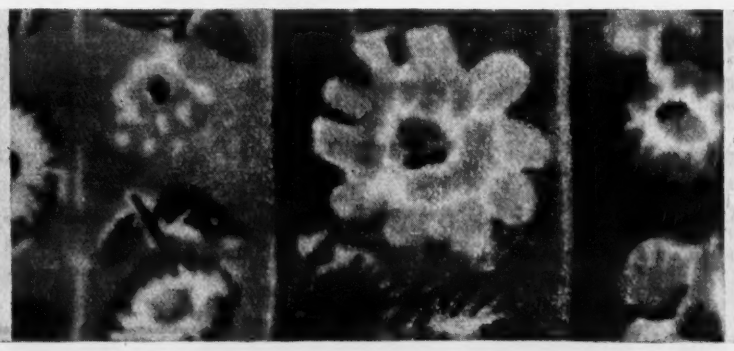
Premet—1226

The lounging pajama may be distinctly feminine, even picturesque, or may be somewhat tailored in effect, with feminine touches to relieve the severity. Lenief's design, No. 1223, at the left has a long coat, sleeveless blouse, wide sash and wide trousers, and is particularly stunning in a gayly flowered material with bandings of the main colorings or of contrasting shades. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38. Premet's pajamas, No. 1226, consist of a slip-over blouse, with triangular pockets and tasseled belt, and rather closely fitting trousers. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 40, they are charming in solid color or printed fabrics. We suggest particularly for these pajamas Mallinson's printed pussy willow crêpe in "Tunisia," a Coptic design, Oriental in character and shown at the right; Mallinson's printed orchid tissue velvet in the center; or the Wechsler Barber printed moire in its smart checked design, shown in the left corner, which may be matched by solid color moire of any shade.

Wechsler Barber



Mallinson

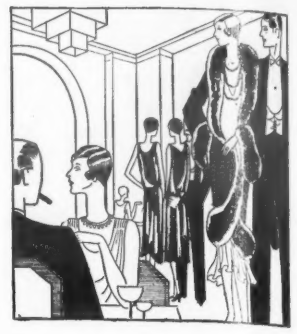


Mallinson

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

Princess Coats, Short Jackets

Shown in Our October Paris Collection



The interest gained by a winter which allows coats to be of any length, provided they are well designed and suited to the wearer, is incalculable. There is, for instance, the little jacket suit 1246 at the left below. Lucile has designed the smart ensemble for street wear, using Persian lamb for collar and cuffs and pockets, buttoning the jacket closely about the hips and allowing the skirt to flare. Details of the skirt top and blouse are shown on page 47; the skirt has belt straps, and the blouse, with mannish collar and tie, is worn tucked inside. Originally designed in blue with black fur, this suit allows combinations of dark and light or checks with plain fabrics, according to one's taste. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 40.

1250, by Philippe et Gaston, in the center below, is an unusually smart wool dress, with the low-placed flare demonstrating its newness. Designed in red with black belt and with black and white incrustations at neckline and cuffs, for ages 14 to 20 and for sizes 32 to 38.

Drecoll-Beer's 1235 accustoms the eye to the new normal waistline with an upward pointing yoke binding which is repeated at neck and sleeves. The skirt is pleated all around. Designed in gray with red and white pipings, for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38.

The lines of the princess coat are as dignified as they are graceful. Philippe et Gaston have excelled themselves in the handsome design 1247, at the extreme left above. The sleeves are unusually interesting in cut, called "tonneau" in Paris; one large and one very small godet give fullness in the skirt. Designed in red wool with deep roll collar and band of brown beaver, for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 42.

Redfern's clever design for a between-season and travel coat, 1243, shown in the center above, has a most becoming bolero effect and crosses to the left in front. Designed for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 34 to 40.

The chic new lines of the Dœuillet-Doucet coat, 1241, at the right above, are likely to be echoed in a new frock worn under it. The deep circular flounce is set on "en forme" with a welt seam, giving effective movement and flare. Designed in wine-red wool with collar and cuffs of gray krimmer, for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 34 to 48.

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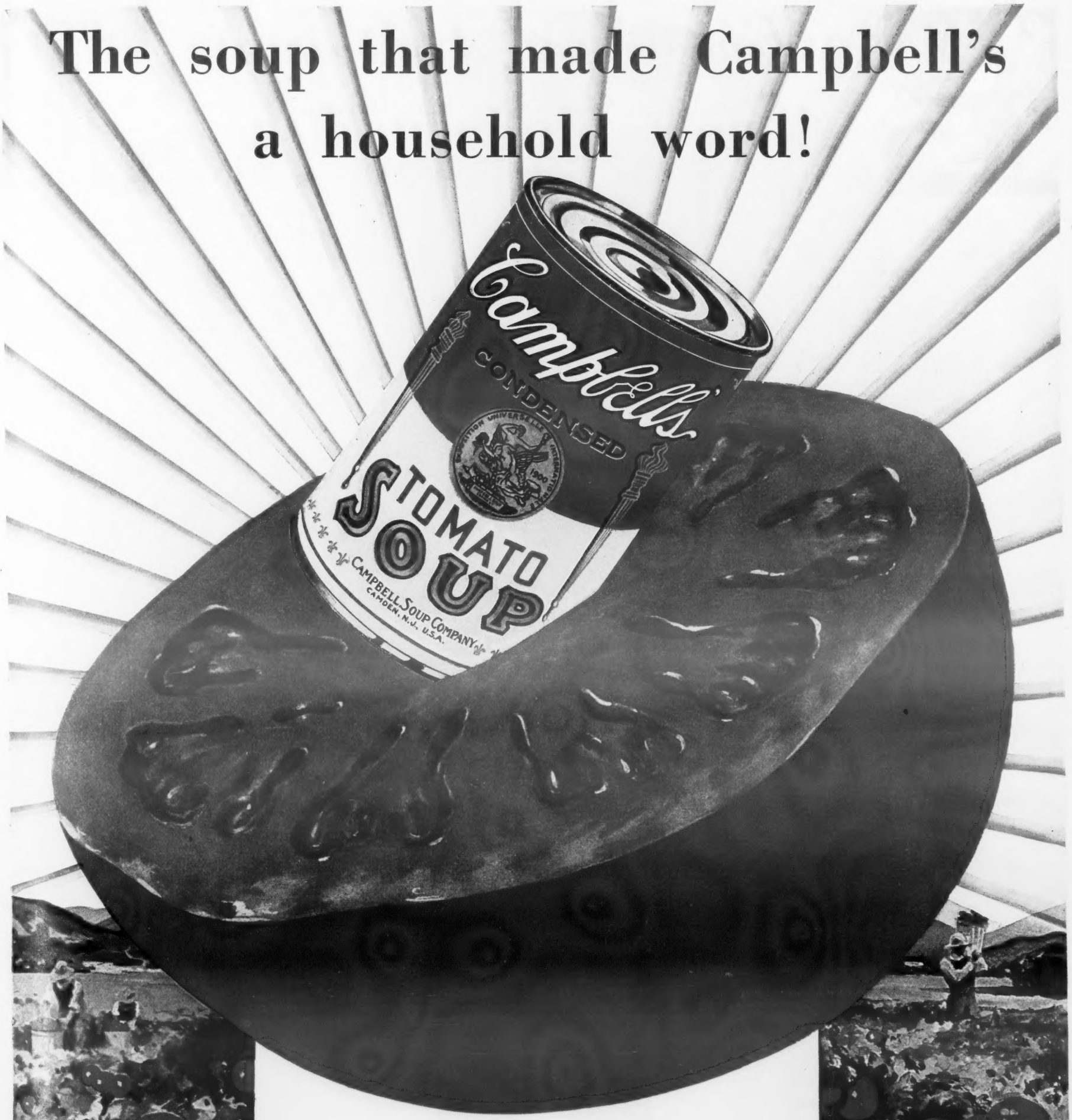
The soup that made Campbell's a household word!



THE nation's favorite soup. The soup that is better known, better liked than any other in the world. The soup so admired for its Quality that it won its makers a world-wide reputation. Campbell's Tomato Soup! The soup you always enjoy. 12 cents a can.

DELIGHTFUL VARIETY IN THE 21 DIFFERENT CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Feminine and Flattering

Designs From Our October Paris Collection

It is easy to fit one's frock to one's type, personality and the occasion. Below, left, No. 1228: Worth's classic, but not severe design; bows, soft draping of bodice, irregularity of yoke and bodice lines, pleats; attractive in one of the new fine jerseys, or in flat or rough textured silk; designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 38. Second from left, No. 1225: Lanvin's youthful dash personified in this playtime frock; sleeveless for activity, its circular skirt echoing the slightly flared blouse; braid, or white bias bands, and its red tie are in keeping; of navy kasha, or flannel, to tailor well with its circular cut; designed for ages 6 to 14. Center, left, No. 1244: Jenny's design is graceful for the wearer and formal in type; a youthfully rounded neckline is outlined by a soft band, tying in a bow in front, repeated by bands and bows at the wrists; three bias, slightly circular ruffles mount the skirt diagonally, the upper one, at the right hip, overhanging those below, nearly touching the ankles; this would be smart in a satin crêpe or marocain; designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

PHOTO. BY SCAIONI, PARIS

Madame Yoland Laffon wears a Jenny coat of soft beige wool, nutria trimmed, the collar points arranged in scarf-end effect.

Below, center right, No. 1222: An afternoon dress by Jenny; two small, horizontal folds at the hipline, and the pleats below them, form the front of the skirt; flaring cuffs; the military contrast of navy blue, bound, trimmed, belted with red; its belt of leather; in a heavily textured silk; designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42. Second from right, No. 1245: Jane Régny's dinner frock, formal without its jacket, less so when the jacket is worn; its trimming, scalloped incrustations; the chic fitted hip band, beneath which the very full, circularly cut skirt falls very long—almost to the floor in back; the U-shaped décolletage in back is deeply cut; designed in black lace for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. Extreme right, striking, and so new, but not at all difficult to reproduce, this apparently intricate wrap from Jenny, No. 1229: of two superimposed pointed capes, the armholes in the lower one; created of supple gold lamé, brocaded in tiny, multicolored flowers, luxuriously banded with marten or squirrel; designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Worth—1228 *Lanvin—1225*

Jenny—1244 *Jenny—1222*

Jane Régny—1245 *Jenny—1229*

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A cold cream that leaves the skin transparently clear . . . a finishing cream that imparts a velvety softness
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FACIAL CREAM
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COLD CREAM

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. . . humming the melody of that last wonderful waltz, you bring your face close, *close* to its reflection—you want your dressing-table mirror to tell you the truth about your complexion. You want to see whether your skin really looks as dry and drawn as it feels.

Dry and drawn—a warning! For, unless you remove the powder and rouge which are clogging the pores, your skin cannot breathe. Your complexion will soon become cloudy and dull—even disfigured with blackheads!

Now—at this very moment—apply Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. As it liquefies under your fingertips, penetrates down into the pore-depths, it helps you to gently rub out the last particle of clogging make-up. You know that your skin is free to breathe again—renew itself.

Then, tomorrow, before powdering, use Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and quite greaseless, a light touch of this finishing cream leaves your skin soft and pliable, imparts just the right amount of natural moisture.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap—authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set of the creams and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. J-10, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

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Bry Block Mercantile Co.
Nashville
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Spokane
Whitehouse Company

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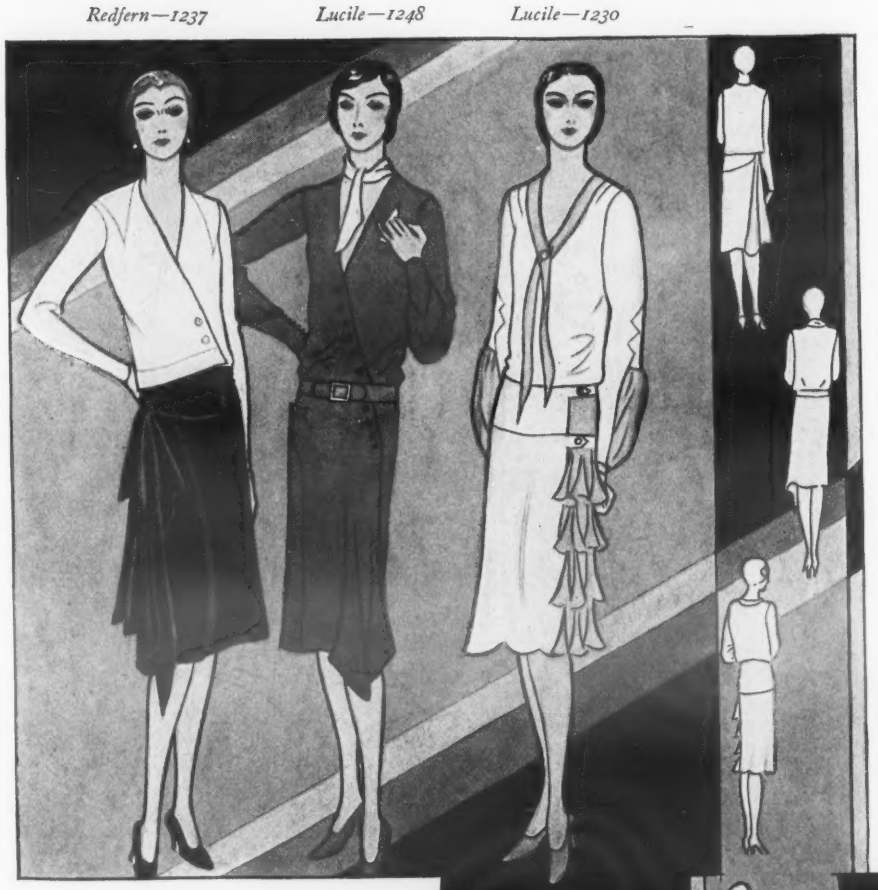
or by mail from

The Paris Pattern Company, Inc.
French Building
551 Fifth Avenue New York City

Varied Gowns for Varied Types

In Our October Paris Collection

Redfern—1237 *Lucile—1248* *Lucile—1230*



Joseph Paquin's genius for the mature woman's gown is beautifully demonstrated by his handsome afternoon frock, 1224, at the left below. Designed, in black crêpe satin with widely flaring white satin cuffs and inset at the neckline stitched in black and gold, for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Paul Poiret's 1238 in the center below proves a famous house need not always design bizarre and very striking costumes. This afternoon frock, one of the most wearable and at the same time individual models we have seen, combines chartreuse green satin, which is used for inset vest, close undersleeves and underskirt, with navy crêpe de chine in the smart bright shade. The latter is used for the bloused bodice and the wide godeted skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46.

The typical and very distinctive Nicole Groult frock, 1249, shown at the right below, combines black crêpe de chine with red, white and black plaided crêpe in wide revers, carried around to form a scarf with floating ends. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

The effective combination of black and white satin crêpe, so dear to the French heart and so very smart, is exemplified by Redfern's 1237 at the left above. The skirt is arranged in an unusual way to form a girdle over the white blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. The dress would also be smart in velvet and satin or silk and wool.

The skirt of the black satin Lucile frock, 1248, in the center above, is lined with white satin, which is also used for the tie at the neck and for the tiny handkerchief sticking out of the upper of the two tiny pockets. The belt and right-to-left buttoned crossing are smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 48.

Lucile also designs a frock, 1230, in lightweight brown wool, with a wide band closely fitted about the hips and a scalloped hem. Crêpe de chine of a lighter brown is used for the neckband with its long tie ends, the unusual inset sections about the cuffs and the circular ruffles in the skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Joseph Paquin—1224 *Paul Poiret—1238* *Nicole Groult—1249*

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

MISS HELEN CHOATE

Miss Helen Choate, brilliant young favorite in New York society, inherits the distinction and charm of her famous grandfather, so long our Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

THE CHARMING GRANDDAUGHTER OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED AMBASSADOR, THE LATE

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

IS POET · MUSICIAN SPORTSWOMAN SOCIETY FAVORITE

Since she was seventeen her poems have been appearing in the leading magazines. They reveal true talent. This gifted and spirited young favorite is also an accomplished pianist.

YOUNG as she is, Miss Helen Choate is already one of the most brilliant personalities in New York society. She belongs to a family so distinguished that her name admits her to the most exclusive circles of America and Europe. And she herself is so gifted, so delightful that she is a favorite everywhere.

This vivacious girl can sparkle through a dinner party and dance till dawn, yet turn out fresh and crisp for her morning ride in Central Park, or for golf at her country home at Mt. Kisco.

She is an accomplished pianist, speaks French and German admirably; and is already, in her earliest twenties, widely known as a poet whose published work reveals authentic talent.

Miss Choate is slim and tall, with a cool nonchalant grace. Her shining red-gold curls, bright brown eyes and clear fresh coloring make her a vivid figure. She has that precious gift, a beautiful skin, and takes great care to keep it satin-smooth and fine of texture.

She believes whole-heartedly in Pond's Creams, saying, "I've used them ever since I can remember. They are tried and true—I like them best of all. Sometimes I experiment with others, but I always come back to Pond's. And—" here speaks the popular girl whose week-ends are in demand—"they're so convenient for traveling.

"Pond's Cold Cream cleanses divinely! And the silky Tissues for removing cold cream make old methods seem as extinct as the Dodo."

Pond's new Skin Freshener has equally won Miss Choate's approval. "It does away with that oily, shiny look" is her comment, "and makes your skin feel fresh as a morning breeze. And use Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream before you powder. You'll look cool and nonchalant no matter how long you dance or golf."

She is very striking, slim and tall, with shining red-gold curls, big brown eyes and finely-modeled features. Her skin is exquisite — fresh, clear, so beautifully kept that it is always satin-smooth and fine of texture.

Pond's four preparations — Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener — for exquisite care of the skin.

For unfailing results use Pond's as follows:

DURING THE DAY — first, for complete cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward and outward strokes. The fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—so soft, absorbent.

THIRD — soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, and preserve the youthful contour.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!

Send 10¢ for Pond's four delightful products

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. X
107 Hudson Street New York City

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"We made this a cozy-corner kitchen .. *it's family headquarters now*"

ONCE this was just a kitchen—weary, colorless, dull. You came *into* it spirited and gay . . . left after leaden hours with a sigh of relief. But look at it *now*—colorful, bright, the happiest room in the house. And a very special nook where mother can sit a bit and sew, or father keep his feet out of the way. It's family headquarters, all right, and a wonderful workshop as well.

This room proves that there's really no reason for any clever housewife to put up with a dreary kitchen. Color, for one thing, is at your instant call. Even a scrub-weary floor need not stop you once you make up your mind to rejuvenate the room.

Let's see how it works. This kitchen, for example, is all cozy and bright. Yes, young, even though it might have seen a century of service. It's truly stylish in its comfortable, old-fashioned way. The secret? Right underfoot.

That old worn floor that made a woman get down on her hands and knees is no more. At least, it's out of sight, safely hidden by a quaint but modern flagstone effect in Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum.

Perhaps it was an advertisement like this or an Armstrong Floor display in a local linoleum, department, or furniture store that started it all. Perhaps one thing that made it all so possible was the fact that a new Armstrong Floor can be laid right over an old—cemented in place over linoleum lining felt in less than a day's time . . . or the wide range of smart designs . . . or the pleasingly low prices. Then, too, the new Accolac-Processed surface must have had some appeal—much, we feel, for it makes an Armstrong Floor spot-proof, stain-proof.

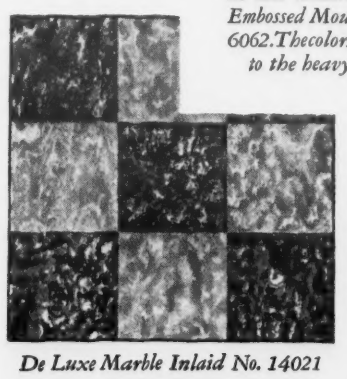
[A GOOD HOUSEKEEPING FLOOR, TOO!]

Think what this means in a kitchen — no scrubbing! Just a quick damp-mopping removes even grease; while to keep the surface satin-smooth merely calls for occasional coating with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (You may wax if you wish, but do not lacquer over wax.) How this Armstrong Floor suggested the rest of the decorative scheme—but wait! Why not get the whole interesting story as told by Hazel Dell Brown, head of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, in her new book—

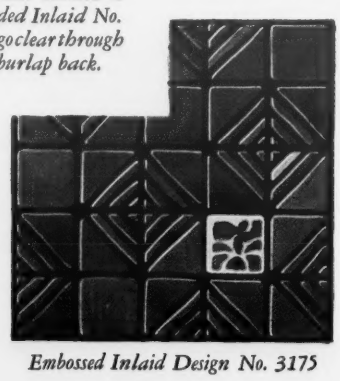
"New Ideas in Home Decoration"

It reveals a very practical method that shows your rooms mirrored in miniature before you begin to decorate. Illustrates many model interiors in full, natural color. Even offers the author's free color scheme suggestions. When you write, enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 922 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

A floor of Armstrong's Linoleum never admits its age, never calls for costly refinishing. Its Accolac-Processed surface is spot-proof, stain-proof. Cleaning-care is simple. The design in this modernized kitchen is Embossed Moulded Inlaid No. 6062. The colors go clear through to the heavy burlap back.



De Luxe Marble Inlaid No. 14021



Embossed Inlaid Design No. 3175

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

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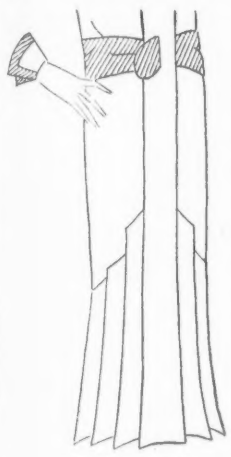
Details Eloquently Parisian

Attest the Authenticity of Our October Designs

A COSTUME, this season, is no smarter than its details. And since invention in dress, as much or more than in any field, is very much a matter of detail, we cannot help feeling, as we survey our October Paris collection, that authentic connection with the studios of the great Parisian couturiers who designed them is forcefully demonstrated by their detail this month.

Take, for instance, the skirt line; the low flare below the knee as introduced in Paris last winter—especially by Jean Patou—has become an established and successful line this winter. Philippe et Gaston's frock, Design No. 1250, which is sketched here, is a particularly clever adaptation of this line—youthful, graceful and practical as well.

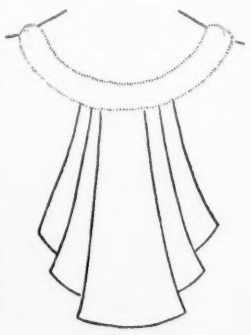


Philippe et Gaston
1250

The feminine touch which refuses to allow bodices to be very plain—as they were such a short time ago—is introduced with great success by jabots. We are particularly pleased with the flat little jabot arrangement in Premet's charming afternoon frock, Design No. 1236, which is shown on page 38, and so we call attention to this typical detail—simple to write about, but yet hardly to be dismissed with the mere epithet "jabot." For that leaves out the smart outward curves with which this detail is designed—the "difference," in other words, which speaks so eloquently to the eye of a woman who knows clothes—and which says "Paris."

And while we are discussing this particular detail it is well to mention the tiny little fur edging which is applied at the neckline and from under which the jabot falls. Furs this season are appearing everywhere and are very smart indeed.

Lingerie touches don't confine themselves to touches of fine cottons embroidered in elaborate detail; they mean rather the bits of fine hand sewing which only a great dressmaking house that commands careful hand labor, or a woman who is sufficiently interested in being beautifully dressed to add these touches to her own clothes, can achieve. They mean scallops and bindings and frills, and so on.



Premet
1236

Lace for Formality

ALSO they mean insets of lace. The Paul Poiret frock, Design No. 1227, from which a detail is shown at the bottom of the page, illustrates not only the smartly used "lingerie touch" but also the return of the elegant, the feminine, the formal. Among the crowds of office workers who pass any given spot in a business section of a great city every morning one can see plenty of dresses as formal as this, with elaborate lace trimmings. In this sense formality has not returned, never having been "out." But formality, as we all know, has again returned to the luncheon table, the bridge party, even the afternoon call—if any are still made in this day and generation. Formality need not necessarily imply stiffness, or even elaborateness consisting of dozens of ruffles and bows. The modern formality is above all molded on and over an important basic silhouette—following the lines of the body, and hence one of the most obvious as well as effective methods of achieving a formal frock is in the use of handsome, really beautiful, fabrics whose texture and quality fit them only for formal, dignified occasions. A more formal combination of fabrics than lace, by nature perishable, and satin, by appearance handsome, is hard to imagine.

Paul Poiret
1227

There was no choice of details in the smart coat, Design No. 1247, created by Philippe et Gaston, and so we are obliged to show it as a whole and dissect it under the fashion microscope. First of all the line. Princess? Of course. Princess, because first of all the modern fashion-wise woman knows that to achieve the smartest effect, the one which is both the least conspicuous and the least hit-or-miss, she must wear a coat which follows the lines of the dress underneath it, just as she must see that lingerie, corset and frock are all working together and in the same way to give her lovely lines. Only a coat and dress which are cut on the same principle of design look well together. And so many of the dresses this year are princess.

The sleeves are also details which deserve mention—large just at the elbow, tapering to a narrow opening for the hand. Effective and very feminine. The use of flat fur is another important note indorsed by all the Paris houses and the smart banding down the front of the coat.

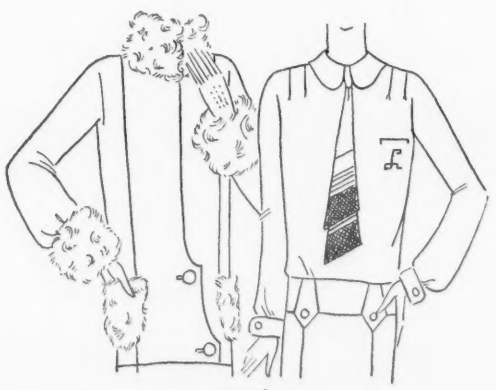
Flat Furs, Short Jackets

YOU see another of the smartest of the flat furs used in the little Lucile jacket which is part of her very chic three-piece suit. Design No. 1246. And of course the short jacket itself is very, very smart. Fur pockets are worth noting—this is a season of unexpected uses of furs for pockets, for instance, and for hats. Then the blouse, which is tucked in the skirt and which is mannish in cut, with a round collar and a tie. These mannish shirts are particularly important in Paris. In her opening for winter Jane Régny showed them in jersey worn inside skirts and replacing pull-over jumpers or sweaters.

The straps for the belt, slightly modified so as not to stray too far from the feminine, were mentioned in the September JOURNAL as being particularly smart.

Maggy Rouff showed short jackets with fitted hiplines at her winter opening, Worth replaced sweaters with blouses tucked inside skirts at their opening, as did so many of the other smart dressmakers, all of which has a distinct bearing upon the importance of this Lucile model.

There are various details about the stunning Philippe et Gaston afternoon frock, Design No. 1251, which are important. The feminine, formal quality of the standing collar and beautifully designed lace cuffs hardly needs pointing out. It is also an excellent expression of the return to individuality of a mode which has too long been completely uniform. The waistline effect is worth noting as one solution of the transition from the low waistline to the higher normal one.



Lucile
1246

The very deep U or V décolletage, which has almost totally replaced the old straight-across with-shoulder-straps line, being a matter of importance, we point out the detail of Jane Régny's 1245, its lovely, infinitely becoming and graceful line being all the explanation that is needed for this particular change.

Last—most effective—and very important we consider the evening hemline. Long it is, always. But it may be long in any number of ways—all the way around, on the side, in back. One of the most graceful is shown in the Dœuillet-Doucet gown, Design No. 1232, where the lowest flounce is lengthened almost to a train in back.

The particular detail of this tiered evening skirt is of noteworthy fashion importance since Chanel showed so many flounces in her winter collection, Redfern indorsed the dripping hemline, and evening skirts trailed the floor of every salon in Paris which was graced with the first view of a great dressmaker's winter collection.

These details are important not only because they tell you when you select one of these designs that it is indeed the work of a talented hand used to creating and designing smart clothes for smart women but they are also important because they allow you the widest possible range in selecting a wardrobe which suits you. And this winter, this suiting the wardrobe to the personality is particularly important; hence, as we have written frequently before, individuality is accepted again this winter as chic and as something to be cultivated, not suppressed. Only a collection varied by an infinite number of details which adapt the same basic silhouette in numerous ways to numerous types, can allow you to choose the frocks and coats most suitable to your own needs and your own personal type. You can look like everyone else without much effort these days, but a collection contributed to by dressmakers famous for stately, "royalty" frocks, youthful *robes de style*, swagger sports clothes, strikingly unusual costumes, cannot but include a complete wardrobe for you, and a wardrobe at once *au courant* with the winter's newest and most important fashions and individually distinguished as well.

Dœuillet-Doucet
1232

Philippe et Gaston
1247

Every woman who is interested in clothes or accustomed to selecting or making them can pick out a design for herself, make it herself even, in the general basic terms of the season's silhouette. Only a clever hand, a mind accustomed to the details and peculiarities of fabric cutting and figure fitting, as well as to arranging details becomingly, can create the variations on this central theme which make a distinguished and definitely chic costume.

Jane Régny
1245

Dressmaker Touches

THESE details, small in themselves to the casual observer, important to the woman who knows smart clothes, mark, as we have said, the connection of these designs with their Parisian creators as plainly as an autograph would identify them. And it is these clever details which differentiate clothes in which they appear from something hastily and uninspiredly "run up," or from cheap copies of better models. The growing good taste of American women is exemplified in their careful dressing and their use of smart "dressmaker touches."

It is precisely because, if you know the ropes, the professional tricks of handling fabrics and finishing touches, the smart dressmaker details are not hard to do and do well, that we have asked Miss Rose Baird to write a helpful guide to Professional Finishing Touches, which we will be glad to send to you, if you will send your request, with a two-cent stamp, to the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Philippe et Gaston
1251

67 miles an hour - and a smudge at every tumble!

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 19

One bright brisk morning last spring, I turned a street corner—and nearly bumped into three small boys who were neck-and-neck in a stirring tricycle race.

"We're going 67 miles 'n hour," shrieked a voice as the three of them shot gayly through a fine big puddle!

"Oh," I thought as I pressed the next doorbell, "how I hope I'll find one of *their* mothers! For she'll know a lot about soap."

And when the door opened, I soon discovered that here was the mother I'd been wishing for!

"Soap?" she laughed, repeating my question, "I certainly have to use a *good* soap! For that boy on the blue tricycle is my Tommy. We ought to call him Humpty-Dumpty—because he's always falling down and picking up smudges. Yet with all the washing his suits have, P AND G never fades the colors—"

"So you do use P AND G?" I eagerly interrupted.

Mrs. Burns* twinkled appreciatively at me. "Oh, I'd never go back to yellow soaps now," she said. "P AND G is so much nicer—so white and smooth and fine, and really much better for white clothes. Why, I only have to rub the very worst smudges on Tommy's clothes.

"Every summer," she continued, "we go to the mountains. And then P AND G is such a help—because it works just as well in cold water. But tell me—how does it happen that I can often buy a cake of P AND G for two cents less than other soaps?"

Since my talk with Mrs. Burns, I have wondered if many other women haven't asked themselves the very same question.

The answer is simple. So many women use P AND G White Naphtha that it has become the *largest selling soap in the world.*

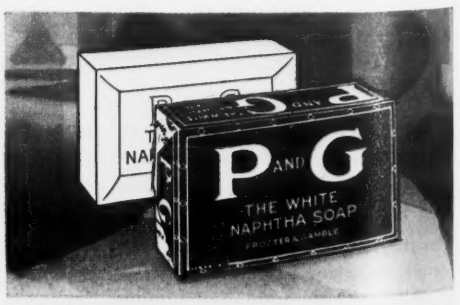
So P AND G is made in enormous quantities. Since large-scale manufacturing costs far less than small-scale manufacturing, you can buy a fine white cake of P AND G for less money, ounce for ounce, than ordinary brown or yellow soaps.

And millions of women can't be wrong in their preference. P AND G *really is a better soap!*

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free! "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these and newest laundry methods, in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NJ-109, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.

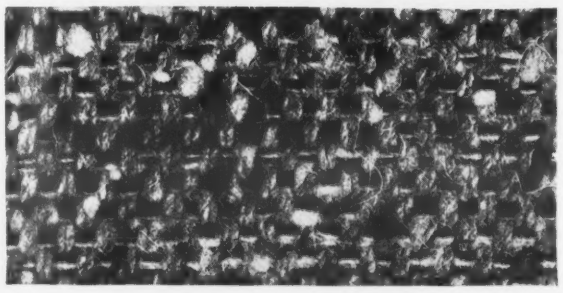


* This is not her real name of course.

The largest-selling soap in the world

New Morning, Afternoon and Evening Fabrics

Selected for Paris-Designed Dresses

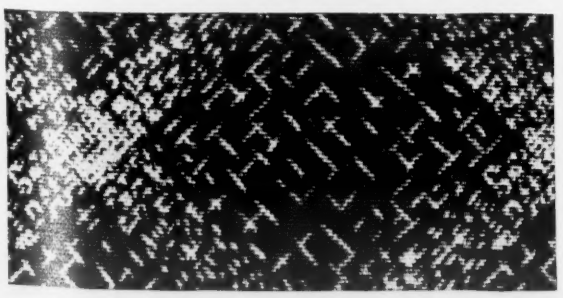


A STUNNING "RAG RUG" COAT TWEED, IN GRAY AND WHITE, KNOTTED WITH RED, ILLUSTRATES THE TYPE CHOSEN BY MANY PARIS COUTURIERS

Lesur fabric, imported by Keebler and Company.

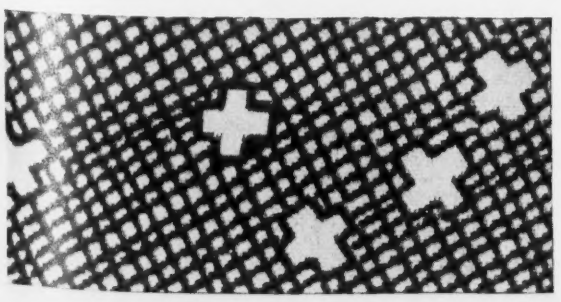
"FETHERBASK," A WOOL AND OSTRICH FABRIC OF UNBELIEVABLE SOFTNESS, IS SMART FOR FALL DRESSES AND COMES IN EXQUISITE COLORINGS

Lesur fabric, imported by Keebler and Company.



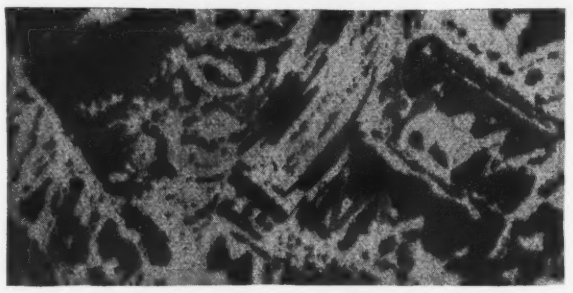
ONE OF A SERIES OF SMART "VICUNA PRINTS," COMBINING SILK AND WOOL, VERY LIGHT IN WEIGHT, CAN BE TAILORED EXTREMELY WELL

Vicuna prints from Wechsler Barber Silk Company.



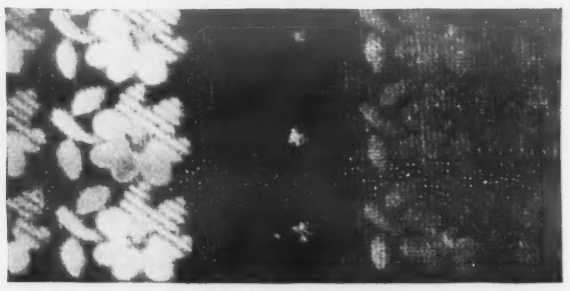
ANOTHER VICUNA PRINT FROM THE SAME SERIES AND, LIKE THE OTHERS, AVAILABLE IN A RANGE OF THE SMART STREET COLORS FOR WINTER

Vicuna prints from Wechsler Barber Silk Company.



"TELEVISION PRINTS" ARE AS MODERN IN DESIGN AS IN NAME, AND PARTICULARLY SUITED TO WINTER AFTERNOON FROCKS BY THEIR DARK COLORS

Silks Beau Monde, Marshall Field and Company Wholesale.

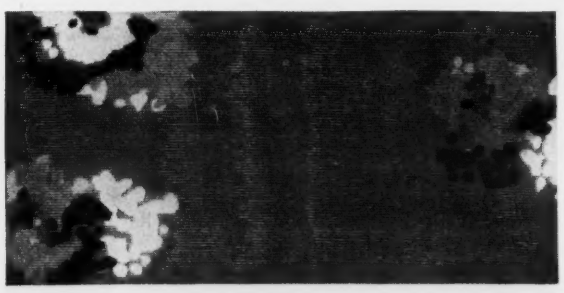


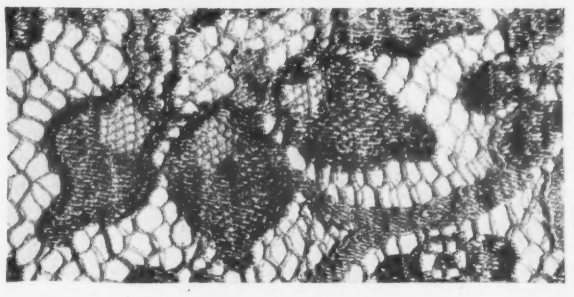
"FLEURS OMBRÉES" IS A LOVELY CHIFFON VELVET, STRIPED BY A SUCCESSION OF SHADED CONVENTIONAL FLOWERS ARRANGED ON A DARK GROUND

Printed orchid tissue velvet from Mallinson.
Below—Television print, Marshall Field and Company Wholesale.

AMONG THE VERY SMART PRINTED MOIRES FOR FALL AFTERNOONS IS THIS CHIC DESIGN BELOW, INFREQUENTLY FLOWERED IN BRILLIANT COLOR

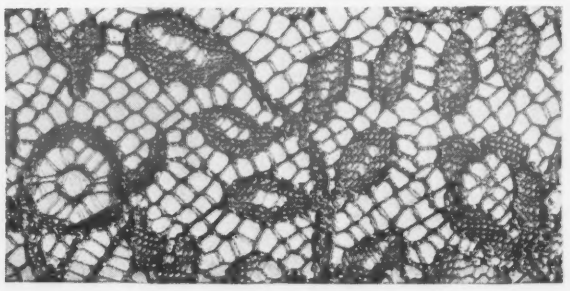
Moire print from Wechsler Barber Silk Company.





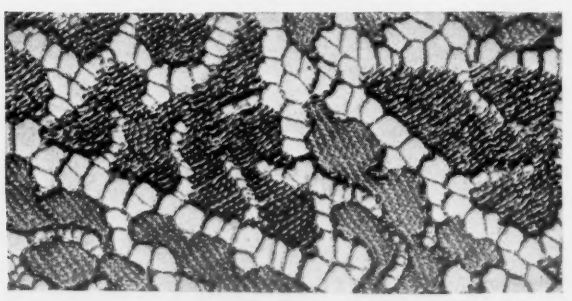
LACES IN COLOR, COMBINED WITH MATCHING CHIFFON OR GEORGETTES, ARE PARTICULARLY SMART FOR EVENING GOWNS THIS WINTER

Rayon lace from Goldenberg Brothers and Company.



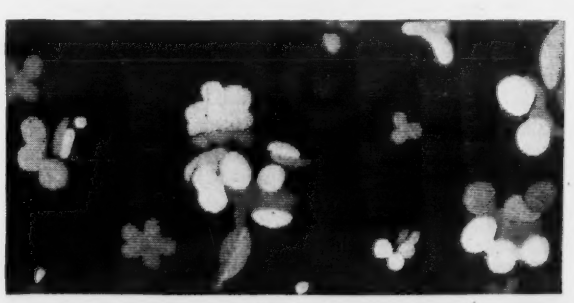
A LIGHTER RAYON OUTLINING THE FINE DESIGN GIVES PARTICULAR BRILLIANCY TO A VERY FINE AND EFFECTIVE LACE FOR EVENING DRESSES

Rayon lace from Goldenberg Brothers and Company.



A LARGER AND VERY MODERN ALL-OVER PATTERN RAYON DRESS LACE BREAKS ITS DESIGN INTO TRIANGLES AND IS STRIKINGLY HANDSOME IN EFFECT

Rayon lace imported by J. K. Stiefel and Company.



SATIN OR A VERY SUPPLE MOIRE MAY BE HAD WITH THIS TINY, VERY GAY FLOWER, AND BOTH IN EXQUISITE EVENING SHADES FOR WINTER

Moire prints from Wechsler Barber Silk Company.

Chic for Any Weather

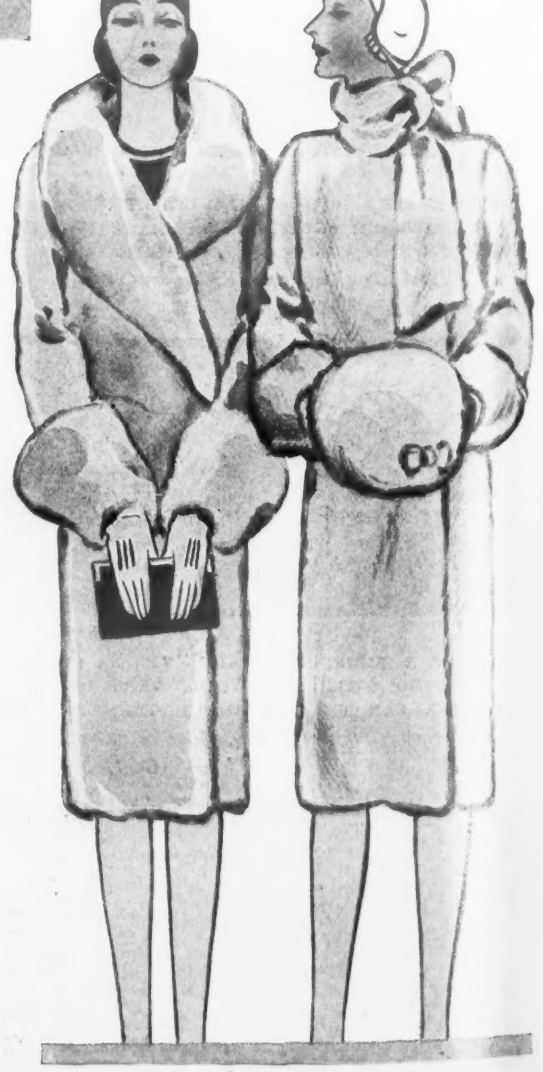
SUCH clever provision has been made against winter storms that the chic Paris costume need not suffer when rain accessories are added to it. Swagger coats for hard practical wear are smartly designed; galoshes carry out the ensemble coloring and fit expertly over new winter shoes—even umbrellas become attractive accessories.

Pictured at the left is a plaid silk umbrella, its handle of transparent amber, with an inlaid floral design. Its companion, at the right, is of plain taffeta, the handle a carved parrot's head. Both fit an ordinary suitcase. From Follmer, Clogg & Company.

Shown at the left, top, is a "Gaytee," made by the U. S. Rubber Company, of moiré rubber, jersey lined, with slide fastening. Below are two Hood Rubber Company "Raintogs." One has a rubberized fabric top, with sole and heel of rubber in harmonizing shades; the other is a similar model, buckled and strapped. At the right, top, is another U. S. Rubber Company "Gaytee," of medium height, the top of rubberized jersey fabric, the sole of rubber, with buckle fastening. This is one of the models shown in Paris by several famous dressmakers. The two shown below are from B. F. Goodrich Company, with zipper fastenings. The overshoe in the center is of heather jersey; below is one made entirely of moiré rubber, with a fabric cuff trimming.

Additions to the Paris-designed wardrobe are suggested at the top of the page. Diagonal wool moussa crêpe in brown, wine, bright blue, navy or black is used for the Patou-inspired suit at the left. Marthe et Renée inspired the frock at the right, its blouse and pleated skirt in Canton crêpe. Dresses from Deja.

Above—Two swagger topcoats, the left mannishly tailored, belted, and pocketed, with raglan sleeves; the right more formal, with its generous collar and cuffs of beaver. Both come in specially woven fabrics and in a variety of color mixtures. Shagmoor coats, from Linder Brothers.



Above—Of French inspiration are two unusually smart coats, of "Laskinlamb," a fur chosen for hard wear. Left—"Rialto," shawl collar, flared cuffs, trim lines. Right—"Ascot," with scarf collar and a barrel muff. Laskinlamb coats from Papert and Cohen.

The Foam Does It . . .

Cleans teeth better . . . by penetrating deep into every tiny crevice, where ordinary brushing cannot reach, and washing away impurities.

THE difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the active foam released by Colgate's the instant it is brushed on teeth.

For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . *it does more!* It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and *washes* them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

Colgate's acts in this way because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate's a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser . . . different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which fail to penetrate deep into every tiny crevice.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years . . . proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

**How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

More economical, too . . . the 25¢ tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter. This is true because Colgate's is the largest seller.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1665, P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N.Y.
Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

Name.....

Address.....

Flat Furs Lead Winter Elegance

THE three models shown on this page exemplify the new ideas in fur coats for afternoon wear. In the model at the right, from Heim, black galliac fur combines with broadcloth in the capelet mode, which holds more promise for success this winter than ever before. Heim, in fact, is placing great emphasis on this silhouette, and likewise on the mode for black in flat furs. One of the Heim scarfs, of kerchief type, is shown below the illustration of his coat. It is black shaved lamb, with the tie ends of black satin.

Max Furs place a great deal of stress on rose-beige and on gray in rather moiré-patterned types of broadtail, richly trimmed with a fluffy fur. In their model, illustrated in the center figure, rose-beige is used, elaborately trimmed with pointed marten. The fuller skirt in fur coats is demonstrated by all three of these afternoon coat models.

In the Grunwaldt model of musquash, named "Carmen," horizontal bands of the fur are placed in the front of the skirt to give fullness, while the back of the coat is comparatively straight, though the line is easy rather than tight.

The fox scarf is more popular than ever. In the winter mode two foxes are joined together, such as the Worth model illustrated at the lower left. These are in slate and pale gray, with the head of one fox in the light color and the head of the other in the darker tone. Contrasting foxes are often used for these scarfs, but, on the whole, similar ones are considered smarter. The bow scarf, from Grunwaldt, shown at the lower left center of the illustrations, is typical of the new type of fur scarf in flat furs. This is composed of black broadtail with the knot in ermine.

Fur hats are appearing everywhere, and if the whole hat is not made of some soft pelt, then the crown or incrustations are in fur. One of the smartest béret types of fur hats appears on this page at the lower right center. It is created by Marcelle-Lely, who use three tones—from beige to soft brown—of broadtail for it and call it "Jesika."

Old Dutch Cleanser leads the way with *Healthful Cleanliness*

THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN MODERN CLEANING EFFICIENCY AND YOUR MOST VALUABLE HELP IN HOUSECLEANING

The high standard of quality and ultra-modern efficiency of Old Dutch make its general use one of the greatest helps in the home. Millions of housewives have found that it pays in more ways than one to use Old Dutch.

Old Dutch is safe. Contains no acids, no caustics and is entirely free from sand and grit. It doesn't scratch. Surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch not only look better, but are more easily kept clean. Old Dutch is kind to the hands, too.

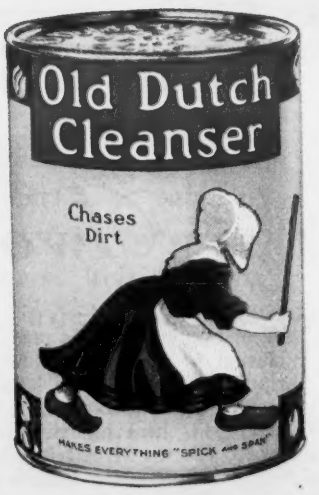
Economical; because of the marvelous efficiency of its minute flaky, flat-shaped particles, Old Dutch does more cleaning. A little goes a long way.

Old Dutch is perfect for porcelain and enamel, snow-white or gayly colored, as well as for floors, painted woodwork and furniture, tile, windows and window sills, marble, mirrors and metal fixtures, kitchen utensils, steps, refrigerators, pantries, etc.

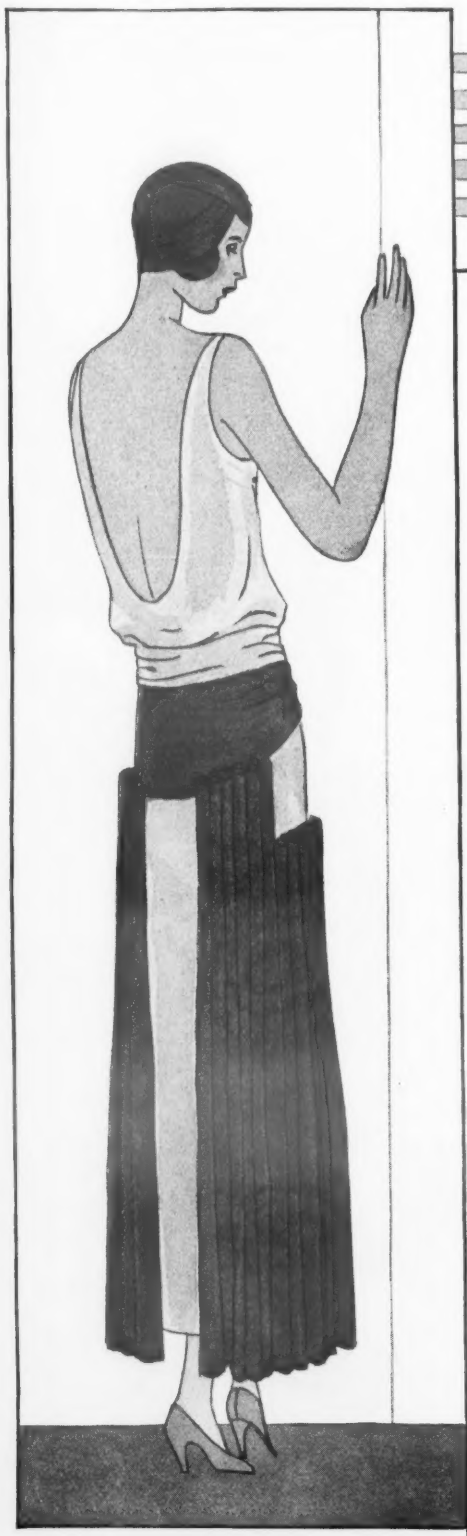
Helpful, because cleaning tasks are accomplished in less time and with far less work.

A Health protection, which is the greatest reward of all; because Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness... searches out, captures and banishes dangerous invisible impurities in ADDITION to removing all forms of visible dirt. Old Dutch leaves everything scintillating, spick and span...every nook and corner HYGIENICALLY CLEAN.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. There is nothing else like it for conserving energy, reducing cleaning expense, protecting the modern beauty of the home and for safeguarding your family with Healthful Cleanliness.



© 1929 The C. P. Co.



Louiseboulanger

Jean Patou

Redfern

Drecoll-Beer

Two Sides of the Mode from Paris

DAY or evening, there is one very definite conclusion to be drawn about the mode—the rippling hemline. The lovely evening gown created by Louiseboulanger, shown at the left, attains its hem fullness through panels arranged in staircased effects with cartridge headings to a very snug yoke-line. One interesting feature about this frock is that its hemline is long and almost even.

Another note which must not be forgotten in selecting smart gowns for winter is shown in the same Louiseboulanger model. That is panne velvet. Here she adroitly combines a dull red with a salmon pink. Bianchini Ferier, one of the leading silk manufacturers in France, gives this material great importance for the new season, and shows it in a wide range of pastel shades for evening gowns.

Further evidence of this is shown in the yellow moiré evening gown, Drecoll-Beer's "Mitou," illustrated at the extreme right of the page. The big hip bow, which is both youthful and dignified, is designed to follow the line of tiny tuckings which tend to lift the waistline, without making it too pronounced; for the silhouette of the gown is princesse in character, but well-designed through its diagonal movement.

Printed velvets are used discreetly, and by "discreet" we mean that the pattern will be small and conservative, as shown in the charming model, "Ritz," created by Jean Patou. This is the second figure from the left. The tones of the tiny flowers are yellow and green posed on a black background. The three-quarter jacket in this model is edged, cuffed and collared with black fox. The frock is made very simply, with a smart little bodice of beige georgette and a lace collar and tablike jabot—so typical of Patou—and the normal waistline is held with a belt of black patent leather.

Since we have had the pencil silhouette for so long, it is refreshing to have a princesse type of coat for afternoon wear. One of the smartest of these is shown second from the right: Redfern's "Preciosa." It is in deep blue velvet decorated with lines of gold stitching. The fur, edging the cuffs, collar, closing of the coat and rippling hem, is gray caracul, which harmonizes with the gray tone of the blue coat.

Who wouldn't rather have *TWO* than *ONE*— when both are *unusually* good . . . .

A broom and a vacuum cleaner — or just a ?

An electric iron and a washing machine — or just the ?

A table and a kitchen cabinet — or just a ?

Who wouldn't rather have two good helpers, even though she could perhaps "get along" with only one? Often it's the *extra* helper that makes all the difference between pleasant work and drudgery.

Fels-Naptha brings you two helpers instead of one, for your weekly wash and for every household task! Not just soap, but good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Not just one helper, but two brisk, busy helpers working together —giving you the *extra* help that brings clean, sweet, home-washed clothes without hard rubbing.

Meet these two helpers face to face. Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha. What do you see? A bar of golden soap whose very look and feel tell you, "Here is unusually good soap!" That's one helper! Now smell the soap. What's that keen, clean smell? Naptha—plenty of it! Naptha—the safe, gentle dirt-loosener dry cleaners use. That's the other helper!

So, when Fels-Naptha goes into your tub or washing machine you're getting not just soap, but good golden soap and plenty of naptha, working hand-in-hand. It's plain common sense that these two safe, active cleaners, working together, give *extra* help that makes washing easier for you. That's why millions of women agree, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

Fels-Naptha works excellently in cool, hot or lukewarm water, or when clothes are soaked or boiled.

And it is gentle to hands. So get Fels-Naptha at the grocery store today (the ten-bar carton is convenient), and take advantage of the *extra* help of two helpers instead of one.

FELS-NAPTHA

© 1929, Fels & Co.

French and American Costume Complements

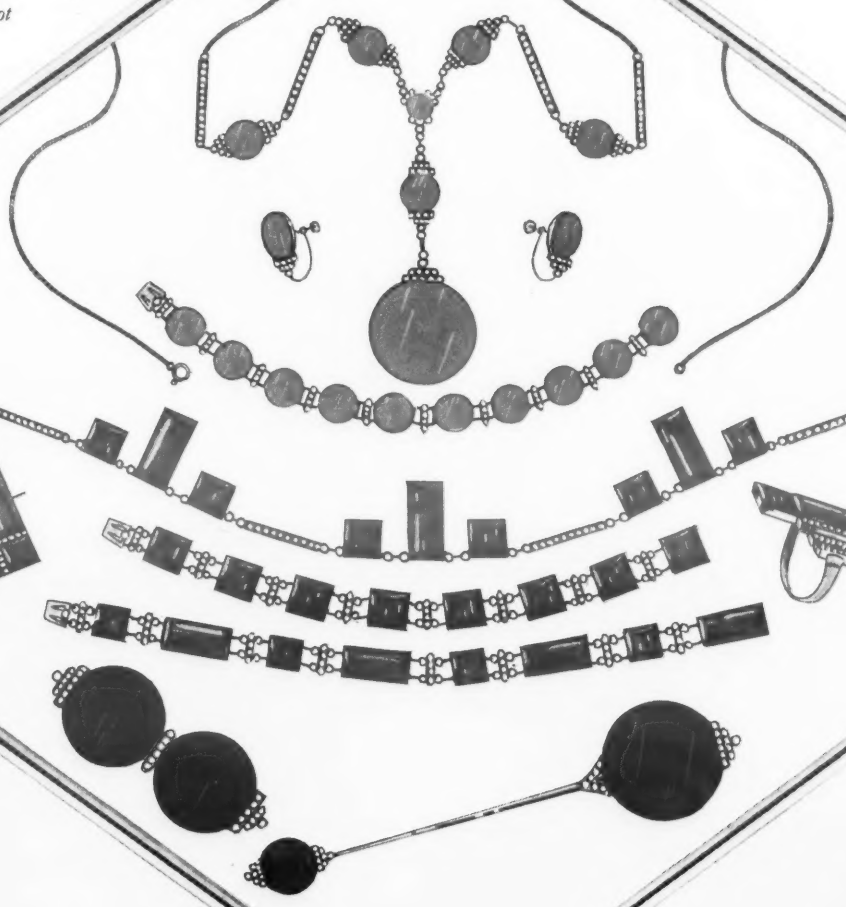
New Paris hats to guide your selection of accessories to Paris-designed costumes. Left: Jane Blanchot's severe black felt; J. Suzanne Talbot's more feminine model of beige felt; Gaby Mono's slightly pleated and machine stitched, warm brown felt. Right: Marcelle-Lely use a crown of a reversible navy velours, the felt side for the brim; Florence Walton contrasts beige felt and chestnut velvet; J. Suzanne Talbot's black felt is individual and tucked.

Jane Blanchot

J. Suzanne Talbot

Marcelle-Lely

Florence Walton



Varied and adaptable costume jewelry: of chrysoprase, onyx, carnelian or lapis.

COURTESY OF WACHENHEIMER BROS.

Shoes in the newest fall colorings, to accompany the Paris dresses described on page 39.

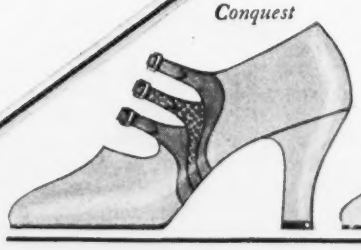
ARCH PRESERVER SHOES, COURTESY OF SELBY SHOE COMPANY

Gaby Mono

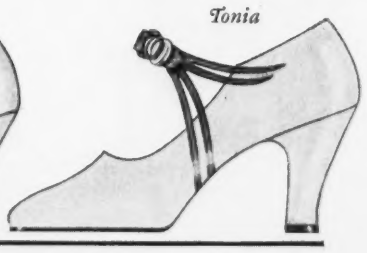
J. Suzanne Talbot

Lombardy

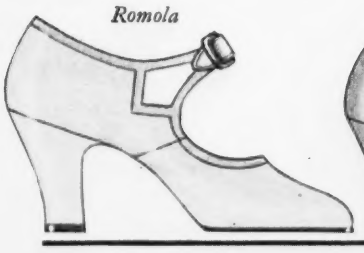
Conquest



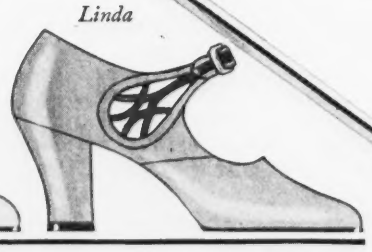
Tonia



Romola



Linda



Fastidious Youth . . . smart, active, unhampered, now teaches older women the comfort of this sanitary protection

YOUTH! Smartness! They go together. And they explain why Kotex has become the accepted sanitary protection. Why young women prefer this sanitary pad. For they won't tolerate discomfort. Or a lack of daintiness.

The modern woman wants grace, freedom, the feeling of being well dressed *in every sense.* And she achieves it now despite situations her mother used to consider "physical handicaps." She uses Kotex. As for comparing it with old-fashioned ways—that's unthinkable. If one is truly fastidious, no substitute can give the carefree smartness Kotex permits.

What Kotex accomplishes

Fastidious women want to feel dainty, safe, secure. And Kotex does give that feeling. It deodorizes. It is delightfully soft and so pure that surgeons actually use its fleecy soft filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for dressings as well as sanitary pads in 85% of our leading hospitals. Could anything be more eloquent testimonial than that?

Many girls feel this way

"Since the day I discovered Kotex," one very attractive girl said recently, "I've completely lost the self-consciousness I often used to feel. It's so dainty, so soft and wonderfully comfortable. Mother uses it now, thanks to me. And we both wonder how we ever got along without it!"

So many smart women ask that question. You will too, once you've tried the new Kotex. It's quite a triumph over any sanitary pad you've formerly used —even over the original Kotex. Some of the reasons why are listed here. Do read them!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *In hospitals*—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.

4 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

5 *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

6 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

S. Pessl *of Vienna and Budapest*

Head of the famous House of Pessl.. beauty advisers to aristocracy for over 100 years

advises this way to Skin Beauty

"I earnestly recommend to my clients that they use only the soap blended of palm and olive oils. The use of Palmolive is especially important because its gentle action leaves the skin in a healthy, smooth, normal condition which is the very foundation of a beautiful complexion."

L. Pessl.

VIENNA I,
KAERNTNERSTRASSE 28

Above the doorway of the Pessl Shop, across from the opera house in Vienna, may be seen crests of some of the celebrated Royal houses to which the House of Pessl has acted as Beauty Adviser.

Opera House, Vienna

IN gay Vienna, where the women are enchanting; in romantic Budapest, on the Danube—there is one name in beauty culture which has been recognized for over a hundred years—the distinguished name of Pessl!

Today, in the celebrated shop across from the opera in Vienna, S. Pessl carries on the tradition of the Pessl name. The crowned heads to which he has ministered are evidenced by the interesting group of royal crests he is authorized to display above the windows of his typically Viennese shop.

He has served many of the queens of Europe, and has numbered such dignitaries as the Ex-Empress of Austria among his distinguished patrons.

To his select patronage, Pessl recommends a very simple treatment for retaining youthful loveliness . . . the same treatment advised by the outstanding beauty specialists of *Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, Geneva*—everywhere beauty culture is practiced.

Palm and olive oils in soap

"I should naturally have been led, by my knowledge of the complexion effects of palm and olive oils," says S. Pessl, "to have invented a soap made exclusively from them."

"As these oils are already combined in Palmolive Soap," Monsieur Pessl explains, "I earnestly recommend to my patrons that they use this soap and no other."

The famous "international" treatment

The poisonous and dangerous secretions of dirt and dust, of make-up and cream which find their way deep into the pores must be removed. Palm and olive oils, as they are blended in Palmolive Soap, act to soften the skin, to cleanse the pores, to refresh the natural coloring.

To get the utmost benefit from Palmolive Soap, you are urged by all the experts to follow this treatment, twice a day: with both hands make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it gently into the skin, permitting it to penetrate the pores, to free them from all impurities. Then rinse, first with warm water, later cold. An ice massage is invigorating as an astringent.

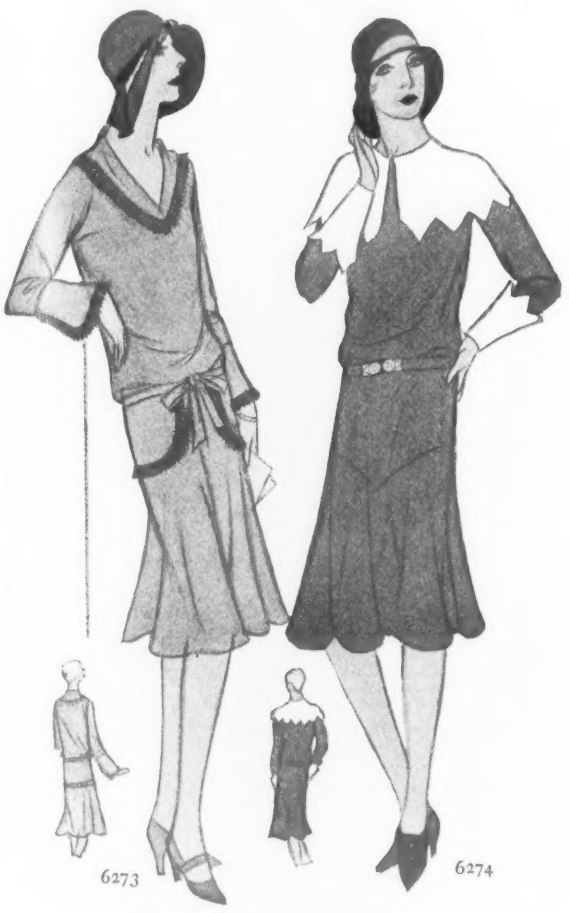
M. Pessl's advice is echoed by such famous specialists as Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris;* Elise Bock, of *Berlin;* Bertha Jacobson, of *London.* Wherever women seek the best skin care they are told: safeguard beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Retail Price 10c

4864

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Hiplines are Fitted, Skirts are Circular



6273—One-piece dress with circular skirt and peplum effect. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38.

6274—One-piece dress, deep bertha collar and gauntlet cuffs. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38.

6275—Dress with swathed hipline, circular skirt longer in back. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38.

6279—One-piece dress with bolero top and two circular flounces. Designed for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 34 to 42.

6280—Dress with bloused waist, fitted hip section; straight shirred flounces. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 42.

6287—Dress with diagonal neckline; circular skirt dips at right side. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 48.

6282—Fitted hipband, self-scarf, circular flounce attached on curving line. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 46.

6284—A dress with sheathlike top and fitted hips, uneven hemline. Designed for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 34 to 40.

6285—The diagonal neckline of this dress finishes with a scarf-tie. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 42.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York. Dresses, 45 cents.

EVER SINCE AMERICA WAS YOUNG THE NAME BAKER HAS BEEN A GUARANTY OF SUPREME QUALITY!

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

It's for *your* children!

Can anything less than THE VERY BEST *even be considered for them?*

When you say "...and a tin of Baker's Cocoa, please," generations of American mothers confirm your judgment. For probably your grandmother was just as fond of it as are your children.

And Baker quality has the endorsement today of dieticians, household economists, nurses, women's magazine editors, and other people vitally interested in child and home welfare. In overwhelming proportions these leaders of thought say... "Baker's is best."

Perhaps you have wondered why one cocoa should enjoy such universal approval. Every delicious cup of Baker's Cocoa you serve answers that question.

Baker's flavor, Baker's aroma, Baker's nutrition start with the painstaking selection of cocoa beans from the world's finest crops. Every step in the manufacture of Baker's Cocoa, from the bean to the rich, ruddy cocoa you find in the tin, is the result of a manufacturing experience that began when America was very young.

It is the guarding of that one standard of quality—the highest—that has made Baker quality an American tradition.

Serve it often... not alone to the children... for Baker's Cocoa made the Baker way will be welcomed by the whole family. In every fragrant cup is the wholesome glow of warmth, the sterling food value of milk, and the added nourishment of the world's finest cocoa. *Write us for a leaflet of cocoa recipes—free.*

WALTER BAKER & CO., INC., Dorchester-Lower-Mills, Mass.

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE, TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

Individuality Develops

In the Newest Winter Modes

Below, at left—Closely fitted about the waist and hips, with an additional emphasis of braiding in jacket effect, Design No. 6286 has an attached scarf and a circular flare below the knees. It is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44. Below, center—The coat dress, Design No. 6272, for fall street wear uses both revers and a scarf effect at the V neck line, a narrow belt, circular fullness in the skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 50. Below, at right—The fitted hipband appears in Design No. 6276 below an engaging bolero jacket. The skirt is circular and the feminine collar and cuffs are scalloped. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

6277

Above—The princess-line coat. Design No. 6277, follows the smartest dress line, is fitted above the waistline and flares below. Deep shaped cuffs and a huge collar of fur are smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and sizes 32 to 46.

6286 6276

6272

6278

Above—Gathers at the natural waistline achieve the smart fitted effect, and a pleated flounce gives the low flare which is also smart in Design No. 6278. Knotted tabs are notes of interest. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

6283

6281

Left—Design No. 6283 brings a long scarf with pointed end from the neck line in back and passes it through a slit in the applied neckband. The waist is slightly bloused, the hipband fitted and the skirt, in the manner of fall, 1929, is circularly cut. It is interesting to note that although this waistline is higher than those which we have worn in the past it is not exaggeratedly high. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Right—A delightful coat dress, Design No. 6281, is as suitable for sports as for street. It buttons with two points to the left, under which the narrow belt that marks the natural waistline passes through tailored buttonholes. In front, below the yoke, which fits smoothly across the hips, the skirt is pleated. A vestee in lighter color crosses at the V neck line. This ideal dress for the fascinating new woolens is designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 52.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dresses, 45 cts.; Suits, 50 cts.

You'll call POST Toasties the *Wake-up Food*, too

Its crisp delicious flakes bring you such *quick* new energy

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Notes on the Varied Field of Fashion

Details of Accessories, the Care of a Wardrobe

IN HER famous shop on the Rue Cambon in Paris and in smart stores in this country, gloves, scarfs and bags designed by the great Chanel are being sold. There are three types of sports gloves, trimmed with exquisitely worked stripings of the finest glove kid in smart color combinations; a scarf and a purse may be had to match each glove. Aris Gloves.

GRAY FUR on blue cloth coats and brown fur on gray coats are very smart notes from Paris this winter.

DURING A SEASON when furs have never been smarter it is well to follow these points in their care: Shake out all rain and moisture from furs before putting them away; moisture allowed to dry in furs cracks the skin. Be careful that the hats worn with fur scarfs or collars do not rub against the fur in back and wear away the hairs.

IF COSTUME BEADS look slightly grayed and dusty after the summer heat, you can wash them safely and quickly in lukewarm soapsuds, and after they have been immersed for a few minutes and then rinsed in lukewarm water, dry them by rolling them in a soft cloth or towel.

THE NEW UNDERWEAR, even the new nightgowns, follows the lines of the new silhouette, and are fitted in the princess effect, with flaring skirts.

HAVING DISCOVERED the measureless comfort of the little jacket mode with evening gowns, smart women include them without question in their evening wardrobes this winter; Redfern shows these short coats in very handsome brocade versions, fur bordered.

WHITE PIQUE TIES, like those worn with full dress by men, were amusing and important items in Chanel's winter collection of sports apparel.

LAST YEAR the inimitable Schiaparelli showed tweed skirts with knitted bands so cleverly matching the tweed in color that they were almost indiscernible. This year hand-knitted sweaters complete tweed suits in the same color as the tweed.

THIS YEAR'S practical innovations by Schiaparelli are reversible travel rugs matching tweed travel coats.

THE BLACK GLOVES which we have heard so much about were shown in the Paris dressmakers' openings for winter by Maggy Rouff, and by Worth. Flesh-colored gloves were also interesting.

IF YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING the purchase of a silver-fox scarf you will be interested in Fromm pedigreed pelts. Each Fromm scarf bears a little tag, which you may remove, after your purchase is completed, and send to the Fromm Brothers Company. The complete pedigree, telling proof of the scientific way in which the beauty of your scarf has been achieved, of the particular pelt which you have bought, will be sent to you.

WITH VELVETS SO POPULAR and so numerous, it becomes a little hard to keep up with all the various names and effects. Transparent velvet, which is still very smart, is a combination of silk with rayon pile. The pile is long and straight. Panne velvet may be all silk or silk with rayon pile. The pile is "laid" or flattened in panne velvet. In semipanne rayon velvets the fabric ripples with interchanged sweeps of erect pile and panne pile. Lakme is also a panne and is made of especially created long-pile rayon velvet.

THE CARE OF FINE VELVETS is summed up in two essentials—occasional cleanings in the hands of really expert dry cleaners; frequent steamings on hangers over a bathtub filled with hot water. Such steamings will not affect semipanne designs, lakme effects or brocades.

FOR GENERAL EVERYDAY WEAR three or four pairs of the same gloves will make for better appearance every day and for economy in the long run. They can be washed before they are so soiled that hard and destructive rubbing is necessary, and they can be thoroughly dried out and so will wear better.

DON'T WEAR any old thing on a rainy day. Have a rainy-day costume, sturdy, smart and tailored, so that you will be suitably and becomingly dressed. Stout oxfords, a chic umbrella, lisle sports stockings, a tweed coat or raincoat, heavy washable gloves and a plain but becoming felt hat are smart.

ALTHOUGH THE FRENCH dressmakers have for a long time designed the smartest possible raincoats, galoshes are not made in France. This is probably why Drecoll-Beer, Bernard et Cie, J. Suzanne Talbot, Nicole Groult and Jenny this year showed American-made galoshes with sports costumes of rubberized tweed. One of the U. S. Rubber Company Gaytees shown by them is illustrated on page 50. Maria Guy and Le Monnier are showing hats of rubberized tweed, so there is no longer any excuse for being anything but excellently turned out, no matter what the weather.

COLORED LEATHER BELTS are very smart this winter, what with higher and definitely defined waistlines. They are worn both with morning and street dresses and with suits and coats.

INDIVIDUALITY IN GLOVES joins the general costume movement to banish the uniform. Sports gloves this season are as different in coloring and design from those for formal afternoon and from formal evening gloves as a jersey jumper, a lace-and-satin afternoon frock and a billowing evening gown are different.

SILVER KID SLIPPERS are smart this winter, and gold kid as well. The colored crêpe-and-satin slipper and the brocaded slipper are still popular, however.

OTHER VERSIONS of the evening slipper mode which the dressmakers' openings in Paris introduced are pumps of satin with crêpe de chine vamps, shown by Lenief, and Worth's evening oxfords of silver kid and black crêpe de chine—sophisticated, of course, but infinitely smart if they are worn with the right frock.

IN SELECTING A PERFUME for winter use be sure that it goes well on your skin, and also that it is not affected by furs. Some perfumes are particularly created to be used on and with fur coats or scarfs.

THE NEWS that floral clusters or trails were used on back yokes, skirts and coats for evening in the winter collection of a person of as impeccable taste as the famous Nicole Groult will delight a great many women, and add interest to an accessory mode which can be charming, elegant and original.

OCTOBER BRIDES will be interested by the news that Norman Hartnell, the talented young English couturier, whose success in Paris has been great, introduced a fascinating bridal gown recently in very pale blue velvet embroidered with pearls.

WIGS ARE MENTIONED frequently this winter for wear with the very handsome, elegant and sweeping ball gowns which the Paris dressmakers have introduced. Some of the wigs are made of white or pastel shaded hair, others of brilliantly lustrous rayon threads. Effectively dressed, they make a charming frame for the face and seem more in keeping with sweeping skirts than cropped hair and very short bobs.

MUFFS ARE decidedly in again this winter, all of them small, most of them in the popular barrel shape. Schiaparelli shows them in the end of a fur scarf or coat collar. Fur gauntlet gloves reaching over the elbow, and with antelope hands, are sponsored by J. Suzanne Talbot.

People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist

PROFESSOR DOCTOR PAOLO ALESSANDRINI

is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the distinguished title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

"TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard, straight bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh yeast to combat the poisons there.

Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin. Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound, straight bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half-health? Has living away from the sun made you "soft"? World-famous doctors point the way to quick, *natural* health renewal. How easy it is—just three cakes daily of fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

(Above) New York, N. Y.

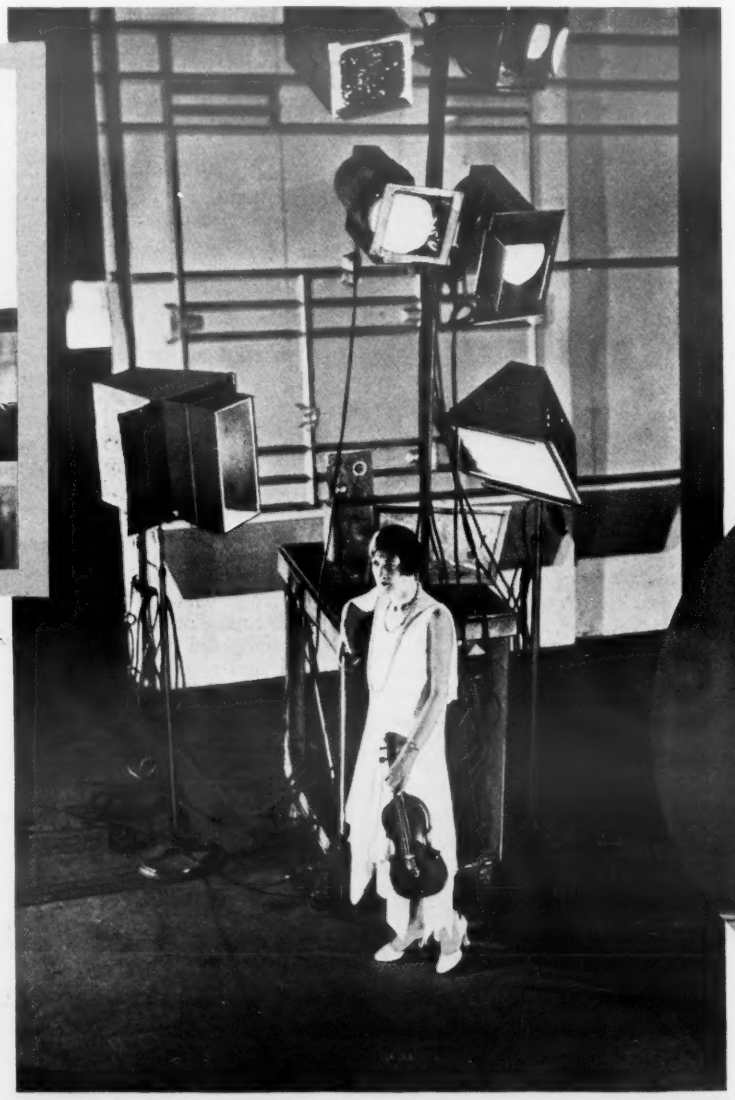
"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.

"For eleven years I have been auditor of one of the largest automobile sales corporations. Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Everything at the office upset me. Headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. But suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped. I was able to enjoy the evenings with my family.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

H. J. LLOYD



"Playing on the Keith circuit means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."

"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "I became nervous and irritable—was subject to indigestion and constipation. And my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped all my tiresome 'miseries.'"

Eat three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. G-115, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

© 1929, F. Co.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST . . . . . NOW CONTAINS THE "SUNSHINE" VITAMIN

Ask them....the millions of cake makers who praise Calumet's Double-Action

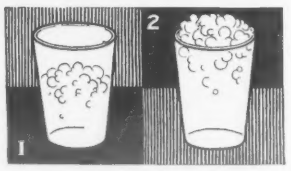
Why is Calumet the most popular baking powder in the world? Listen to the comments of the women who use it.

"It makes perfect baking so easy". . . "Gives me fluffy, light cake every time, in spite of that unreliable oven of mine". . . "Haven't had a failure since I began to use Calumet". . . There's the whole story! Surer success in all baking because of Calumet's double-action.

Calumet's first action—in the mixing bowl—gets the leavening properly started. Then, in the oven, the second action occurs. A full, even leavening lifts the batter and makes your baking rise beautifully—even though you may not be able to regulate your oven temperature perfectly.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients in exactly the right proportions to give *perfect* leavening action —double-action!

Bake a Calumet cake today and see for yourself what double-action does for baking. Remember to use only one level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of flour. This is the general rule—a real economy for you. Mail the coupon for the new Calumet Baking Book.



MAKE THIS TEST

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's double-action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts—and how Calumet acts twice to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients. After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of hot water on the stove. In a moment a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.

Make this test. See Calumet's double-action which protects your baking from failure.

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

CALUMET *The Double-Acting Baking Powder...*

MARION JANE PARKER C-L. H. J. 10-29
c-o *Calumet Baking Powder Company*, 4100 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me, free, a copy of The Calumet Baking Book.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Please print name and address plainly.

The Patch Box

Discussing a Beauty Budget

THIS is a plea for system and care and simplicity this winter. The modern woman no longer needs to be convinced that some preservation and help to the skin given her at birth are necessary, considering modern conditions of living, or even that some slight aids to nature—generally referred to as make-up—are an excellent idea and by no means connected with evil ways.

Like so many other things it is a question of a little intelligent planning ahead. We have been taught the very real advantages of running a house on a budget. In the same way it is the best wisdom to dress on a budget, and in this budget of yours beauty treatments should most certainly come in for a little special consideration and thought.

In making your allotment—which should be a weekly one—remember that no dress, no matter how smart, can make you attractive if your complexion is not at its best, and make yourself a weekly beauty allowance in accordance. This should cover both your professional and your home treatments. A manicure once a week at least is really important. A facial treatment once a month is also important, once a week is highly desirable, and oftener is so much the better.

After a little experimenting you will find out how much you will have to spend each month on creams and lotions—economizing by buying preparations which do not deteriorate with keeping in large quantities. Once you have learned how much you will have to spend to keep your beauty supplies complete, you will know how many manicures, hair and facial treatments you can afford.

Budgeting does not apply to money only. Your time should be budgeted as well, and a resolution once arrived at to devote so much time each day to improving "natural resources" should be kept resolutely. Not very much is needed, comparatively. Five minutes in the morning for brisk setting-up exercises—enlisting the blood and muscles; ten minutes for tub and teeth, using as carefully selected soap, bath accessories, toothbrush and paste as possible; five minutes for cleaning the face and neck, five minutes for hair, five minutes for careful make-up and last touches of grooming—smoothing powder out of the eyelashes and eyebrows with a tiny brush, then going over them with the same brush dipped in a little brilliantine, to place them carefully and give them a carefully shaped look.

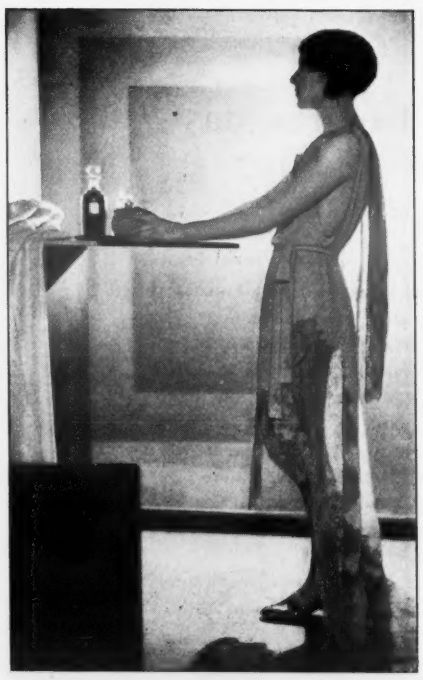
Then at night, five minutes for your hair again, five minutes for the nails, five minutes of careful, systematic massaging and cleansing of the face and neck before going refreshed to bed. Not so long, considering the returns on this expenditure of time.

In the matter of the amount of both time and money involved in this regimen, it is essential to select a system and adhere to it, but it is not necessary to select an elaborate one if your skin is in a normal condition. One good cleansing cream, one good skin lotion and tonic to use with it, one good skin food and probably a good astringent, absorbent paper towels to remove them, a supply of fresh absorbent cotton to apply them with, are all you absolutely require for a very adequate home skin treatment. It is better to have a simple outfit and to apply it systematically and regularly than to buy a great collection of preparations which take a long time to apply and then use them spasmodically.

One good hand cream and a supply of manicure preparations and tools which will last a long time are all that are absolutely essential to you for hand treatments. And for your hair, if it is normal, all you have to have is a good brush—kept clean—a good comb and a good shampoo to keep it in good condition.

These are the essentials. If you have the time and the pocketbook to add other items to them they will yield very gratifying results—if they, too, are applied regularly. Eye lotion, for a twice daily eye cup bath, is one of the most effective of so-called beauty preparations, particularly helpful to city dwellers.

If you are interested in a letter on Winter Care for Your Skin with the news of the very latest preparations, send a two-cent stamp with your request to The Patch Box, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



A fascinating nightgown from Lingerie Margot, in Paris, shows the long back hemline and is made in georgette and Alençon lace.

HERE'S *October* in a jar!

CAN'T you hear the apples falling?
Can't you hear October calling?
—*Here's* October in a jar!

Many a russet, many a pippin,
Many a duchess, too, we slip in-
To this Apple Butter Jar . . .

Remember when your granny tried her
Hand each Fall at making cider?
Well, right here inside this jar

Is golden cider. You'll start sniffin'
And grinnin' too, tonight at tiffin,
When the top comes off the jar.

And the cider's mixed with spices . . .
Not even mince-pie's quite as nice as
What you'll find inside this jar!

Luscious, smooth and tangy-tasting!
Yes, you're right, it's just time-wasting
Not to have that precious jar

Right this minute on your table
So you and Junior'll both be able
To stick your spoons inside the jar!

* * *

That's why big folks and tiny tots
Cheer at the name of Lippincott's
On the Apple Butter Jar.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER will help you to add to every meal a touch of that variety which is the spice of good living. Of course, it's enticing when it threatens to drip over the edges of corn muffins for breakfast or of hot tea-biscuits for supper. It's delicious, too, as a condiment served with cold cuts.

And there are cakes and tarts, pies and puddings, and delicate desserts by the dozen—all made with Lippincott Apple Butter and all indescribably good and *different*. Shall we send you our book of Lippincott Apple Butter recipes? You'll find it surprisingly helpful.

Try these for a change . . .

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER PIE

1¼ cups Lippincott Apple Butter
½ cup brown sugar
2 eggs well beaten
2 tablespoons of molasses
1 tablespoon corn-starch
1 tablespoon flour

Line pie-plate with a good puff paste. Pour in the above mixture and bake in a moderate oven. If desired—after pie is baked—cover with meringue made of whites of eggs and powdered sugar. Set back in oven until the meringue is brown.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER BISCUITS

4 tablespoons shortening
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Enough milk to make a soft dough
Lippincott Apple Butter

Work the shortening into the flour which has been sifted with baking-powder, sugar and salt. Add the milk. Knead the dough lightly on a floured board, roll it out until only a quarter of an inch thick, and cut out rounds or squares about two inches across. Fold over each biscuit into half its size, drop in a teaspoon of Lippincott Apple Butter, press edges firmly, and bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

Making motor cars more appealing . . to the woman who drives

CHRYSLER MOTORS
STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

The great engineering and designing forces of Chrysler have been alertly mindful of the ideals of women regarding motor cars. Today, all the cars of Chrysler Motors possess many exclusive features and attributes resulting from an intelligent study of the problem of making automobiles more appealing to the woman who drives.

Woman's innate partiality for motor cars of distinctive stylishness is one paramount reason why she is being attracted more and more to the products of Chrysler Motors—for these cars, one and all, regardless of price, radiate a charming smartness and individuality all women admire.

Women have expressed an emphatic desire that motor cars be easy to steer and manage at all speeds, and above all that they be easy to *stop*. This desire finds complete fulfillment in the cars of Chrysler Motors—each of which, besides being nearly effortless to handle, is equipped with the famous Chrysler quick-stopping internal-expanding 4-wheel *hydraulic* brakes—safest of all brakes through all seasons and in all weather.

It is a characteristically feminine trait to be fond of luxury and comfort; to appreciate the little niceties of interior adornment that do so much to enhance a woman's pride in a car. Hence the utmost care has been exercised in the inner treatment of all Chrysler Motors products—from the lowest-priced cars to the highest-priced cars.

Great emphasis is placed on the quality of the steels used in all Chrysler Motors products. Samples are heat-treated up to temperatures of 4000° F. in this electric furnace with potentiometer control.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . CHRYSLER "77" . CHRYSLER "70"

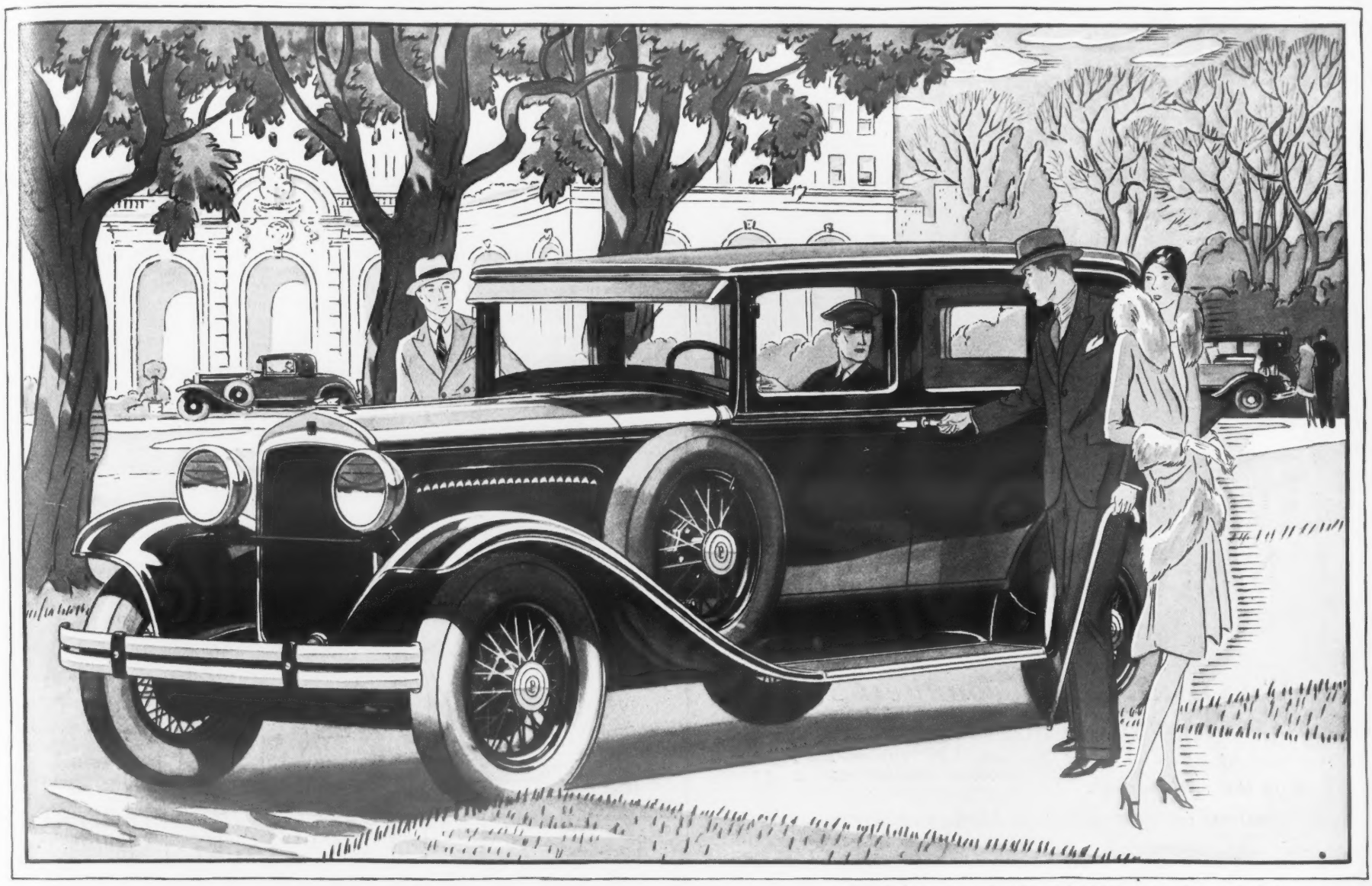
CHRYSLER "66" . DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR . DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX . PLYMOUTH . DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS . CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

ALL PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

C H R Y S L E R M O T O R S P R O D U C T



THE FULL-SIZE 4-DOOR SEDAN, $695 (*Special equipment extra*)

Economically priced —

Supremely satisfying

FULL SIZE PLYMOUTH

In all things that endear a car to the woman who drives, the Chrysler-built Plymouth sets the highest standards ever established in the low priced field.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, endowed with the distinctive stylishness of Chrysler designing, there had never been a low-priced car that possessed such pride appeal.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, there had never been a low-priced car so responsive to the throttle, so smooth and quiet, so steady and well-balanced at all speeds.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, equipped with 11-inch Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel *hydraulic* brakes, there had never been a low-priced car so easy to handle, control and stop.

Until Chrysler built Plymouth, there had never been a low-priced car in which five grown-up passengers could ride in such complete comfort—without hint of unpleasant crowding.

The improved Plymouth is manifestly a product of good taste—and it is priced within easy reach of those whose budgets are limited.

"Have you read So and so's latest? No? Well, by all means get it. It's the best story that has appeared in months" . . . And you go to the bookseller's, pay $1.50 or more for the book and consider the money well invested. Did you ever stop to consider that for an investment per day of even less than the price of a popular novel you can own and drive a *full-size* Chrysler-built Plymouth?

Coupe, $655; Roadster (with rumble seat), $675; 2-Door Sedan, $675; Touring, $695; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $695; 4-Door Sedan, $695. All prices f.o.b. factory. Plymouth dealers extend the convenience of time payments.

PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

ELIZABETH
STUYVESANT FISH
a member of
WASHINGTON'S *"youngest set"*

Growing up well and strong with this little care all mothers can give

A stately line is behind Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish. Congressmen, senators, diplomats—lawyers, railroad magnates, bankers. Her father, Hamilton Fish, Jr., is member of the House from New York—her mother, one of Washington's most gracious hostesses.

Elizabeth, at seven, is tall and fair. Her blue eyes sparkle with interest. Her red cheeks show abounding good health.

Mrs. Fish is very particular about a definite schedule for Elizabeth. Her time for homework, naps, and play is carefully systematized.

She has her diet laid out by leading child specialists. Believing in the need of *hot, cooked* cereal for every boy and girl, Mrs. Fish relied upon the doctors to choose the particular hot cereal Elizabeth should have.

The famous specialists advised Mrs. Fish to use the children's own *hot, cooked* cereal—Cream of Wheat.

"Elizabeth began eating Cream of Wheat when she was only six months old," says Mrs. Fish, "and she has had it at least once a day ever since. I'm sure it plays a valuable part in keeping her so well and happy."

All over the country other doctors are telling mothers this same thing—Cream of Wheat is ideal for growing boys and girls. In a recent investigation 221 members of leading medical societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

Mothers all over the country are making this decision for themselves. It's almost tradition to give children Cream of Wheat—because it is so abundantly rich in energy-giving substances. And also because its simple, granular form is amazingly easy and quick to digest.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Like countless other mothers, Mrs. Fish feels that a Cream of Wheat breakfast safeguards Elizabeth

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION
DEPT. B-41 MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here .....

CREAM OF WHEAT © 1929, The C. of W. Corp.

As the Season Advances

(Continued from Page 39)

for such afternoon dresses as Poiret's 1238 on page 44; "Romola," in light green kid, for such afternoon dresses as Jenny's 1244 on page 42; and "Linda," a brown kid one-strap slipper which is also suitable for afternoon or street costumes.

Plaids are very smart this season, so are polka dots, and printed designs show an increasing variety in type, thus keeping in step with a mode which demands greater individuality by allowing every woman to find her own particular genre of pattern in a wide selection.

On page 49 we are showing some of the newer and more interesting fabrics, which have been especially selected with the reproduction of Paris frocks in mind.

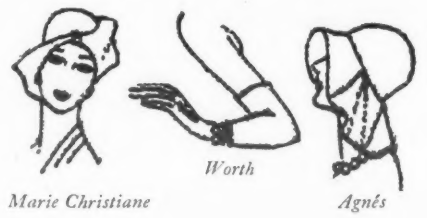
The Vicuna prints, which are silk and wool combined in a weave so light that it is more like a heavy silk than a wool, represent one of the new wool developments which we regard as so important and which were mentioned in the fashion editorial in September. This particular body makes them admirable for tailoring purposes, and we like to think of them for Drecoll-Beer's 1235 on page 40, for Jenny's smart little 1222 on page 42, and even for the little Lanvin school frock, 1225, on the same page.

The Lesur "Rag Rug Tweed" is so chic and has so influenced tweed types that, since it is imported into this country, we reproduce it here to speak for itself. We suggest it for Redfern's coat, 1243, on page 40, over a red frock, possibly, and lined with red, or as a jacket for Lucile's suit, 1246, on page 47, trimmed with black fur, and worn with a gray skirt, a gray or white blouse and a red tie or scarf.

Another exquisite importation is the Lesur "Fetherbask," also shown on page 49, fascinating for blouses—and it comes in a wide range of smart and attractive colors—or for such frocks as Drecoll-Beer's 1235 and Philippe et Gaston's 1250 on page 40.

Moires, both printed and plain, being so very smart, we are showing you two charming ones; their backgrounds in either light or dark colors are as attractive as the brilliantly colored flowers which pattern them. These moires, as well as the velvet and flat crêpes on the same page, are especially chosen for Paul Poiret's 1227 or Philippe et Gaston's 1251 on page 38, with solid color moire or satin substituted for lace when these fabrics are used, and for Premet's 1236 on the same page and Paul Poiret's 1238 on page 44.

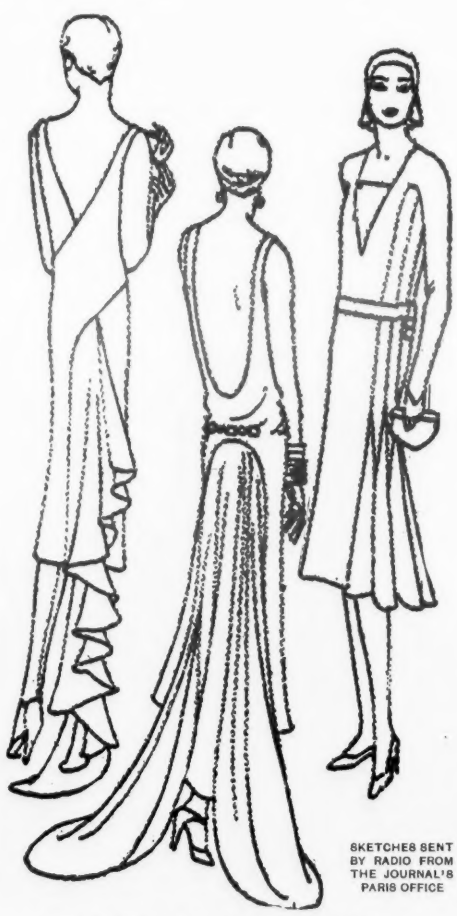
Right—Marie Christiane hat, reddish brown velours with knotted front brim; one deep side cuff and one high on crown.



Marie Christiane *Worth* *Agnés*

Left—New Worth gloves, long for evening, in color of dress. Agnés hat creating Paris sensation; deep back godets black fur in pale felt.

Worth afternoon frock with short, flat, fur-lined jacket shows up-in-front waistline and circular skirt.



SKETCHES SENT BY RADIO FROM THE JOURNAL'S PARIS OFFICE

Left—Nicole Groult evening gown in pale blue satin has bias spiral ruffle trailing to floor in back. Center—Champcommunal fashions regal evening gown in new pink velvet soft and light as satin; trailing back can be brought around shoulders in scarf manner. Right—Worth formal afternoon gown in black panne velvet indorsing raglan sleeve and underarm blousing with swishing skirt godets.

Nicole Groult afternoon skirt detail, flares sides on natural-waisted princess frock of navy moire.

The laces which we show are interesting in pattern and were, of course, selected for the two lovely lace frocks on page 38, Doeuillet-Doucet's 1232 and Joseph Paquin's 1231, as well as Jane Régny's 1245 on page 42.

A rainy day need no longer ruin a carefully planned, Paris-inspired ensemble, for stormy-weather accessories have been so carefully designed that they carry out a costume scheme rather than mar it. Even the French dressmakers added American-designed galoshes to their winter collections this year. Hence we have selected some smart models, some swagger sports coats for football games, some stubby, chic umbrellas, and we have shown them on page 50 as encouragements for rainy days when you had planned to look Parisian.

The winter season and this new mode promise to be delightful to the eye. Use discretion when indulging in frills and bows and lingerie touches. Almost anyone can achieve simplicity if her determination is strong enough, but to be elaborate is harder. The Paris designs solve the problem and insure your fashion rightness for this winter.

The real old-time maple flavor is found in this LOG CABIN!

Tap a tin—and the door is open to a new world of maple delicacies

WHEN you see this famous cabin on your grocer's counter, take it home! For within it you will find a blended maple flavor that is matchless. Here all three of the most delectable sugars needed for the perfect syrup have been united. New England maple—unequalled for its melting sweetness and delicacy of maple flavor! Canadian maple—with its early springtime fragrance of the giant northern forests. And pure cane sugar—to mellow these two choice maples to delicate richness.

Log Cabin Syrup—known the whole country over for its matchless maple flavor—has a mellowness, delicacy and richness that will bring new deliciousness to your waffles, griddle cakes and maple flavored dishes. At your grocery store today, look for the Log Cabin. It brings you the world's finest maple flavor. *Send for our new Maple Recipe Book—FREE.*

LOG CABIN CUSTARD

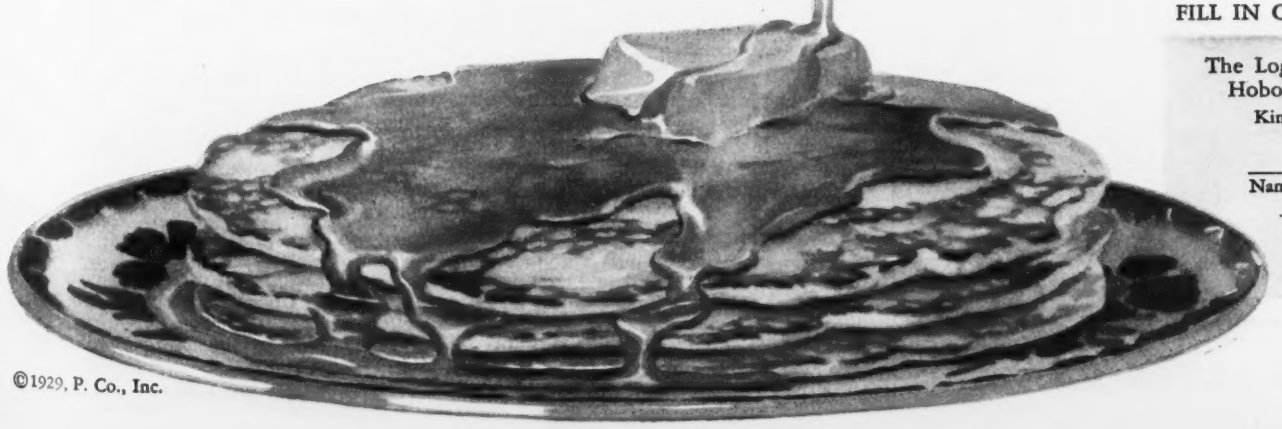
1½ cups Log Cabin Syrup; 4 eggs, slightly beaten; 2½ cups milk, scalded. Combine syrup and eggs. Add milk gradually, stirring vigorously. Pour into custard cups, place in pan of hot water, and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 35 to 40 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean. If baked in 8-inch baking dish, custard should bake 45 to 50 min. Serves 8.

MAPLESCOTCH PIE

4 tablespoons sugar; ½ cup cornstarch; ½ teaspoon salt; 1¼ cups milk; 1¼ cups Log Cabin Syrup; 4 tablespoons butter; 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 baked 9-inch pie shell; 2 egg whites; 4 tablespoons sugar. Sift sugar, cornstarch, and salt together; add ¼ cup milk. Scald remaining milk in double boiler, add cornstarch mixture; cook until it begins to thicken, stirring constantly. Add syrup and butter; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Then cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour a little syrup mixture over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Remove from fire; add vanilla. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar; beat until mixture thickens again. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in moderate oven (325°F.) 20 minutes, or until slightly browned.

All measurements are level

LOG CABIN SYRUP



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Hoboken, New Jersey

Kindly send me a complimentary copy of "Maple Delicacies."

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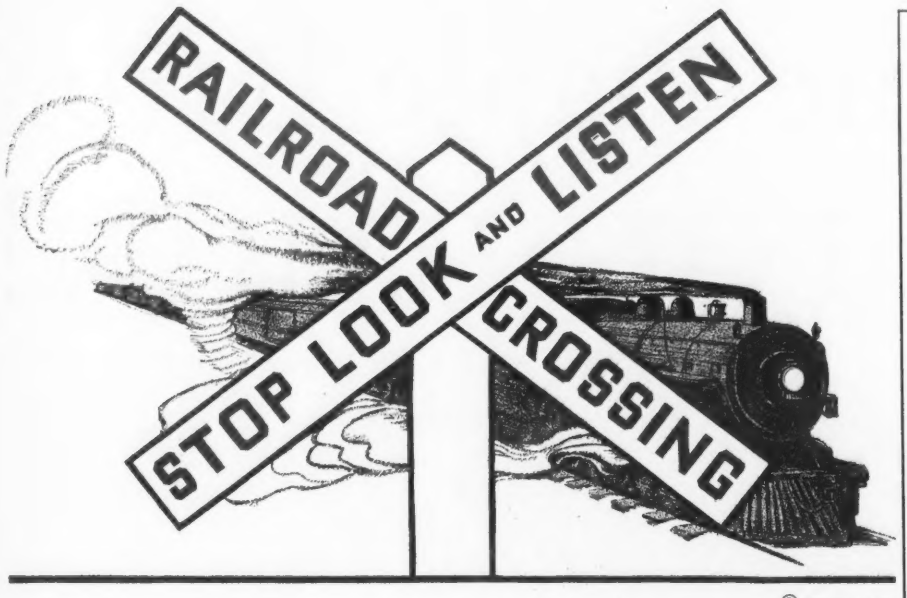

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THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have cooperated — the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death-traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

There is danger at every grade crossing. Get rid of them. Copy of New York's progressive program will be mailed free on request. Address, Department 109-J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Ranger

(Continued from Page 13)

chestnut, not handsome except as to his size, but for speed and endurance Vaughn had never owned his like. They had been on some hard jaunts together. Vaughn fetched Star into the shed and saddled him.

Presently Vaughn heard Colville shout, and upon hurrying out he saw a horseman ride furiously away from the house. Colville stood in the door waving.

Vaughn soon reached him: "Who was that fellow?"

"Glover's man, Uvalde. You know him."

"Uvalde!" exclaimed Vaughn, startled. "He shore was in a hurry. What'd he want?"

"Captain Allerton, an' in fact all the rangers in Texas. I told Uvalde I'd send you down pronto. He wouldn't wait. Shore was excited."

"What's wrong with him?"

"His gal is gone."

"Gone!"

"Shore. He cain't say whether she'd eloped or was kidnaped. But it's a job for you, old man. Haw! Haw!"

"Yes, it would be—if she eloped," replied Vaughn constrainedly. "An' I reckon not a bit funny, Bill."

Vaughn hurriedly mounted his horse and spurred him into the road.

II.

VAUGHN'S personal opinion, before he arrived at Glover's ranch, was that Roseta Uvalde had eloped, and probably with a cowboy or *vaquero*, with whom her father had forbidden her to associate. In some aspects Roseta resembled the vain daughter of a proud don. In the main, she was American bred and educated, but she had that strain of blood which might well have burned secretly to break the bonds of conventionality. Uvalde himself had been a *vaquero* in his youth. Any Texan could have guessed this, seeing Uvalde ride a horse.

There was excitement in the Uvalde household. Vaughn could not get any clew out of the weeping folks, except that Roseta had slept in her bed, had arisen early to take her morning horseback ride. All Mexicans were of a highly excitable temperament, and Uvalde was an example. Vaughn could not get much out of him. Roseta had not been permitted to ride off the ranch, which was something that surprised Vaughn. She was not allowed to go anywhere unaccompanied. This certainly was a departure from the freedom accorded Texan girls; nevertheless any girl of good sense would give the river a wide berth.

"DID she ride out alone?" queried Vaughn in his slow Spanish, thinking he could get at Uvalde better in his own tongue.

"Yes, señor. Pedro saddled her horse. No on else saw her."

"What time this morning?"

"Before sunrise."

Vaughn questioned the lean, dark *vaquero* about what clothes the girl wore and how she had looked and acted. The answer was that Roseta had dressed in *vaquero* garb, looked very pretty and full of the devil. Vaughn reflected that this was easy to believe. Next he questioned the stable boys and other *vaqueros*. Then he rode out to the Glover ranch house and got hold of some of the cowboys, and lastly young Glover. Nothing further was to be elicited from them, except that this thing had happened before. Vaughn hurried back to Uvalde's house.

Uvalde himself was the only one here who roused a doubt in Vaughn's mind. This Americanized Mexican had a terrible fear which he did not divine he was betraying. Vaughn conceived the impression that Uvalde had an enemy and he had only to ask him if he knew Quinela to get on the track of something. Uvalde was probably lying when he professed to fear Roseta had eloped.

"You think she ran off with a cowboy or some young fellow from town?" inquired Vaughn.

"No, señor. With a *vaquero* or a peon," came the amazing reply.

Vaughn gave up here, seeing he was losing time.

"Pedro, show me Roseta's horse tracks," he requested.

"Señor, I will give you ten thousand dollars if you bring my daughter back—alive," said Uvalde.

"RANGERS don't accept money for services," replied Vaughn briefly, further mystified by the Mexican's intimation that Roseta might be in danger of foul play. "I'll fetch her back—one way or another—unless she has eloped. If she's gotten married I can do nothing."

Pedro showed the ranger small hoof tracks made by Roseta's horse. He studied them a few moments, and then, motioning those following him to stay back, he led his own horse and walked out of the courtyard, down the lane, through the open gate into the field.

He rode across Glover's broad acres, through the pecans, to where the ranch bordered on the desert. Roseta had not been bent on an aimless morning ride.

Under a clump of trees someone had waited for her. Here Vaughn dismounted to study tracks. A mettlesome horse had been tethered to one tree. In the dust were imprints of a riding boot, not the kind left by cowboy or *vaquero*. Heel and toe were broad. He found the butt of a cigarette, smoked that morning. Roseta's clandestine friend was not a Mexican, much less a peon or *vaquero*. There were signs he had waited on other mornings.

Vaughn got back on his horse, strengthened in the elopement theory, though not wholly convinced. Maybe Roseta was just having a lark. Maybe she had a lover Uvalde would have none of. This idea grew as Vaughn saw where the horses had walked close together, so their riders could hold hands. Perhaps more! Vaughn's silly hope oozed out and died. And he swore at his ridiculous vain importunities. It was all right for him to be young enough to have an infatuation for Roseta Uvalde, but to have entertained a dream of winning her was laughable. He laughed, though mirthlessly. And jealous pangs consumed him.

"Reckon I'd better get back to rangerin' instead of moonin'," he soliloquized grimly.

The tracks led in a roundabout way through the mesquite to the river trail. This was two miles or more from the line of the Glover ranch. The trail was broad and lined by trees. It was a lonely and unfrequented place for lovers to ride. Roseta and her companion still walked their horses. On this beautiful trail, which invited a gallop or at least a canter, only love-making could account for the gait. Also the risk! Whoever Roseta's lover might be, he was either a fool or crooked. Vaughn swore lustily as the tracks led on and on, deeper into the timber that bordered the Rio Grande.

SUDDENLY Vaughn drew up sharply with an exclamation. Then he slid out of his saddle, to bend over a marked change in the tracks he was trailing. Both horses had reared, to come down hard on forehoofs, and then jump sideways.

"A holdup!" ejaculated Vaughn in sudden dark passion.

Sandal tracks in the dust! A bandit had hid behind a thicket in ambush. Vaughn swiftly tracked the horses off the trail, to an open glade on the bank, where hoof

(Continued on Page 72)

Puddings, cakes, pies, *flavorous with the tropic richness of* COCONUT

MELLOWED under the same hot sun as the golden orange, the tangerine, the pineapple—coconut, too, is luscious with sweet tropical juices.

How deliciously it blends its rare flavor with that of other fruits!

In Franklin Baker's Coconut the snowy-white meat comes to you as fresh and fragrant as if you yourself had just scooped it out of its tough, brown husk.

Only the choicest nuts are gathered by Franklin Baker Company from the finest tropical groves. By fast steamer they are rushed to New York—then shredded and packed with every bit of the native flavor retained. In this respect Baker's Coconut is outstanding.

Send coupon for a fascinating new Franklin Baker recipe book, giving nearly a hundred delightful ways to use these tender, creamy shreds.

COCONUT APPLE BETTY—

4 tart apples
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup Baker's Coconut
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
4 tablespoons butter

Arrange layer of apples (pared, cored, and sliced) in greased baking dish. Cover with bread crumbs and coconut. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Dot with butter. Repeat until all ingredients are used, topping with coconut. Bake, covered, in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Uncover and bake 10 minutes longer, or until apples are soft. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.

Baker's Southern-Style, the new moist-packed kind in tins, slightly sweetened, delicious in all coconut desserts, cake frostings and other dessert toppings.

Baker's Premium Shred, in triple-sealed, stay-fresh packages, the familiar kind, ideal for pie fillings, custards and puddings.

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FRANKLIN
BAKER'S COCONUT
adds Tropic Richness to Desserts

FRANKLIN BAKER CO., Inc., Hoboken, N. J. L. H. J.-10-29

☐ Please send me recipe book (free). ☐ I enclose 10¢ for a half-size trial can of Southern-Style. (For Canada, address Franklin Baker, Ltd., Sterling Tower, 19th floor, Toronto 2, Ontario)

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From 305 famous Beauty Shops came this startling idea,

Beauty Care, right in the dishpan

The wisest, most inexpensive beauty care for the hands . .

Lux in the dishpan . . takes no extra time, no trouble, costs less than 1¢ a day!

BEAUTY EXPERTS themselves suggested this very wise, very simple beauty care for the hands.

"With all our experience," 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country told us—"we cannot distinguish between the hands of a woman of leisure and wealth and the *hands of a woman who uses Lux in the dishpan* . . . Lux gives real beauty care."

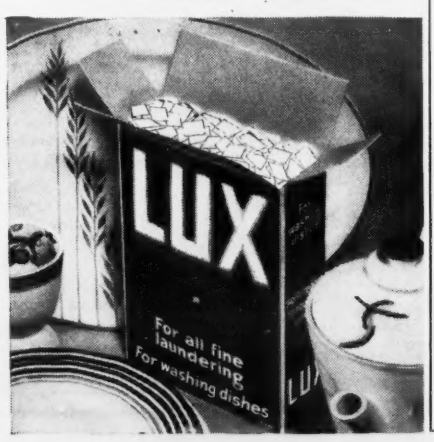
It's bound to make a marvelous difference in one's hands—this every-day, gentle beauty care with Lux in the dishpan!

For Lux is different from ordinary soaps. Made of the purest materials known, by a special process, Lux *protects* the precious beauty oils of the skin—the youth oils. So many soaps dry up these oils, leaving the skin just a bit rougher, a bit coarser, more drawn looking, each time they're used.

Try this new kind of beauty care for yourself! *Each time you wash dishes* the delicate Lux suds tend your hands very gently, leaving them whiter, smoother, more exquisite than before!

★

The big package of Lux lasts for 6 weeks' dishwashing . . . keeps your hands smooth and white for less than 1¢ a day!



© 1929, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

(Continued from Page 70)

tracks of other horses joined them and likewise boot tracks. Vaughn did not need to see that these new marks had been made by Mexican boots.

Roseta had either been led into a trap by the man she had met or they had both been ambushed by three bandits. It was a common thing along the border for Mexican marauders to make way with Mexican girls. The instances of abduction of American girls had been few and far between, though Vaughn remembered several whom he had helped to rescue. Roseta being the daughter of rich Uvalde would be held for ransom and through that might escape the usual horrible treatment. Vaughn's sincere and honest love for Roseta occasioned an agony of grief at the fate that had overtaken her heedless steps. This was short-lived, for the flashing of the ruthless ranger spirit burned it out.

"Three hours' start on me," he muttered, consulting his watch. "Reckon I can come up on them before dark."

Whereupon he followed the broad fresh trail that wound down through timber and brush to the river bottom. A border of arrow-weed stretched out across a sand bar. All at once he halted stock-still, then moved as if to dismount. But it was not necessary. He read another story in the sand and this one was tragedy. A round depression in the sand, and one spot of reddish color, blood on the slender white stalk of arrow-weed, a heavy furrow, and then a line of demarcation through the green to the river—these added a sinister nature to the abduction of Roseta Uvalde. It cleared Roseta's comrade of all complicity, except heedless risk. And it began to savor somewhat of Quinela's work. Vaughn wondered if Quinela could be by any chance the menace Uvalde had betrayed a fear of. If so, God help Roseta!

Vaughn took time enough to dismount and trail the line where the murderers had dragged the body. They had been bold and careless. Vaughn picked up a cigarette case, a glove, a watch, and he made sure that by the latter he could identify Roseta's companion on this fatal ride. A point of gravel led out to a deep current, to which the body had been consigned. It would be days and far below where the Rio Grande would give up its dead.

THE exigencies of the case prevented Vaughn from going back after food and canteen. Many a time had he been caught thus. He had only his horse, a gun and a belt full of cartridges.

Hurrying back to Star he led him along the trail to the point where the bandits had gone into the river. The Rio was treacherous with quicksand, but it was always safe to follow Mexicans, provided one could imitate them. Vaughn spurred Star, plunged across the oozy sand, and made deep water just in the nick of time. The current, however, was nothing for the powerful horse to breast. Vaughn emerged where the bandits had climbed out.

Again Vaughn loped Star on the well-defined tracks of five horses. At this gait he knew he gained two miles on them while they were going one. He calculated they should be about fifteen miles ahead, unless rough country had slowed them, and by early afternoon he ought to be close on their heels. If their trail had worked down the river toward Rock Ford he might have connected these three with the marauders mentioned in Captain Allerton's letter. But it led straight south of the Rio Grande and showed a definite object.

Vaughn rode for two hours before he began to climb out of level river valley. Then he struck rocky hills covered with cactus and separated by dry gorges. There was no difficulty in following the trail, but he had to go slower. He did not intend that Roseta Uvalde should spend a night in the clutches of these Mexicans. Toward noon the sun grew hot and Vaughn began to suffer from thirst. Star sweat copiously, but showed no sign of distress.

HE CAME presently to a shady spot where the abductors had halted, probably to eat and rest. The remains of a small fire showed in a circle of stones. Vaughn got off to put his hand on the mesquite ashes. They were hot. Two hours behind, perhaps a little more or less!

He resumed the pursuit, making good time everywhere and a swift lope on all possible stretches.

There was a sameness of brushy growth and barren hill and rocky dry ravine, though the country grew rougher. He had not been through this section before. He crossed no trails. And he noted that the tracks of the riders gradually headed from south to west. Sooner or later they would join the well-known Rock Ford trail. Vaughn was concerned about this. And he pondered. Should he push Star to the limit until he knew he was close behind them? It would not do to let them see or hear him. If he could surprise them the thing would be easy. While he revolved these details of the problem he kept traveling deeper into Mexico.

He passed an Indian cornfield, and then a hut of adobe and brush. The tracks he was hounding kept straight on, and led off the desert into a road—not, however, the Rock Ford road. Vaughn here urged Star to action, and in half an hour he headed into a well-defined trail. He did not need to get off to see that no horses but the five he was tracking had passed this point since morning. Moreover, they were not many miles ahead.

Vaughn rode on awhile at a gallop, then turning off the trail he kept Star to that gait in a long detour. Once he crossed a stream bed up which there would be water somewhere. Then he met the trail again, finding to his disappointment and chagrin that the tracks had passed. He had hoped to head them and lie in wait for them.

Mid-afternoon was on him. He decided not to force the issue at once. There was no ranch or village within half a night's ride of this spot. About sunset the bandits would halt to rest and eat. They would build a fire.

Vaughn rode down into a rocky defile where he found a much-needed drink for himself and Star. He did not relish the winding trail ahead. It kept to the gorge. It was shady and cool, but afforded too many places where he might be waylaid. Still he had to go on. He had no concern that the three bandits would ambush him. But if they fell in with others!

Vaughn approached a rocky wall. He was inured to danger. And his ranger luck was proverbial. It was only the thought of Roseta that occasioned misgivings. And he turned the corner of the wall to face a line of leveled rifles.

"Hands up, gringo ranger!"

(To be Continued)

Now You May Own Zane Grey's Earlier Books

IF YOU have enjoyed what you have so far read of The Ranger, you will find equal pleasure in many of Zane Grey's earlier novels. On page 258 of this issue JOURNAL readers are given an unusual opportunity to obtain these books and other absorbing Western stories.

Coffee!

FULL OF ITS OLD-TIME GOODNESS
FREE FROM ITS OLD-TIME REGRETS

THINK OF IT!

Coffee—greeting you in the morning with its appetizing fragrance—cheering you at night with its spicy flavor and steaming warmth. Coffee—satisfying as no other beverage can satisfy!

A tempting picture, you may say, but coffee robs me of sleep—it makes me nervous—it affects my digestion. No. Coffee doesn't do that. It is caffein, a single ingredient of coffee, that affects you. And now there is a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is Sanka Coffee. Sanka Coffee brings you the delights of coffee without caffein's ill-effects.

Is it good? Just taste it!

Take one cup of Sanka Coffee and you will discover that it is uncommonly delicious. You will discover, too, that caffein adds nothing to coffee's delightful flavor and aroma—that it doesn't even contribute to the immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee brings you.

Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee—a delicious blend of the finest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. It is spicy in flavor—tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Satisfaction guaranteed

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer carries it—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. And he sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, return what's left in the can and we'll refund the full purchase price."

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today!

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SANKA COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

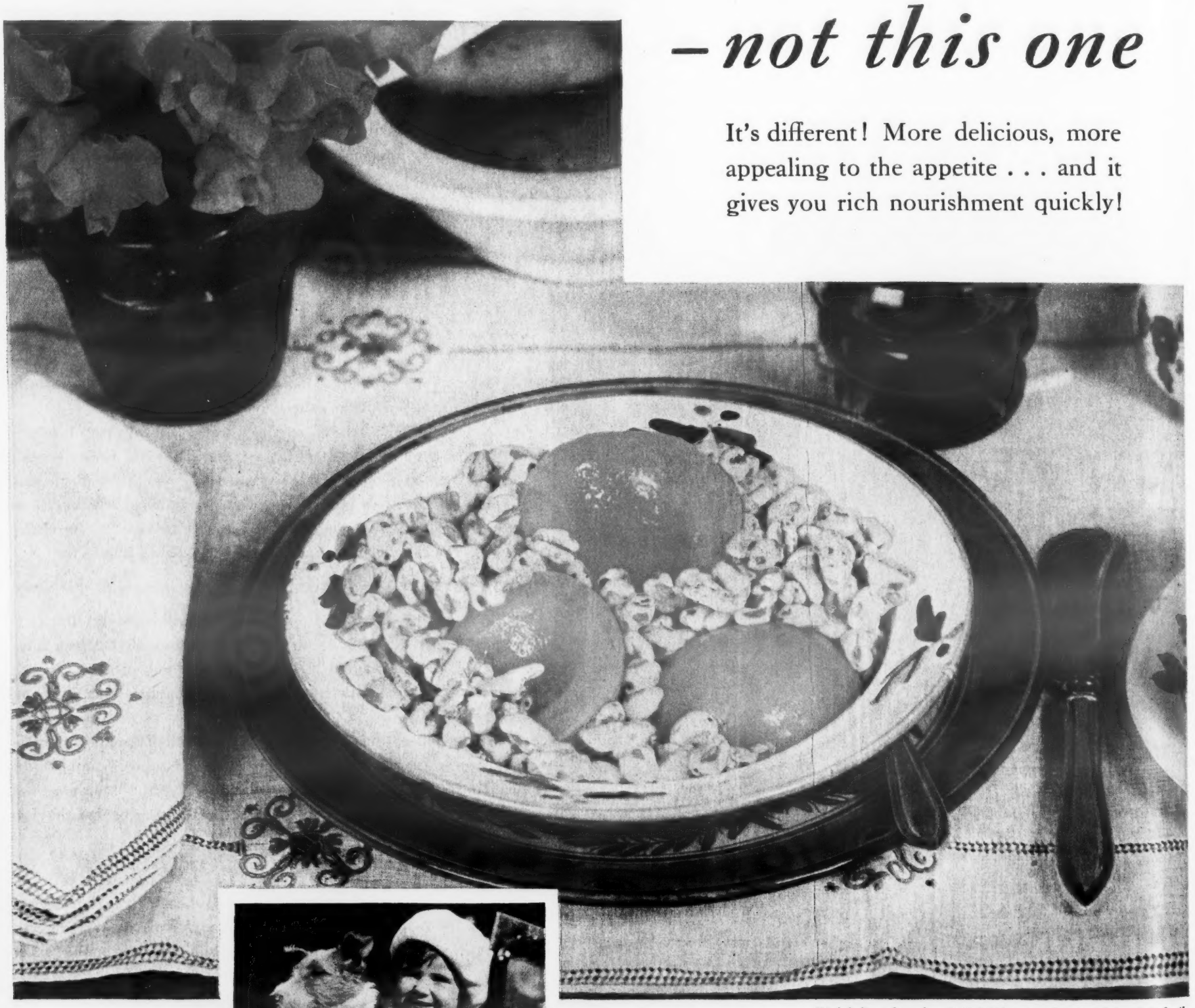
WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST! *The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night! It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!*

Breakfast Monotonous?

—*not this one*

It's different! More delicious, more appealing to the appetite . . . and it gives you rich nourishment quickly!



With halves of peaches, Puffed Wheat is a favorite of the whole family

"Doris eats her cereal every morning now," writes her mother, "because she *loves* Puffed Grains. She's growing healthy and strong on such good nourishment."

A DELIGHTFUL breakfast awakens morning appetites. Yet it has another, even more important, function. It must provide the nourishment without which no morning's work can be successful.

Here is the perfect breakfast to answer those needs: plump, delicately oven-toasted grains, made to taste like delicious nut morsels. Rich wheat and white rice, with all their wealth of nutritive value preserved and all their possibilities of good taste realized.

Because of their airy deliciousness, their toasty crunchiness, mothers have thought of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice chiefly as a "treat" for children. Yet dieticians have discovered they are virtually the same in energy value as a serving of less attractive hot cereal dishes.

What "puffing" does

If you examine rice or wheat grains under a microscope, you find them honeycombed with millions of food cells. Puffing turns the moisture in these cells into steam. 125 million explosions occur in every kernel, opening every cell, releasing rich stores of protein and carbohydrate. Thus Puffed Grains become the most completely digestible, the most readily nourishing of cereals.

Mothers need never coax to get Puffed Grains eaten, a recent home survey in 42 states proved. "What," we asked mothers, "is your child's favorite cereal?" Of 10 brands, Quaker Puffed Grains was the favorite.

Puffed Wheat—made of whole wheat—contains precious minerals to build the body and to protect health, carbohydrates to give energy and proteins to build tissue. It retains the bran for roughage.

Puffed Rice is a delicious dainty, full of ready energy. It tempts millions of appetites to better breakfasts.

Serve in wide variety

Always keep Quaker Puffed Grains in your pantry. Serve them with whole milk; with fresh fruit. Or crisp them in butter like popcorn. You will love these zestful morsels.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Safeguarding Our Assets--the Children

(Continued from Page 4)

testimony of her inability to provide for them they were taken from her, handed over to minor officials of the court and delivered to the custody of institutions while she was left standing in the court room thoroughly conscious of her own helplessness, she and her children objects of public charity.

The assertion that these children were an asset to the state and instead of being objects of public charity should be cared for by the state as a matter of public duty was unanswerable. It proved to be the overpowering argument for the change in the state's policy. It was always established in my mind that the new policy made for better citizenship. No matter how tender the age of the child might be, the time was bound to come in its life when it would be forced to understand how little the state cared for its welfare when the prevailing policy was to separate it from its mother for no reason other than poverty and to treat it as an object of public charity instead of as a future citizen with great potential value to the community.

Through all the deliberations of the Commission on Relief for Widowed Mothers every single suggestion that was made which attempted to turn any part of the machinery over to public departments of charity or overseers or supervisors of the poor was bitterly and vigorously contested.

In 1915 the Child Welfare Act became law and boards of child welfare were promptly established in the leading counties and cities of the state. In the first year of the existence of the board in New York City, it paid $315,409.60 in allowances to widowed mothers. In 1928 it paid out $6,247,351.05.

The activity of the boards of child welfare does not stop at the mere payment of pensions. A careful investigation of the family and the surroundings of the home is made and children and mother remain under intelligent and tactful supervision. The relationship does not stop until the education of the children has been completed to the point where they are able to take up their share of the family responsibility.

Though the original act, upon its face, appeared to be mandatory, the appropriation of public money for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the law is an absolute prerequisite to the establishment of boards of child welfare. Year after year during my governorship I tried to interest counties which had not yet made appropriations to establish boards of child welfare. I recommended that the state offer a subsidy to these counties to help them and to share the expense. The legislature of New York State has not yet passed a law making this possible.

New York's Experience

FROM year to year after the first establishment of widows' pensions, the law was amended to meet the experiences which various communities had in operating it. At first the law provided only for the care of children who had become dependent through the death of the father. In 1923 the boards of child welfare were permitted by law to grant allowances to a mother whose husband is permanently incapacitated. This was based on the theory that the breadwinner of the family, if permanently incapacitated, committed to an institution for the insane or unable to work for any reason not his own fault, could be treated as though he were deceased in so far as these children and their future welfare were concerned. Further, the legislature authorized the boards of child welfare to grant allowances to the mothers of children born in this country although the mother and father might be aliens, because such children are citizens by birthright and are entitled to the same care and protection as any other child. This also was not permitted under the original Child Welfare Act.

So successful was the original experiment that the state took an even more advanced step in child welfare by granting allowances to relatives within the second degree after the death of the mother. In 1924 the whole experience of caring for children under the provisions of the Child Welfare Act urged the state to authorize boards of child welfare to grant allowances also to a mother who had been deserted by the father of her children for a period of five years. So that except for the subsidy to counties New York State has the most advanced Child Welfare Act in the United States.

From the meager beginning of this venture into a new field of public policy toward orphan children the whole subject has become national in its scope. The New York State statute or at least its principles have been adopted in all but four states in the Union. Public-spirited men and women interested in child welfare have devoted time, energy and money to a nation-wide campaign to secure the enactment of this legislation. It is remarkable that wherever the theory of considering dependent children assets of the state and not objects of charity has been properly and thoroughly explained, the enactment of legislation making these principles effective has met with practically no resistance. Only recently the District of Columbia had such a bill before Congress.

Public officials actually engaged in the care of dependent children and social agencies concerned with them have been brought into national conference by child-welfare agencies of national scope. Their exchange of experience has done much to extend the scope of these beneficent laws under the stimulation of nationally known leaders of the movement.

Having established the soundness of the new policy, I recommended in 1920 the creation of a commission to examine all state laws relating to child welfare. It was empowered to study all laws of whatever nature, relating to children, and to investigate the effect of these laws upon their well-being. The commission was also to ascertain any duplication of laws and to make recommendations to the legislature for immediate legislation which proved to be necessary as a result of their research.

Naturally this commission studied laws relating to all children and not only those affecting orphans. One of the most important results of their work was the change it brought about in the treatment of delinquent children. Where children's courts existed in the various counties the delinquent child had been treated as a criminal, haled to court and charged with definite and specific crime, no matter what the offense. When the charge was sustained it constituted a black mark all through the life of the child.

This legal defect was overcome by recommendations for changes in the set-up of our children's courts recommended by the Child Welfare Commission. It required a constitutional amendment to do this. It was proposed and enacted by a referendum of the people of the state. It changed the whole character of the children's courts and made them protective instead of prosecuting agencies. Instead of the civil divisions prosecuting in the name of the people of the State of New York, the children's courts became foster parents and reached the strong protecting arm of the state around the child to encourage and assist him rather than to punish him.

The Educational Problem

USING its power and influence for the preservation of the health of its children, and making adequate provision for the children of widowed mothers, there yet remains for the state its heavy responsibility for the proper education of children. Ignorance has brought as much misery into the world as any other one thing. Lacking education, a young man or woman begins active life under a severe handicap. The constitution of New York State provides that the legislature shall make provision "for the maintenance and support of a system of free common schools, wherein all the children of this state may be educated." It is therefore apparent that education was meant to be a state function. Like many of the state's other functions, in its practical application it delegates practical administration to the various municipalities, the state exercising supervisory power only through its Department of Education and the university of the state.

For years back, with much justification, there has been complaint that the children in the strictly rural sections of the state do not get the same opportunities for education that are given to children in the cities. This has been attested from time to time even by the State Department of Education. The trouble lies in the fact that there are entirely too many rural school districts. There are more than ten thousand of them in New York in which schools are maintained or provision made for instruction in elementary subjects. Eighty-six hundred of these districts maintain schools having one teacher and from one to forty pupils.

The day of the one-room schoolhouse is past. It is impossible for a single teacher using a single room to take all the children of various ages through the different grades. Before the inauguration of a system of improved state highways and before the advent of the automobile, stern necessity may have governed this. It is my belief that there should be a consolidation of these small school districts so that modern schoolhouses may be built giving every educational advantage to the children living in the country that we give to the children in the city.

An economic problem is involved in addition to the educational one. There is universal difficulty in keeping people living in the farming sections. New York State with a population of eleven million people has seven and a half million of them living in five cities along the line of the Hudson River and the Erie Canal from New York to Buffalo, leaving the balance of the population spread out in thirty-five other cities and a large number of well-populated villages. It must be obvious that no family interested in the education of its children will, if present educational

(Continued on Page 78)

Alone in the City

By ELIZABETH C. WHERRY

I MUSTN'T be by myself in the city,
At least until I am grown,
But in each big door that goes turning about
Is a little glass room all my own,
And just for the minute that I'm going through
I'm in the big city alone!

Can you smile like this?

Or are you afraid? Does acid drive wedges into your teeth enamel, which later develop into cavities?

***Turn to Pebeco*... the tooth paste which scientifically checks "acid-mouth." Pebeco more than cleans teeth—it *saves* them. It stimulates the flow of saliva which neutralizes the mouth acids caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Try it seven days in a row...and you'll know the reason for its tremendous popularity.**

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC.

Fluffy? Yes, Crisco is now *so* cream it. Simply stir together Whisk cakes into the

How else can it be so white?

A white cake that *is* a white cake is only possible when one uses a shortening like Crisco—pure, tasting for all the world like fresh, unsalted country butter . . . and *white!* Crisco blends readily and thoroughly with the other ingredients and makes a cake with an even, fine-grained texture. There are occasions when nothing but a white cake will do, and if you knew how good this recipe is I'm sure you would agree that nothing but *this* white cake would do.

SNOW-WHITE CAKE
(at left)

2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
4 egg whites, beaten stiff
½ cup Crisco
½ teaspoon lemon extract
3 cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder

Blend Crisco and sugar. (Notice how much quicker this is with Crisco than with a shortening that must be creamed! For Crisco comes to you in the can already creamed and ready for use.) Add milk and flavoring. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Pour into 3 Criscoed 10-inch layer cake pans. Bake 20 minutes in moderate (375° F.) oven.

When cool put together with filling made as follows: Beat yolks of the 4 eggs light. Mix 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour together and blend with beaten egg yolks. To this mixture add ¼ cup cold water and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler till thick and add 2 tablespoons Crisco just before taking off the fire.

Try this on your husband

There's at least one man in every family who thinks it isn't masculine to like sweets. But a cake like this flavored with coffee and put together with Crisco, whose own pure flavor allows the taste of the coffee to predominate, is truly a "man's cake."

A MAN'S CAKE
(at left)

½ cup Crisco
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs (separated)
1 cup cold strong coffee
2¼ cups flour
¾ cup walnuts (cut up)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend thoroughly in one operation—Crisco, sugar and egg yolks. (See how much simpler this is than the old-fashioned method of creaming a shortening like butter.) Then add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and the coffee. Stir in nuts and flavoring and lastly fold in the egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into Criscoed tube pan and bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for one hour. Cool and ice with:

1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup granulated sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt cooked with ½ cup strong coffee until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ⅓ of syrup slowly over 2 egg whites beaten stiff and beat as you pour. Cook remainder of syrup until it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.) and add to icing. Beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

This is so good it needs no icing

"In the autumn on our grandmother's farm a flock of us children used to traipse through the woods gathering hickory nuts—shell-barks—large and filled with luscious nut meats," writes the woman who sends me this recipe. "Grandmother made up a cake batter, filled it with the nuts, and we'd eat it right out of the oven, hot, without any frosting. And we called the cake 'Shell-bark Cake'."

If you can't find hickory nuts in the market, use English walnuts. Crisco is the shortening I'd advise. It's wholesome, pure flavored and so easy blending that you can put eggs, Crisco and sugar together and mix them thoroughly in one operation.

SHELL-BARK CAKE

½ cup Crisco
4 tablespoons milk
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1¾ cups flour
1 cup chopped hickory nuts (or walnuts)
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Put Crisco, sugar and eggs into bowl and blend thoroughly. Add nuts and milk. Fold in dry ingredients sifted together. Beat vigorously. Bake in Criscoed loaf cake tin in moderate oven (350° F.) for 50 minutes.

IN ITS NEW AIR-TIGHT CAN, AS SWEET

AND FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE

AN ICING HINT: The boiled icings in these recipes are cooked to two temperatures. If you'll follow these temperatures (or the simple tests, if you haven't a thermometer) you can be sure your icing won't be too sugary or too runny. If, in spite of these precautions, your icing doesn't thicken (sometimes on rainy days it's pretty stubborn) put the icing bowl in a pan of hot water and continue beating until the icing *is* thick enough to spread.

NO CREAMING NEEDED: In any cake recipe calling for eggs (except when the eggs have to be separated) I suggest that you put Crisco, sugar and eggs all into the bowl at once and blend them *in one operation.* Just see how easily *three* separate difficult operations can now be combined in *one.* This procedure is new—and possible only because Crisco comes to you already *creamed.*

ADD SALT TO CRISCO: Use Crisco in place of butter in your own favorite recipes, but add salt (1 teaspoon to each cup of Crisco.) Crisco contains no salt itself—it is for all the world like *unsalted* butter.

SIFT FLOUR TWICE: Sift your flour once *before* measuring and again with the dry ingredients. And be sure you use level measurements.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

fluffy you don't need to Crisco sugar eggs oven in ⅓ less time

Perhaps Ramses II ate some of these

"The charming art of cake baking probably originated with the Egyptians," says an old cook book called "The Pantropheon or The History of Food." Gorgeously sweet and filled with spices were these Egyptian cakes. Can't you imagine an old Egyptian cook puzzling out the hieroglyphs which meant Yum Yum Gems? And then hunting around for the spiciest spices, the sweetest honey and a delicate shortening? No hunting around for a delicate shortening now—for your corner grocer has Crisco with its fresh, sweet flavor, sealed in an air-tight can, a fresher, sweeter flavor than you ever imagined a shortening could have!

YUM YUM GEMS
(at right)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup raisins
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ cup walnut meats (chopped)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg at one time. Add sour milk. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into Criscoed cup-cake tins or paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 or 20 minutes, or until done. This recipe makes about 18 cakes. Crisco keeps them so moist and tender that they may be baked several weeks before a holiday, and kept until time to serve. They may be iced at the time of baking or later with this caramel icing:

Boil 1½ cups brown sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ⅓ of this syrup over the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, beating while so doing. Put the remainder of the syrup back on the fire and cook till it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.). Add this syrup slowly to original mixture and beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

A cake that goes to church

No church supper in a certain little Indiana town is complete without one of Mrs. B's black devil's-food cakes. And when the appetizing odor is wafted out of her kitchen the children all gather 'round to learn if it's a cake for them, or only a cake for the church grown-ups.

In all her cakes Mrs. B., of course, uses Crisco—a shortening that tastes as pure and sweet as unsalted butter fresh from the churn. She says: "Crisco keeps my cakes moist and fresh as long as I can keep the children away from the cake-box."

BLACK DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE
(at right)

⅔ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅔ cup cocoa
2 cups flour
1 cup thick sour milk
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon salt

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs thoroughly in one operation. (Note how easily and satisfactorily *three* separate, difficult operations are now combined in *one* with the help of Crisco, which comes to you already creamed.) Beat cocoa in hot water until smooth and add to first mixture. Then add milk beaten with soda and flavoring and lastly stir in flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together. Bake in Criscoed 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) for about 25 minutes. This makes three large layers which may be iced with the following icing: Cook 1¾ cups granulated sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water to a temperature of 238° F. or until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over 3 egg whites beaten stiff, beating mixture as you do so. While icing is still hot, fold in 12 marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Beat until of a consistency to spread.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

When you haven't time to bake cakes yourself, you'll probably find, at a nearby bake-shop or grocery, delicious cakes made by a baker who uses Crisco, too. Most good bakers *do* use Crisco, I've discovered. And I've found, also, that when a baker is so particular in the choice of his shortening, he is apt to use the finest of other ingredients as well.

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199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

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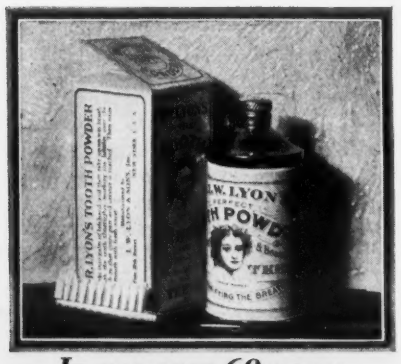

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For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use have shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.

(Continued from Page 75)

conditions continue to prevail, go on living in the strictly rural sections of the state. The temptation to bring the children to the big cities, where the benefits of a good education are readily available, is difficult to resist.

Over a period of twelve years determined efforts were made to change this condition in New York. Yet the strange part of it is that the greatest opposition comes from the people who would be most benefited by the change, and there is no use closing our eyes to the real facts. We might as well admit them because they are thoroughly well known at most state capitals. The people in the country object to the cost. If this is true in New York State with its great resources and enormous realty values, I cannot escape the conclusion that this must be so throughout the country generally. Plus the desire to evade the cost of a modern school system, there is that natural reactionary attitude to any change in policy that is so common to rural sections.

The attitude of the people in the rural sections of my own state was well expressed by a guest at a dinner given in Syracuse several years ago, during the progress of the State Fair. I was the guest of honor at the dinner and listened with great interest to a speech by the state commissioner of education. In a brilliant, vigorous, forceful way he laid before the audience the defects in the rural school system. After he had finished his scholarly and well-thought-out address, one of the representatives of agricultural interests replied to him: "Them little red schoolhouses was good enough for us and they're good enough for our children."

New York State has probably the most advanced child labor laws in the country and a good system of continuation schools, but the chain is no stronger than its weakest link. If the well-being of the child is an asset to the nation no state should be permitted to fall behind the reasonable standard fixed for the state of New York. There is no economic advantage accruing to a community from the exploitation and labor of children. Ill effects of it upon their health mean that what they produce today must be expended tomorrow for their care, and it threatens the physical well-being of the whole people. I should be ashamed to be a member of a state that would seek economic advantage by the exploitation of children.

Healthful Recreation

ABSOLUTELY essential to the upbuilding of strong physique, health of mind and body and good moral character are opportunities for healthful recreation. In this respect the children in the big cities suffer a certain handicap. Congestion of population, the flow of commerce, activity upon the streets incident to a busy community make opportunities for outdoor recreation very difficult. Therefore the large cities throughout the country have been establishing playgrounds and providing proper supervision to direct the children in their recreation. In New York State we have supplemented the local playground facilities with a fine system of state parks reaching from Montauk Point to Niagara Falls, affording opportunities for camping, boating, bathing, fishing, hiking and all the recreations and pleasures that absorb the youthful mind while building up the body.

At Bear Mountain Park on the Hudson River, only thirty-five miles from the great cosmopolitan population of Greater New York, during the summer of 1928 approximately eight thousand boys and girls camped out each week, and Palisades Interstate Park was visited during 1928 by 5,200,000 people. When Bear Mountain Park was acquired by the state twenty-odd years ago it was difficult of access, but the automobile has brought it within easy reach. Not only Bear Mountain Park but the various state parks, as well as our national parks throughout the length and breadth of the land, are being utilized by thousands of families who never before knew outdoor life.

Not for a moment do I overlook the importance of good housing. A good mother can make a home in almost any surroundings, but, after all, she controls only what is within the four walls. It is not fair to expect the highest results in citizenship from dark, ill-ventilated, badly constructed, unsafe tenement homes. Forward-looking communities are beginning to realize that congestion has been responsible for crime and makes the highest development of the individual almost impossible. There is a modern tendency to establish decent, sanitary, wholesome homes with good surroundings for their urban families. Advanced thought among city planners is leading them to provide small communities near the larger cities where it is possible to make provision for safeguarding the lives of children by keeping them out of the way of automobiles not only by a system of roads which will bring about this result, but by providing suitable and adequate space for play and recreation.

Religious Training

ALL that a state or a parent can do can be lost in after life if a child has not been afforded a good moral training. To my way of thinking this cannot be better accomplished than by religious instruction and religious training. The child must have not only a sense of responsibility to his parents and to its state but it must have a sense of responsibility to a Greater and Infinite Being. It must be taught to believe that it will profit nothing were it to gain the whole world and lose its own soul. Much of the crime and the misery that flow from a lack of such moral stamina can be directly attributed to a lack of religious and moral training.

If children as future citizens and assets of the states and of the country are to be conserved in health and bodily vigor, we are certainly performing only what I believe to be our duty under an organized government when we make every possible provision for their health and provide for them as far as the Government can do it. To give them good homes under a mother's care, equal opportunity in education, protection when they are compelled to work and a physical equipment that will enable them to meet and conquer the obstacles that are thrown before them as they grow on in years is the real duty of a modern state.

It has been my experience over a quarter of a century that much of the progress in child welfare and in kindred activities has come from private initiative. The pioneer effort of social agencies is always a step or two ahead of government agencies. They have shown the way for years. Cooperation between these private agencies and the Government through learning to work out their problems jointly has brought about much of the advanced attitude of our more progressive communities.

So far as child welfare is concerned this cannot be better promoted than by national conference, by the kind of bringing together for the exchange of views which President Hoover has undertaken for next year. This will make it possible for one state to benefit from the experiences of another, and knowledge gained from practical experience may be disseminated through the agency of such a gathering. This is nothing new or novel. We have just had the conference of governors held in the state of Connecticut. Such conferences have occurred annually for several years for the discussion of the subjects that relate alike to each state. Certainly the care, the health, the physical well-being and the education of children should be just as much a matter of concern on the Pacific Coast and on the Gulf of Mexico as it is upon the Atlantic Ocean and the Canadian border.

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Three score and ten years in public service give us just cause for rejoicing. To you who have made the A & P Food Stores America's foremost food service, we extend a cordial invitation to attend our

70TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
OCTOBER 21ST TO 26TH
AT ALL
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Prices more attractive than ever . . . great stocks of quality foods . . . imported and domestic . . . and a wide variety of choice fresh fruits and vegetables await you. Come! Celebrate with us.

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Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

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Monkey Business

(Continued from Page 21)

a bit of comic relief for the boredom of life, and I was determined to enjoy every imprudent adventure it offered before returning to sobriety.

So on the second morning, still keeping our nefarious doings from my Plaza Hotel hosts, Niño and I went to work again.

This time we sought the water front and concertized along the Avenida Leandro Alem. This, to me, is Buenos Aires' most colorful street. It is given over almost exclusively to seamen and seamen's needs. Every other shop is a "slop chest," with everything on earth for sale at bargain prices. Alternating with the shops are beer parlors and cabarets. At night the street is hideous with the bedlam of a hundred tin pianos and a score of café bands. The moral tone of the avenida fell so low recently that the city declared the cafés out of bounds for idle ladies. This would have been a death blow to the cabarets dependent on a seaman clientele had the managers not hit upon an ingenious means of getting around it. They arrayed all the "idle ladies" in a large orchestra only two or three of whose members can play a note. The other members, sometimes as many as thirty, sit at the edge of the balcony in very scanty and very short clothes, sawing away at violins with dead strings and blowing into brass instruments that are totally mute. Thus they are not "idle ladies." They are, to all appearances, *artistes*.

But these dummy orchestras forgather only at night. During the day I had no competition. Niño and I went from café to café grinding out our repertoire and passing the hat, rarely failing to extract a few pennies from the beer-drinking seamen.

On the third morning Niño's and my partnership business met a great disaster and all but perished.

It happened in the San Martin Park, to which, despite our ejection of two days before, I had recklessly returned.

I wanted to see again my flock of Argentinelets.

But the very first person I encountered was my bitter enemy, the park guard. He rushed at me with a battery of abuses. I was a vagrant and a bum. Hadn't he warned me once before he'd have me locked up if I came near his park again? He seized me by the arm and started to drag us to the sidewalk. Niño was squealing in alarm at the end of his leash. The guard reached down to seize him, too, meaning to fling him bodily across the street. In the struggle Niño bit the officer's hand, receiving in return a vicious kick in the ribs. I didn't mind being battered myself, but for the helpless little animal to be thus assaulted was enough to make any man see red. I seized the single table leg which supported the organ and which had broken loose in the mêlée, and with it gave the guard a beautiful crack over the head.

Behind the Bars

INSTANTLY he blew his riot whistle. Three other police came running to his aid. My crimes were excitedly explained, and I was led over to a near-by police telephone, where the patrol wagon was summoned. In another moment it came rushing up. I was shoved into it, the organ and the monkey after me—and off we rolled to jail.

In the suburban police station small opportunity was given me to defend myself. I had "assaulted" an officer of the law with a club. I didn't have a license to operate a hand organ. I was a tramp and a nuisance. Cell No. 1 for me! They'd tie Niño in the courtyard.

Niño and I really didn't need to submit to this incarceration. My host at the Plaza Hotel was as influential as need be in Argentina to get my case dismissed instantly, for there, as in a sister North American republic, justice has its bosses. But, frankly, I was curious about Argentine jails. It would be a new adventure—for one night. Tomorrow I would merely mention the name of my patron and walk out. So I faced the music, not without a sense of amusement.

My cell was a surprise, and not at all like prison cells I'd read about; in fact, it was the only cell in the station, and roomy enough to accommodate two dozen inmates. No prisoners were kept there for more than forty-eight hours—usually only until they sobered up. They were then dismissed or relayed on to a higher court. The room was made of solid concrete. Across one side was a full-length built-in concrete bench. There was no other furniture. No food whatsoever was distributed. The barred iron door was the only opening.

Through this door I soon began to hear Niño quarreling in the courtyard and wrestling with his chain. Already I was regretting that I had been so agreeable over my arrest. It wasn't going to be much fun after all.

When things began to happen!

An Anarchist Round-Up

THE date was early December, the week before President-elect Hoover arrived in Buenos Aires. As newspaper readers learned at that time, the anarchist party of Argentina, which ever since the Sacco-Vanzetti affair has been violently anti-American, were threatening to bomb the Hoover party if they set foot in the capital. Previous threats had been so thoroughly executed—the National City Bank offices had been blown up not long before and several people killed—that the police were taking every precaution to see that at this time no outrage against Argentina's distinguished guests took place.

As a preliminary gesture and housecleaning, they made a sudden swoop upon every Bolshevik rendezvous from which they suspected the threats and agitations were emanating and arrested several hundred persons. No warnings were given, no explanations, no apologies. Many of the victims were perfectly innocent, but many were deep in sinister plots. The plan was to corral all the suspects and later eliminate the harmless from the dangerous.

This raid took place only a few hours after my imprisonment, and my station seemed to be a favorite depository. Group after group of anarchists were driven up, dragged out and hustled into the one big cell. The iron door was banged closed. The patrol dashed off for another load.

With these goings-on my depression over prison life soon departed. The situation hourly became more exciting. My prison mates almost melted our concrete walls with the heat of their fury. They had hated America before, but their hatred now almost consumed them. Each new consignment of reds stirred up the caldron afresh, and the stuffier and more crowded our cell became the more they raged.

At least three-quarters of my companions were Italian and spoke that language, not one word of which I understood. It wasn't necessary to understand, with all the clenched teeth and fists flying around.

For my own part I said very little; in fact, nothing at all. Discretion was certainly the better part of valor here, for I would have been torn limb from limb had my bomb-throwing playmates learned that I was a *sacro* American—probably a secret-service man sent by the capitalists to spy on them. If anybody noticed me I pretended to be deaf and dumb, for I knew that to have spoken *my* Spanish would have betrayed me instantly.

(Continued on Page 83)

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG U S A

THE MODERN WAY TO CLEAN AND PROTECT MOTOR CAR FINISHES

Keeps Cars Looking New *and* Beautiful for Years

THE sooner you Simoniz your car the better. Wise motorists everywhere, and there are hundreds of thousands of them, Simoniz their cars. They know from experience that it is worth while, for Simoniz makes the finish last longer, and keeps the colors from fading . . . so that even after years of driving, a Simonized car still looks new and beautiful.

It is really fun to Simoniz a car, now that most of them are finished in lacquer. Like magic, Simoniz Kleener easily removes all grime, scum, and even blemishes. It thoroughly cleans and quickly restores the lustre to the finish. Then Simoniz gives that wonderful protection that keeps the finish always looking bright and new.

***Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener*—they save time and money.**

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

WHITE LOVELINESS FOR YOUR HANDS

YOUR PRETTIEST THINGS ARE SAFE—FOR IT LEAVES NO STICKINESS

It will be a joy to you to see how dazzlingly white and smooth this healing preparation will keep your arms and hands. Use it whenever your skin becomes the least bit rough or red, and see how instantly effective it is. Your daintiest belongings will take no harm from Jergens Lotion, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

IT MAKES an almost instant difference in the texture of your skin—this wonderfully healing preparation.

Roughness, redness, harshness, disappear after a few applications. That slight coarsening and darkening of your skin—the inevitable result of summer exposure—yields quickly to regular use. Your neck, your arms and hands, gain a perfect whiteness, a beautiful smoothness and softness, when you care for them day by day with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion owes its remarkable healing power to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their beneficial action on the skin. They are combined here with other healing elements, forming a deliciously soothing, fragrant liquid—easy to apply, leaving no stickiness.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what a wonderful improvement it will make. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Free · A new trial bottle · a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3019 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: Snowdrift now comes in a new colorful can of modern design—also, in new convenient 3 lb. and 6 lb. sizes . . . If you'd like, we shall be glad to send you free our Snowdrift recipe book. Address The Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

Even

Lady Baltimore

herself . . . would have liked the way YOU can make her cake

We don't at the moment recall *which* Lady Baltimore it was for whom this so delightful cake was named. But we rather imagine that anyone who had such aristocratic *taste* in cake would decidedly have liked the idea of using such a fine, pure, wholesome shortening as Snowdrift.

For there *is* something aristocratic about Snowdrift. Lift the cover off the air-tight can. Here is a shortening as snowy-white and fresh and inviting as you could ask for . . . Taste it . . . "Why," you'll say, "it's good to *eat*."

And that's precisely what it is. A shortening so good and pure in itself that it just can't help making whatever you bake with it light and fine-textured and "good to eat" as never before.

It makes cake-making so easy. Or, indeed, any sort of baking—biscuits, muffins, cookies, pie crust. For with Snowdrift just a few stirs of a spoon is all that is necessary to mix it quite thoroughly with your sugar and flour . . . And it's ideal for frying.

Remember, when using Snowdrift, always add a pinch of salt, for Snowdrift, like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted . . .

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE

⅔ Cup Snowdrift · ½ Teaspoon Salt
4 Egg Whites · 3 Teaspoons Baking Powder
½ Teaspoon Vanilla Extract · 1½ Cups Sugar
3 Cups Sifted Flour · ¾ Cup Milk

Cream the Snowdrift and sugar thoroughly and add the flavoring. Measure sifted flour, add salt and baking powder and sift several times. Add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Beat smooth and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into two greased nine-inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven 375° F. for twenty-five minutes. Put together with Lady Baltimore Filling.

LADY BALTIMORE FILLING

2 Tablespoons Snowdrift · 4 Cups (XXXX) Sugar
1 Teaspoon Vanilla Extract · ¾ Teaspoon Salt
¼ Cup Chopped Raisins · ¼ Cup Chopped Walnuts
¼ Cup Chopped Cherries · ¼ Cup Chopped Dates
2 Tablespoons Lemon Juice

Cream together the Snowdrift, salt and sugar, adding the sugar gradually. To one-half of the mixture, add the flavoring, one tablespoon lemon juice, and enough milk to make it the right consistency to spread. Use this for icing the top. To the remainder add the fruit, one tablespoon of lemon juice and enough milk to make it the right consistency to spread. Use this between the layers as filling.

(Continued from Page 80)

The night was horrible; the atmosphere suffocating. Sixty men were packed into this dungeon that would have been crowded with half as many. It became the Black Hole of Buenos Aires. There was scarcely standing room, much less room to sleep. All night long, with an electric bulb outside the bars shedding a faint light within, the wild talk continued.

By morning my companions were a haggard lot. Half their clothes were off and trampled underfoot. The cell was unspeakably foul. As the day passed and no food came—my own last meal had been at noon the day before—they had new reason to damn the universe.

Personally I was altogether willing to get back to the Plaza Hotel, and made every effort to reach the ear of the *commandante*. But so were thirty other prisoners making similar efforts. All were futile.

It was not until six o'clock that the entire body of us was lined up and marched before the police captain. Under the avalanche of political prisoners my own case seemed to have been completely forgotten—though Niño's wails all night and all day had been persistent enough to keep the officials well reminded—so that when I joined the line no one distinguished me from my companions. I was questioned as they were and identification demanded.

The moment I mentioned my patron's name the *commandante* was all deference and apologies. He telephoned the Plaza Hotel to verify my claims to royal patronage.

One would have thought that after such an adventure I would have been ready to retire from the monkey business. And so I was—in Buenos Aires. But the provinces! What fresh interest might they not offer! The children there would dance with even more abandon than in the city, more truly appreciate the qualities of my monkey. Anyway I wanted to move on to Rio de Janeiro, and so decided a journey overland—overland via the Paraná River and the great Iguassú Falls and the wilds of Western Brazil. Nobody in Buenos Aires had ever been known to take this trip. Then all the more reason to go—and just to be doubly original I resolved to make my way on the earnings of my traveling circus.

Baggage on such an expedition would be disastrous. I sent what little I had on ahead by ship and used the half-hollow organ for a traveling bag. It held my razor, soap, toothbrush, cigarettes and traveling library nicely. I bought a third-class ticket, on a local train to Posadas, on the Paraná, forty-eight hours to the north, where one leaves the rails for boat transportation—with full intent to make the expenditure back en route.

A Concert Tour

I HAD deliberately chosen a local train since it stopped at every station. At each stop I'd get off and shatter the peace of the springtime *pampa* with heavy-pedal strains of the Marseillaise. Baggage men, idlers, children, new passengers, came flocking up with shouts of *monito, monito,* and always paid and paid for the unexpected and transient entertainment. With each fresh contribution to the treasury I'd buy another ticket from the conductor and ride away as far as the generosity of the last station group permitted.

For two days and nights this concert tour continued. As we approached Posadas the towns grew smaller and smaller, and the box-office receipts fell off to such an extent that I would not have been able to make even third-class ends meet had the conductor not been so taken with Niño that he let us ride the last few miles for half fare.

In Posadas I made seven dollars in two days more and bought a deck passage on a river steamer bound up the Paraná. The few passengers were soon parted from all their pennies, and as there were almost no stops along the utterly undistinguished river, I had nothing to do but peruse the library I had tucked away inside the organ box—a pocket edition of Hudson's Green Mansions, and Alice in Wonderland, and a Portuguese grammar.

Niño seemed just as willing to relax from toil. Somebody gave him a broken mirror that kept him entertained for hours. Another less innocent friend learned he liked beer, and the poor monkey never drew a sober breath the rest of the voyage.

He was still intoxicated when after two days aboard we disembarked at midnight upon the river's jungle bank, found a light truck waiting for cargo, and bummed a ride over several miles of moonlit jungle road. We came to a clearing, and the driver showed me a path which he said would lead to what I had come to see.

Niño and I followed the path, rejoicing in the spring night, until we came abruptly to the edge of a terrific chasm—and abruptly stood appalled in the face of what seemed at the moment to be all the beauty in the world transformed into mist and moonlight floating out from some miraculous source among the stars and falling and fading into bottomless mysteries . . . beauty and splendor beyond comprehension or endurance.

I was in the presence of the Iguassú, the greatest waterfall on earth.

The Brazilian Wilds

FOR artistry and coloring Iguassú stands alone. There are no bridges, no power plants, no "improvements," such as surround Niagara, to deface it. Blue jungle smothers every rock and islet. The seas of snowy foam send their mists into a tropical sky. Here the jaguars still come to drink as they did a thousand years ago. An utterly primeval state pervades the place and gives to it a wild and verdant beauty which Niagara has long since lost. The feeling that overwhelmed Father Hennepin when in 1678 he came, the first white man, upon the unspoiled, forest-framed falls of Niagara, was the same feeling that overwhelmed me when I found myself standing face to face with Iguassú.

Two days later, back at the Paraná, Niño and I took another river boat and voyaged one hundred and twenty-five miles farther upstream to a place called La Guayra. At this point the Paraná itself takes a header, in a series of rapids, off the edge of the great Brazilian plateau and offers a show of its own that is scarcely less spectacular than the Iguassú. These rapids send a volume of water as large as the Mississippi tearing south in a gorge only four hundred feet wide, at an estimated speed of seventy miles an hour. The roar of this maelstrom can be heard for miles. Its terrifying violence caused Niño in its presence to cling to me in fear, and woke me up at night for weeks after I had encountered it.

Above the rapids one reëmbarks. La Guayra is considered the end, the frontier. But once every two months a crazy little paddle-wheel steamboat collects about it a brood of barges, and labors another thousand miles upstream to meet the railroad that leads to civilization.

By the grace of heaven Niño and I just caught the departing caravan. Again we had a free ride. The owner of the boat was sending a friend, who was desperately ill, to a hospital in Rio, and in serious need of some civilized person to assist in transporting him, turned to me, offering a free ticket in return.

Niño and I were willing. Still clutching our hand organ we pushed off, our tiny boat lost upon the Paraná, which here, and for many leagues to the north, is four miles wide. Our patient suffered horribly. Niño seemed to sense his great distress, and danced and chirruped in a great effort to divert him. He could retain no food whatever. The drinking water was out of the river. There was no ice, no

(Continued on Page 85)

June Collyer, screen beauty, says:

"Enrich your beauty with Really Natural Rouge"

You Can Have Color which seems your own . . . but *do you?* Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as *deep and rich as you desire.*

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of *you,* "She has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that *is* a thought!

Always Complimented. Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral,* a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

How Color Comes to Life. *Any* harsh, *flat* color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably.* This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against.* There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin.* Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually.* Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within.* It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

And Now the Beautiful Princess Pat Summertan Shade. To the famous group of six Princess Pat shades has been added the "magic seventh." This is Princess Pat *Summer*tan—fashion's favorite for the tremendously popular sun tan mode. Princess Pat *Summer*tan Rouge gives instantly the accent to perfect tan—just where you want it. In *Summer*tan, as in actual tan, are the soft, dusky, golden tints and the note of lovely amber with ruby tints showing through. There is the same beautiful clearness found in actual tan; for the rich gypsy coloring gives perfect illusion of coming from within the skin.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop shows all seven shades.

PRINCESS PAT

Princess Pat, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

For that Modern Sun Tan make-up use Princess Pat Creme *Summer*tan on face, neck, limbs and back. Enjoy the thrill of beautiful "burnless" tan instantly. Now, gaily accent the cheeks with that glowing, dusky Princess Pat *Summer*tan Rouge. Glorious! Then follow with exclusive Princess Pat *Summer*tan Powder. You will be amazed at the heightening of your beauty through this marvelously perfect tan make-up.

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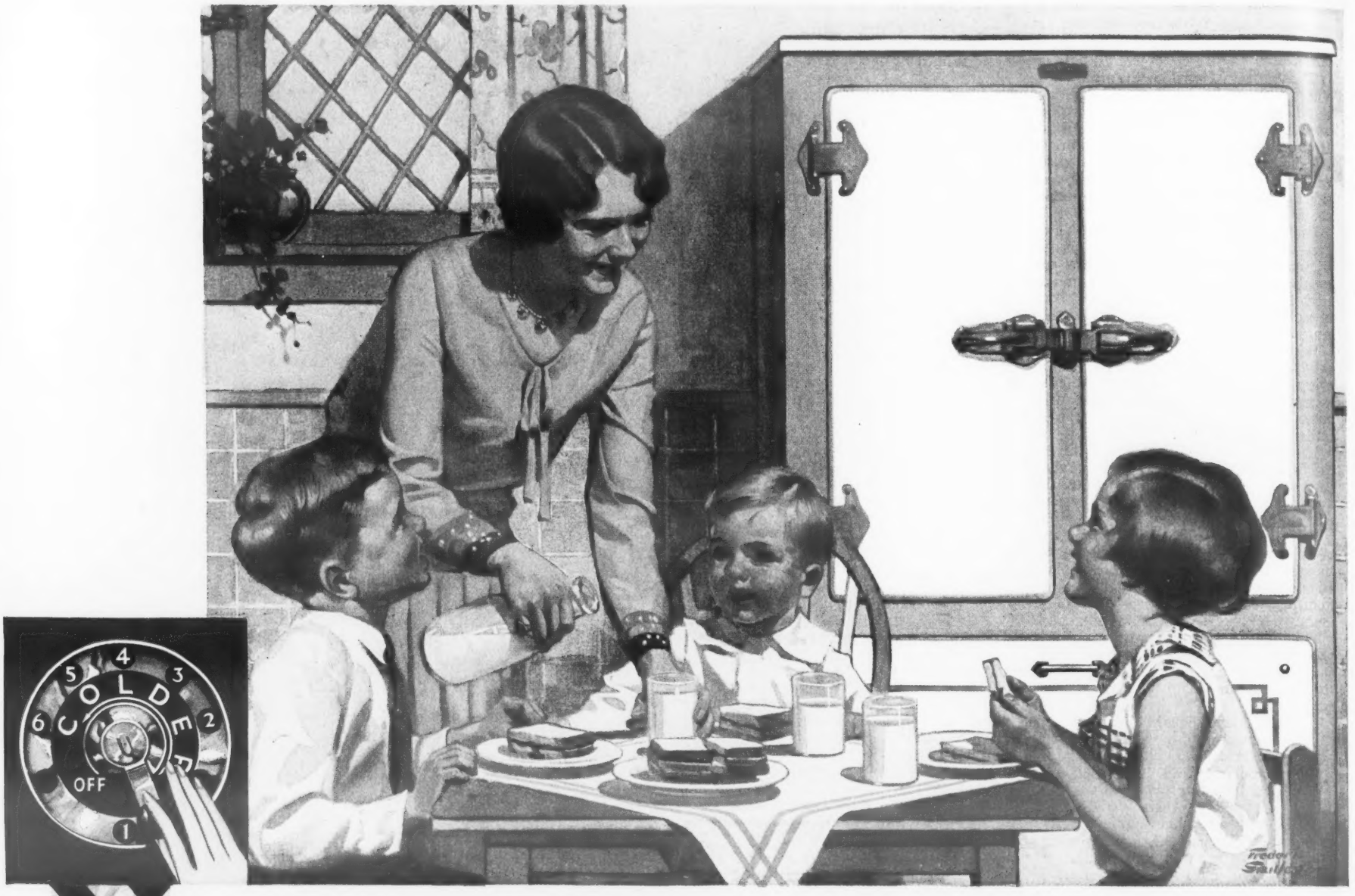

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YOU'LL prefer the larger ice cubes that freeze faster in Frigidaire.

You'll want the Frigidaire "Cold Control" . . . the simple patented device that gives you those ice cubes even faster than ever... that enables you to regulate at will the freezing time.

You'll want the added certainty, the priceless protection to health offered by the powerful Frigidaire compressor; power that keeps the food compartment below 50° . . . regardless of hot days in the kitchen or sudden weather changes.

You'll be glad that this quiet compressor is completely out of sight and out of the way in the base of the cabinet... away from dust and dirt.

You'll find it immeasurably convenient to have food shelves you can reach without stooping . . . to have a cabinet lined with seamless Porcelain-on-steel with rounded corners . . . to have a refrigerator that's beautiful, well-proportioned, and designed by people who understand what women need in housekeeping.

In other words, you'll prefer Frigidaire, the only electric refrigerator which gives you all these essential features . . . features that have led more people to buy Frigidaire than all other electric refrigerators *combined.*

And when you investigate, you will be amazed by the new low prices and by the liberal General Motors deferred payment plan.

We urge you to call at the local Frigidaire display room. You place yourself under no obligation.

And . . . *today* . . . mail the coupon for the new Frigidaire catalog and a copy of the book of recipes for making frozen delicacies. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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Dept. T-506, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

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If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a MILLION *in use*

(Continued from Page 83)

medicine, no breeze. The heat slew one with its relentlessness.

Two days from La Guayra, I began to fear I would never get him alive to the railroad, five days away. I urged the captain to speed up to at least three knots per hour. He was unable to oblige but did order that our boat was not to go chasing any more wild ducks, which, shot from the deck, had been our only fresh food.

On the third night, about twelve o'clock, the poor man grew delirious. The realization that he was dying first came to me from Niño, who had set up a most doleful wailing and seemed in mental anguish almost beyond endurance. Every groan from the bunk sent the monkey off into fresh weeping.

There was nothing I could do but look helplessly on. As I looked the dying man flung himself, in his last agony, from his bunk and staggered toward the open door, which led directly on to the black river. I blocked his way and struggled to hold him back. Niño was shrieking from the window sill. For a moment this horrible wrestling endured, until in the midst of a convulsion he lurched lifeless to the floor.

The captain and I dressed the corpse in what street clothes were available, and laid him, lacking a better place, on our mess table. A candle was lit at his head and feet. We sat on the mess benches till morning.

Meanwhile the boat had turned downstream and was rushing back to La Guayra in order that our unfortunate passenger might have a funeral and a burial in his own community.

Then we embarked again and struggled back to the scene of the tragedy, Niño's and my free ride still holding good even though I no longer had a responsibility.

At least I didn't know of any on departure. But one soon arose.

On the third day the only woman on board had a baby.

She had planned to reach the town at the rail head before the baby came, and would have, had not our emergency return to La Guayra delayed our boat almost five days and upset all her calculations. Now her time had come and caught her, a friendless and solitary woman, on a little scow in the middle of the River Paraná. But there's no postponing these babies. They're very inconsiderate in regard to the place of their birth.

The woman was a half-breed about thirty years old, and traveling on the deck. I could not bear to see her child born so publicly. After my recent medical training with the cancer victim I felt like an old family doctor, and though the record of my cases so far had been one hundred per cent fatalities, I did not hesitate to appoint myself obstetrical expert, for the good reason that there was nobody else aboard who either would or could.

Rolling Down to Rio

THE same bunk where my first patient had died was commandeered. I tied Niño outside this time. He would only have suffered otherwise and been in the way.

The only disinfectant we had was cheap soap; the only instruments my own scrupulously washed hands.

After three hours of travail, just about dawn, the baby, a girl, was born.

Once the mother was reasonably comfortable, I washed the baby in a bucket of river water and took her out to show the captain.

We decided to name her Raquel.

That was the name of the boat.

For several days more, with never a change in the flat, deadly monotonous, jungle-edged banks, we chugged bravely on up the wide, calm stream, tying at the shore once or twice a day to renew our fuel supply, or shoot up a flock of ducks for dinner, or deliver a box of supplies to a lonely Indian farmer. Indians, slightly touched with Brazilian culture—nothing for them to be proud of—were the sole inhabitants along the river.

The thousand-mile railroad from São Paulo west to the Paraná is what the Union Pacific was in 1870—crude but promising.

Once on it with Niño and the hurdy-gurdy, I returned to my old practice of concertizing at each station. Nor had Niño lost his skill at extracting alms. Even so, we were fighting a losing battle with the train conductor, when the baggage man, smitten with the monkey's winsome ways, took pity on our traveling circus and gave us a ride in his baggage car for twenty-four hours into São Paulo.

There we worked hard for three days—Valencia, La Paloma, Marseillaise—Valencia, La Paloma, Marseillaise—all over this rich and beautiful city. Argentinians or Brazilians, it was all the same to Niño. They kept coins in the same places. But I think Niño preferred the Brazilians; their police didn't arrest you and pack you off to jail.

The moment we had saved up third-class rail fare to Rio, away we went to the capital, twelve hours beyond.

A Musical Partnership

WHEN I die I don't want to go to heaven; I want to go back to Rio. It is so unquestionably the most beautiful city in the world, I don't see why other cities put up any claims at all. The buildings themselves are commonplace, but you forget that after one glance at the gorgeous harbor with the jungle-covered peaks piling up behind, and the red roofs gleaming in the eternal sunshine, and the tropical sky and the sparkle and splash to everything. Somehow Valencia sounded sweeter here, the Marseillaise more ringing. The people are even gentler than the Argentinians, looser, more tolerant, less successful. Niño reduced the Argentinians to children. He reduced the Brazilians to tears.

Our favorite stand was on the Copacabana beach. It was summertime in Rio, and this beach, five hundred feet deep of gleaming snowy sand, stretching for three miles outside the harbor along the coast, is the favorite summer playground—and surely winter never comes to this sunny city—for hundreds of thousands of Rio's gay, untroubled citizens.

The chief difficulty was that even though we needed only to touch the organ handle to have children running up in crowds, they were in bathing suits and innocent of pennies. The streets and parks offered ten times the profit. But for the first few days we couldn't be bothered. Better starve on the Copacabana beach than prosper away from it.

Later we did make sorties to the top of the Sugar Loaf in the harbor, and up the cog railroad to Corcovado hanging three thousand feet above the town. On one of these occasions we met up with serious competition, a baritone street singer who with a mandolin under his arm made as sweet music as ever came from the sidewalks. And he had a way of getting paid for it too.

Each of us sensing in the other a dangerous rival, we decided to organize a partnership, sharing profits equally. He knew the town, but I had the better show. It worked marvelously. He sang; I played; Niño danced. We simply stopped traffic.

And yet, before a week had passed, I began to realize that my hurdy-gurdy days were numbered. I had done what I had set out to do—made my way overland from Buenos Aires to Rio on the profits of my monkey business. But any prolongation of this escapade would be senseless and ever less amusing. The time had come for me to push north to French Guiana. Niño, much as I loved him, could not continue on indefinitely. It would be winter when I reached America. He had never known and could not survive cold weather. The sane thing, the only thing, to do was to give him his liberty—back into the forest, his original, his natural domain.

When you serve it with the Proper Flavor in the Dressing

WITH cold meats for suppers and luncheons it belongs—as cream belongs with strawberries—as cheese with apple pie. Men like potato salad.

But it must have racy, piquant flavor. How many a dull potato salad misses the edge, the tang, it would have gained from a judicious spoonful of Colman's Mustard!

That peppy little seed of Lincolnshire, England, grown especially for Colman's Mustard ever since Jeremiah Colman in 1805 discovered its unusual liveliness, is a stand-by of good cooks everywhere. Add a dash of it to all your salad dressings—whether you make them or buy them ready-prepared. See what positive distinction it gives them. Many a cooked dish, too, is improved by seasoning with Colman's. Some recipes other women have sworn by are in the little book you may have free by mailing the coupon.

POTATO SALAD DE LUXE: This recipe was cherished for generations in a titled old Silesian family. When you taste it you will realize it has a pedigree.

In a china bowl put ⅓ cup vinegar and enough cold water to make ½ cup of liquid. Add 2 teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons powdered sugar and 1 level teaspoon Colman's Mustard. Mix well. Boil 6 large potatoes in the skins until tender. Peel and slice while warm into vinegar mixture. Toss carefully with knife until each piece of potato has been covered with mixture and let stand one hour. Then add 1 tablespoon celery seed, shake gently and let stand one hour more. Just before serving, blend thoroughly together the yolks of 2 hard boiled eggs, the yolk of 1 raw egg, and 3 tablespoons salad oil. Pour over salad, serve on a bed of crisp lettuce and garnish attractively with small bunches of parsley.

NEW ENGLAND POTATO SALAD: Mix 1 pint cold diced potatoes, 1 small onion minced, 1 cup of celery cut fine and 2 hard boiled eggs cut rather fine, with *Boiled Dressing*. Serve on crisp lettuce and garnish with chopped parsley and slices or wedges of hard boiled eggs.

BOILED DRESSING: 2 tablespoons flour; 2 tablespoons sugar; 1 level tablespoon Colman's Mustard; 1 teaspoon salt; dash of pepper. Mix well and add to ½ cup vinegar and 2 tablespoons butter. Cook the mixture in a double boiler until it thickens, stirring it constantly to keep it smooth. Cool, and then add 1 cup of cream gradually.

By appointment to His Majesty The King

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

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Short on sunlight, these days . . but not on the sunlight vitamin

Not so long as they drink Cocomalt! Shorter days . . . cloudy days. Nature is cutting down on her sunlight supply . . . partially cutting off the main source of the sunlight vitamin, Vitamin D, which aids in building strong bones, sound teeth and straight, sturdy bodies.

This means that your youngsters are going to need more than ever their daily glasses of Cocomalt. For this completely balanced *natural* food drink furnishes Vitamin D in a most delicious form.

You see, Cocomalt has a smooth chocolate flavor that children love . . . they eagerly drink milk that is mixed with it . . . Nourishing, too—for Cocomalt actually adds 70% more nourishment to milk and is extra easy to digest.

Your grocer has Cocomalt in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25¢ (30¢ west of the Mississippi).

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J. • *Makers of Davis Baking Powder*

FREE: A fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and its Vitamin D content.

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, New Jersey
Please send me free booklet B-9, "Children of the Sun."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____ *City*_____

*County*_____ *State*_____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

So I took a taxi—my baggage and what money I had sent ahead from Buenos Aires had arrived in Rio—to the jungles that surround the city, and, finding a nice wild nut tree, cut the leather belt from Niño's waist, and lifted him, a free, a self-possessing monkey, into the branches.

For me this was a most unhappy moment. Had I been abandoning my own child I could not have felt worse about it. Yet this was the less of the two evils. Better to leave him here than to take him away.

I stroked his head one last time as he looked at me with a most curious and troubled look. What new crime was I up to now! How well I had come to understand his thoughts, to speak his language, and how well he had come to understand my own. He seemed to sense that something ominous was behind this strange behavior of mine and searched my face for an explanation.

I shook his hand good-by and hurried toward the waiting taxi. Instantly Niño realized the truth and let forth one wail of despair. He was climbing down from the tree. I began to run. Screeching, he ran after me, leaped upon my hurrying knee, climbed in a bound to his usual perch on top my shoulder and sat there, trembling and pleading and sobbing.

There was no escape. His gentle, dependent nature had conquered me long before. Miserable and lost, I surrendered, resigned to the realization that if I had to stay in the tropics the rest of my life for his sake, I'd never leave that ragamuffin monkey.

French Guiana was still in the tropics. Niño would be safe that far. So I took him, with the hand organ, aboard my ship, trusting he would enjoy the voyage.

Northward Bound

HE DID enjoy it. Free of any leash, he ran all over the place, climbed the mast, swung and leaped about in the most hair-raising acrobatics. From the very first moment aboard he was the king and the joy of the boat. The crew adored him; the passengers all sought his company. When I played Valencia and Niño danced, the captain turned purple with laughter.

All this popularity, however, while it may have been deserved, had its penalties. Everybody on the boat wanted to—and did—feed him. The sweeter and more indigestible the morsel, the more greedily he ate it and the more satisfactory the exhibition. His consumption of candy and cookies passed belief . . . with lump sugar and peanuts and beer in between. Such shocking gluttony began to alarm me. But I had always understood that animals—unlike men—eat only as much as they relish and need; and so I supposed Niño was the best judge.

This was a stupid and criminal mistake. As we neared the equator my four-pound monkey ate four or five doughnuts, a large cake of chocolate and three bananas all in one afternoon, and shortly after suffered a sudden and violent attack of acute gastritis. Seeing that he was extremely ill, I carried him, clinging to me desperately, to his box on the lower deck, and rushed for the ship's doctor. Together we came hurrying back. Niño lay in his box, his fragile little hands crossed over his face. I called to him. Here was the doctor. Everything would be all right now.

But Niño did not seem to comprehend. Niño was dead.

Niño's Requiem

WE HAD a very simple funeral. I dressed him in his old red carnival suit, and the red hat that had known so many pennies, and wrapped him in a pillow case for a burial at sea.

I felt he might like music for his funeral. So I brought out the faithful hurdy-gurdy that he might depart to the strains of his beloved Valencia. Once more I turned the rusty handle; once more, as a number of Niño's friends stood silent along the rail, the old, familiar melody rang forth:

Valencia . . . in my dreams it always seems I hear you softly call to me . . .
Valencia . . . where the or-ange trees forever scent the breeze beside the sea . . .
Valencia . . . in my arms I held your charms beneath the blossoms high above . . .
You loved me . . . in Valencia, Valencia, long ago, tra, la, la, la . . .

There was a very small splash in the vast Atlantic as Niño's body was dropped into its dark waters.

Niño was gone. Yet the organ remained, and, as Trudis said, what good is an organ without a monkey?

So lest the little fellow feel lonely and incomplete on his outward journey, I gave the hand organ a sea burial too.

Thus did Niño depart for the place where all good and faithful monkeys go, where the pennies are all pesos, where the Valencias are never ceasing, and the hand organs are all made of gold. There, in that blessed and happy land, he can eat all the doughnuts his heart desires, and never, never fear acute gastritis.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the seventh of Mr. Halliburton's recent adventures in search of new worlds to conquer. The eighth, De Profundis, will appear in the November Journal.

Women discovered this way of keeping skin youthful

LISTERINE *as an* ASTRINGENT

SO many women have written us enthusiastically about Listerine used as an astringent, we feel duty bound to pass the suggestion on to you. Furthermore, beauty doctors and dermatologists tell us that Listerine is almost ideal for this purpose. Next time you use an astringent in connection with your toilette, give Listerine a trial.

Note how it closes pores, how it tends to tighten sagging muscles and how wonderfully cool and smooth your skin feels after you have used it.

You will find that it accomplishes results equal to those performed by special astringents costing from two to six times as much. Moreover, Listerine protects you against infection. Though gentle in action and healing in effect, full strength Listerine kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

GREAT AFTER SHAVING

Tell your husband it's great after shaving. Doused on the skin full strength, it produces a delightful sensation of invigoration and coolness. And ends all smarting and burning.

Quick . . . for Sunday Supper

(UNDERWOOD CREAM TOAST*)

YOU want something for Sunday supper that is easy to get. Usually you aren't very hungry but you have a hankering for something satisfying and . . . well . . . *"different."*

That's when Underwood Deviled Ham comes in handiest—for sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres, ham and eggs, or a quick hot dish . . . To make Underwood Cream Toast . . . you can either spread the ham on the toast or blend it with milk and melted butter in the cream sauce.

* For this delicious Cream Sauce, and dozens of other recipes, send for the Underwood Recipe Book.

Underwood's gets its intriguing flavor from a secret formula of spices blended with the finest ham. That's all there is to it . . . But what a flavor it gives you to conjure with!

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

Wm. Underwood Co.
47 Walnut Street
Watertown, Mass.

CHECK THE ARTICLE WANTED:

One copy of the Underwood Recipes FREE.
One 10c can of Underwood Deviled Ham, 10c enclosed.
Six 10c cans of Underwood Deviled Ham, 50c enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

The Owner's Wife

(Continued from Page 23)

ways of getting money without your signature. You'll see what I'll do!" His tone and manner were so determined that she stepped in his way as he strode toward the door.

"What do you mean? What do you think you're going to do?"

"You'll see!" he said loudly. "You just wait and see!" And with that, red faced, he somewhat rudely pushed her aside, hurried from the room and from the house.

II.

STUBBORN determination continued to be the expression of William Farrier during the earlier stages of his morning journey, but did not succeed in remaining inflexibly the portent of his countenance. Anxiety crept upon him apace, removing one by one all the Mussolinian contours of the face he had so valiantly presented to his wife in the last moments of contention, and by the time he entered the offices of his factory his appearance was only that of a short, roundish man, harassed and temporarily morose. The two spacious outer rooms were populous with busy clerks and stenographers, all feminine; but the third room, smaller, had only one inhabitant, a comely and trim, fair-haired girl, industrious at a desk of exorbitant dimensions. She nodded pleasantly and almost affectionately to Farrier as he came in; then, surprised by the gravity with which he returned her salutation, she rose and looked at him inquiringly. "You haven't run into any complications, have you, Mr. Farrier?" she asked.

"Complications!" he repeated dismally; then, as he passed into his own room, the next one beyond, "We'll have to thrash some things out," he said. "Might as well start now."

She followed him and, at a gesture from him, closed the door; they sat down and faced each other seriously across the polished walnut top of his large flat desk. "I don't see how there possibly can be any complications, Mr. Farrier," she said.

"NO, I SUPPOSE you don't," he muttered, and emphasized the significance of his next observation by turning his head and gazing with notable melancholy out of the window. "That's because you aren't a married man, Miss Dale. You haven't the pleasure of any acquaintance with Mrs. Farrier. It's rather embarrassing to me, but I'm afraid I'll have to take you into my domestic confidence."

"Yes, Mr. Farrier."

"I've finally had a little talk with Mrs. Farrier," he explained, still looking out of the window. "She wasn't long in making it pretty emphatically clear that she's against our idea. Naturally you're entitled to know the reason if we have to give it up."

"Give it up!" Miss Dale cried. "But a great thing like this can't be given up!"

"Can't it?" he inquired gloomily, turning to face her. "I've mentioned that you don't know Mrs. Farrier, and I can assure you she isn't going to change her mind. And if she doesn't change her mind I'd like to know where the money for the extension is going to come from. The banks have often been pretty liberal with me; but of course they wouldn't let me have this much on my mere personal note, even though they agree that our idea looks very good. So it comes down to this: I haven't any way to get the money except by the mortgage, and a man can't mortgage his property if his wife won't consent."

"But why in the world is Mrs. Farrier against it?"

"Her dying father," Mr. Farrier explained, speaking deliberately—"her dying father warned her that I was a gambler—a gambler who kept putting money back into his own business instead of into other people's. I might add that Mrs. Farrier's disposition is pessimistic."

He might have added also that he couldn't do anything with her; so thought the young lady listening to what was essentially his pathetic confession. Miss Dale frowned, remained silent for a moment, then inquired: "Do you mind telling me what you said to Mrs. Farrier when she told you she refused to agree to the mortgage?"

"I told her I knew other ways of getting the money and I was going to get it. That worried her a little, I think; but it needn't have, because it was just a bluff. I was angry, I suppose, and said it just to be saying something."

"I see." Miss Dale nodded thoughtfully. "Mr. Farrier, you're absolutely certain that no argument of yours would convince your wife?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to explain that the more anybody argues with her or even pleads with her ——"

"YES, I understand," Miss Dale interrupted quickly. "I know quite a number of people like that, myself. And yet sometimes when just the right thing is said to them they do yield a little. There are ways of putting a thing like this persuasively ——" She paused, musing; then brightened and went on impulsively: "Mr. Farrier, would you mind if I ran out to Bridgeton this morning and had a talk with Mrs. Farrier? I know I could ——"

"Murder!" Farrier looked terrified. "Don't say such things! Don't think of them! Don't have such ideas!"

"But why ——"

"Murder!" he exclaimed again. "You don't understand at all!"

"But surely there's no reason ——"

"You think not?" He laughed painfully, and his former embarrassment returned, much increased. "I—I suppose I'll have to go on and explain a little further, Miss Dale. Uh—Mrs. Farrier has a very decided theory that woman's place is the home; she's rather prejudiced against the whole idea of women in business. I'm afraid she's particularly—uh—prejudiced against the idea of women in my business; in fact, she's never been reconciled to my employment of women. She would be rather upset, I fear, for instance, if she discovered that you are my economy expert."

"What? You don't mean to say you've never mentioned ——"

"Yes," he said. "Of course I've mentioned the fact an economy expert's employed here; but I've thought it wiser in speaking to Mrs. Farrier in this connection to—uh—to use the pronouns 'him' and 'he.'"

"Good gracious! You mean she thinks I'm a man!"

"Well, yes," he assented somewhat uncomfortably.

"I see!" Miss Dale gazed upon him wonderingly; but she liked him too well to let him see the compassion she felt for him.

"I don't see any way around it," Farrier said after a long pause.

"BUT what about Mears?" the economy expert inquired gently. "He's had a long, rough pull of it trying to get up in the world a little, and he's got two sickly children and an invalid wife. We aren't going to let him down on this, are we, Mr. Farrier?"

"We've got to talk to him." Farrier telephoned from his desk; then returned his morbid attention to the window, and the two sat without speaking until the man they expected had entered the room.

(Continued on Page 91)

Proof that You need Mum hangs in your own Closet

Most women have read about Mum, but often the woman who reads does not apply the message to herself. Yet no one is exempt from perspiration, and all perspiration has an odor.

The proof of offense hangs in many a woman's own closet. Even an outer garment may hold such proof. A taint that can linger in a wrap which has not been worn for days is certain to offend the sensibilities of others at the time—be sure of that!

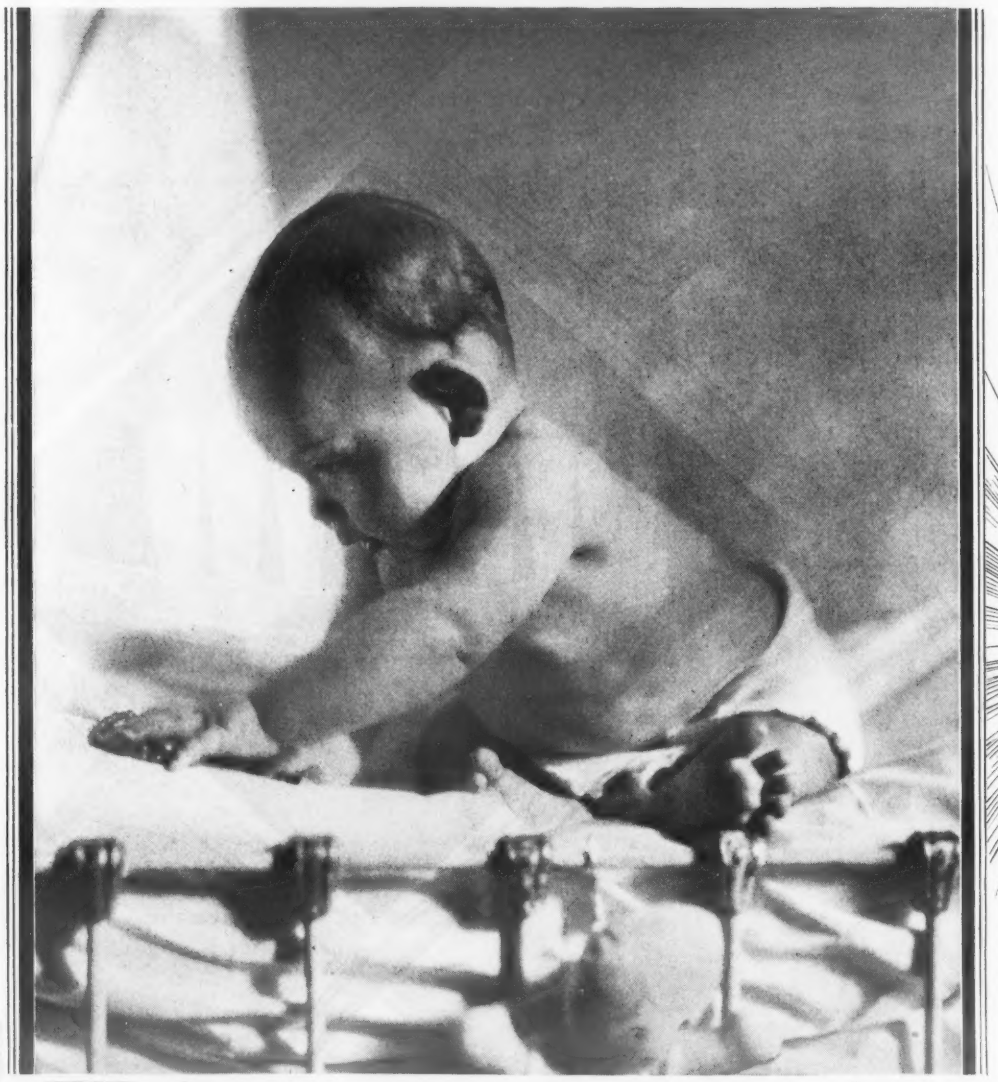
Why run even a remote chance of offending when protection is so simple a matter? A dab of the snowy cream called Mum will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor of the underarm—or elsewhere—and then you are safe in the closest contact. You have definitely removed all chance of embarrassment for several hours.

There is nothing harmful in Mum, or in its habitual use. Its daily use with women everywhere is growing. The need of Mum is not some "special" occasion, nor is it seasonal.

Mum has been a boon to womankind in another way—for the service it performs in connection with the sanitary napkin. Investigate this important use of this true deodorant which is rapidly displacing all less effective precautions.

Mum is delightfully easy to use and quite inexpensive, particularly in the large 60c jar, which contains nearly three times the quantity in the 35c jar. You will always find both sizes in any drug store.

A Year from now ... 2 years or 5 or 10



Bottled Sunshine! Every baby needs it, physicians say, to help build strong straight bones and sound uncrowded teeth

YOU DREAM of what he will be like then . . . As you dream do not forget this important fact: *the kind of bones and teeth* your baby is building *now* will affect his appearance and his health all through life!

The most beautiful babies and the healthiest babies *always* have these characteristics: a well-shaped head, a full deep chest, a sturdy, well-knit framework, straight legs, well-developed jaws and chin, and teeth that come in straight and evenly spaced.

These things do not come or fail to come by accident. They are *built.*

Whether your baby is building the right kind of bones and teeth *now*, at the very start, depends on whether you are supplying him with the proper materials.

Most of these materials he gets from his food—from milk and vegetables.

But there is one essential factor which is not obtainable in sufficient amount from food. It is Vitamin D.

There are two common ways to provide your baby with the Vitamin D he must have. Exposure to sunshine is one.

Your child may be out in the sunshine every day, but clothing shuts out the precious ultra-violet rays

If your baby could get *enough* sunshine on his bare body every day of the year, it would provide him with enough Vitamin D.

But under modern living conditions, this is hardly possible. Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke, clothing, shut out the precious health-protecting rays—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

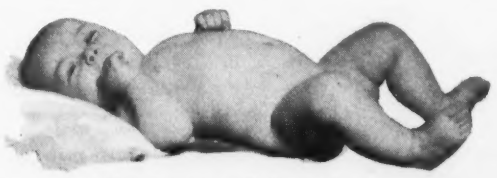
Bottled Sunshine—*good cod-liver oil*—is the surer safeguard, specialists say.

They further say that the kind of cod-liver oil given is very important. This is why so many physicians recommend Squibb's.

They know that Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is guaranteed to be very rich in Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin which helps to build good bones and teeth.

In addition it is very rich in another vitamin, Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

Ask your physician about Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil; he will tell you that the vitamin content of Squibb's will supply your baby with the factors he needs to build his bones and teeth properly *from the start.*



How much a well-shaped head, a full chest, straight legs, and sound teeth mean to your child all through life!

Expectant Mothers Also Need Bottled Sunshine Specialists are advising expectant mothers that they, too, need Bottled Sunshine, good cod-liver oil. Taken during pregnancy it not only helps to build good bones and teeth for the coming child but also helps to protect the mother's teeth from the decay which so often occurs during this period.

A New Pleasant Mint Flavor! Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is now offered in a pleasant new form, easy to take—a mint flavor which is cool and refreshing. It appeals especially to grown-ups and older children. All good drug stores have Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil, both Plain and Mint-Flavored.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

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FREE *Important facts for Mothers in this Booklet*

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Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free, "Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine."*

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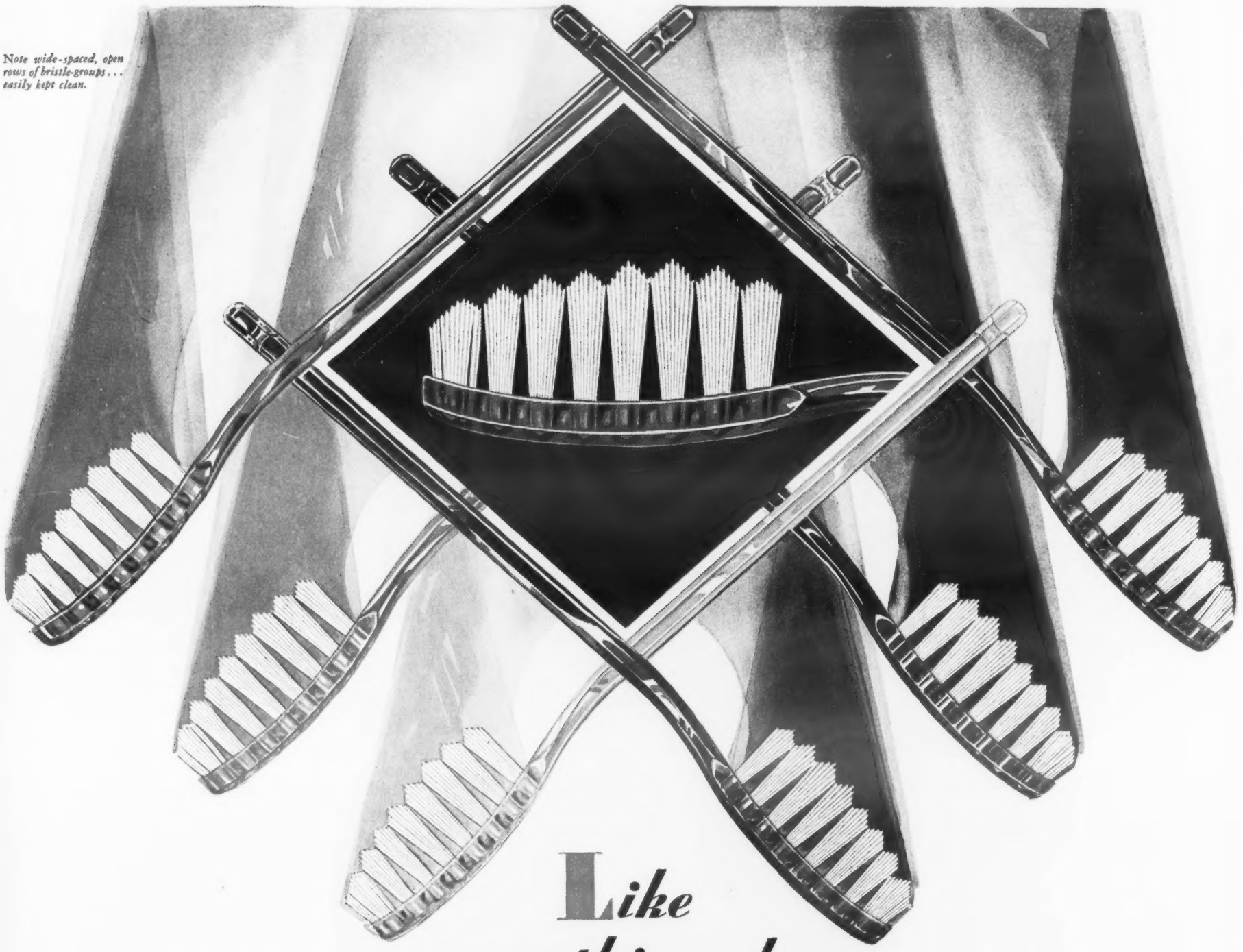


Note wide-spaced, open rows of bristle-groups . . . easily kept clean.

Like everything else

Toothbrushes have been MODERNIZED

It is just as easy to have the* best *available care for your teeth—and to enjoy the* best *results.

A MODERN toothbrush such as those *shown here* is even *easier* to use than an old-type, clumsy one (many of which are still sold). It makes correct brushing easy—and really brightens teeth.

The famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush modernized home care of teeth. *It is 20% to 50% smaller than the awkward older-type brushes.* And has the correct, unusual shape that permits thorough cleansing for every tooth, every surface, every crevice.

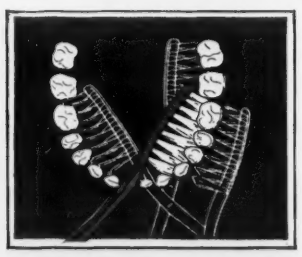
Bristle-groups are wide-spaced in open rows—accurately trimmed. They cleanse teeth more thoroughly, and are easily rinsed after using the brush. To have a *clean* brush is important.

Your druggist has DR. WEST'S new toothbrushes for every member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "Professional" brush, 50c. Each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, fully guaranteed. Today replace your present brushes; *then note how quickly teeth brighten.*

CORRECT BRUSHING EASY

Brush always away from the gums, toward cutting edges of the teeth. With, never across, the crevices. Do this twice daily. Use a DR. WEST'S brush—because it was designed to make correct brushing easy. And now, in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste, you have the second modern aid to cleaner, *brighter teeth.*

Each 90 days get a new brush—as dentists do. Because after that much service wear impairs the cleansing and polishing abilities of even these finest, modern brushes.



SEE HOW this correctly designed modern brush cleanses every surface, and sweeps crevices clean: far back, and inside, as well as in front.

With each purchase of the 50c* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush your dealer will give you—* FREE—*a big 25c tube of the sensationally successful* DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste

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(Continued from Page 88)

He was gaunt, tall and stooping; his intelligent eyes were harassed, yet at the same time hopeful, and the hopefulness within them was what hurt both his employer and the economy expert as they glanced up at him. "Everything goes on fine, doesn't it?" he asked cheerfully.

"No, it doesn't," Farrier said. "It doesn't go on at all so far as I'm concerned, Mears." And forthwith he amply explained his meaning. "You see, I can't swing the thing," he said, concluding. "I suggest that you and Miss Dale take the idea, and your device for the looms, Mears, over to the Abercrombie plush people. I'm pretty sure they'd take it up and do the square thing by you both."

Miss Dale shook her head. "My part of the idea isn't patentable, and applied only to your own factory, in which I'm an employe. If Mr. Mears cared to take it up, though ——"

But the hopefulness had departed from the gaunt foreman's face, and his stoop was suddenly increased. "No," he said huskily. "I'd hardly feel like doing that, Miss Dale. It's very doubtful if they'd listen to me; I don't believe they would. I'd probably waste an awful lot of time trying to convince them, even if you helped me with that, and, as matters stand with me, I can't afford to waste time. Mr. Farrier, I think Miss Dale and I both appreciate the fact that except with you we couldn't hope to put this idea over."

"YES," Miss Dale said quietly, "you see, we both appreciate that, Mr. Farrier."

"Oh, see here ——" Farrier began, intending a protest; but he did not finish it. Instead, he coughed, cleared his throat, swallowed and resumed his apparent study of the bleak, brick factory wall outside the window.

Mears also stared forth from the window. "Well," he said in a patient voice, "so it looks like it's all up then, I guess."

Miss Belinda Dale's eyes began to smart. She felt pathos in the attitudes of these two helpless men; she thought of a pampered Mrs. Farrier, uselessly blocking the way, instinctively an obstructionist where others could build and build well. It was an agitated economy expert who rose to her feet in the still office and began to talk. "You think we've run into a dead wall," she said. "Nothing important that I ever heard of has been put through without seeming to run into dead walls; but they were always either pushed over or else got around. Now we're not gambling; we're not taking a risk, because the motor companies have promised to give us contracts as soon as we show them that we can do what we say we can; and they'll keep their promises, because we know we can make it to their advantage to keep them. Mrs. Farrier is opposed to us because she thinks there's a risk, which is natural enough on her part, of course; but if Mr. Farrier could induce her to come down here and go over the whole thing in detail with us, so that we could prove to her ——"

SHE was interrupted; Farrier made an incoherent sound of protest and alarm—evidently he meant to speak, for his right hand was lifted in a gesture almost oratorical—but he, in his turn, was interrupted. A troubled youth of fourteen, from the outmost office, appeared in the open doorway that led from Miss Dale's room.

"Listen," he said, "there's a lady out here wants to see you, Mr. Farrier. I told her you was in conf'rence with the economy expert and Mr. Mears, and she got kind o' mad when I asked her what her name was and if she had an appointment to see you. She's comin' in here anyway."

The statement was entirely correct. Apparently Mr. Farrier had made a mistake in delivering to Mrs. Farrier his threatening prophecy that he would obtain large funds without her consent. She was a nervous woman and he had disturbed her more than he realized; she had brooded in fear that he did indeed possess the means of securing the ruinous loan, and half an hour of such brooding had been enough to launch her forth, bent upon the issuance of another veto to avert the catastrophe. The troubled youth had no more than concluded his announcement, virtually a cry of warning, when Mrs. Farrier, large, flushed and intolerably obtrusive of eye, stood upon the threshold.

Her luckless consort's glance passed from her to Miss Dale, back again, and then to his invaluable window, concerning which his expression indicated he entertained an idea of the last desperation. What he attempted, however, was not a leap but a misplaced show of resourcefulness. "Oh, is it you, Minnie?" he said feebly, and rose to approach her. "It's a long time since you've been here. I'll come right out with you and show you round the factory."

III.

"HOW thoughtful of you!" Mrs. Farrier said as she stepped within the room. "How extremely thoughtful of you, Mr. Farrier!"

She spoke with a baleful graciousness; and there was something not less than deadly in her formal use of his name.

"Why, dearie ——" Farrier began tremulously; but his wife did not allow him to continue.

"I wouldn't interrupt you for the world!" she said. "Not when you're in conference! I appreciate your offer to take me over the factory; but after all, these charming new offices are part of it, aren't they? It's so long since I intruded my presence here that you've moved into new ones without ever having even mentioned it at home. Most luxurious and delightful, I'm sure! They quite overshadow my own poor little quarters at home, I declare! But then, of course, that doesn't matter—not at all, not at all!" Hereupon she turned suddenly, with a wan smile, to the dejected figure of Mears. "And this," she said, "is your economy expert, no doubt. Would it be too much honor for poor little me to be introduced to him?"

"It's—it's—his name is Mears," Farrier said hastily. "He's—he's——"

"Oh, I see—not your economy expert." Mrs. Farrier turned toward Miss Dale. "And this young lady ——"

"It's Miss Dale," he said. "It's just Miss Dale."

"INDEED! 'Just Miss Dale!'" Mrs. Farrier simulated a murmur of polite laughter, sounds dangerously brittle. "I'm afraid the name is new to me—yes, I think I've never happened to notice that you've mentioned Miss Dale's name at home." Then, as her eyes, smoldering with grievance, took full account of the fair comeliness of the young lady standing before her, she went on: "But naturally I hear so very little of Mr. Farrier's business. He doesn't honor me with his confidence, I assure you, Miss Dale—not in matters of business, of course—not in many other matters either. So it's very natural that I shouldn't have heard of you. No doubt you're one of his numerous staff of lady assistants in some capacity or other?"

Miss Dale's eyelashes had drooped, apparently with deference, under the stare of her employer's wife; but now she lifted them and said, "We all try to be useful to Mr. Farrier in one way or another. Everybody in the whole factory is devoted not only to his interests but to Mr. Farrier himself, of course."

"Why, of course," Mrs. Farrier returned, almost with shrillness. "I understand that's one of the differences between this and a factory where the employes are principally male. They say that male employes often show loyalty to their employer, but that female factory help are very likely to become devoted to him, as you say, Miss Dale. Very fortunate for Mr. Farrier!"

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salads

and cooked dishes new and

appetizing flavor

It's easy, once you know the secret—French's Prepared Mustard will do it. For French's Mustard is different—very, very different from any other mustard that you have ever tasted—it is the only mustard that gives you "that flavor called French."

For instance, just try this 2-minute Salad Dressing—

Two tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard; two tablespoons evaporated milk or sweet cream; one teaspoon granulated sugar; stir until smooth.

Try it on Tomato Surprise, when making Potato Salad, or Cucumber, Shrimp, Tuna, Waldorf—any salad—the result will be deliciously different.

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Thousands of women say: "I wouldn't know how to get along without French's—it's as necessary to me as pepper and salt"—

So it's safe to say that you, too, will find French's helpful—

Your grocer has French's Prepared Mustard—or can quickly get it for you.

May we send you a set of French's Recipes? Your name and address on the coupon will bring them FREE.

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12 or more new recipes offered each month—printed on cards, handy to use. Sent FREE—just print your name and address on the coupon and mail to us.

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"AND I like it better'n anything else." Try this Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread with any child—boy or girl—and you'll get the same answer. They do like its nutty flavor. It satisfies both taste and appetite. It's *just* what they want.

But what they don't know is how really good and wholesome it is for them. For peanut butter—this Beech-Nut kind—is something more than flavor. It is real nutriment. The proteins in it repair tissue and restore the energy lost in play. An ideal food for children because it's so easily digested in this "butter" form.

There should always be a supply of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in your pantry. Grown folks like it as well as the youngsters. Its use is by no means limited to sandwiches. It imparts a new flavor to many cooked dishes, pastries and confections. Recipes will be sent you on request to Canajoharie, N. Y.

The Beech-Nut Peanut Butter jar now carries a new top—a new easy-to-open kind. *A real convenience feature that's exclusively Beech-Nut.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

At this, Farrier was so ill-advised from within as to decide upon an attempt to get her away; he assumed an off-hand, friendly manner, horribly false, and stepped toward her. "Well, Min," he said, "if you don't feel in the mood to take a look around I'll just see you down to your car ——"

She drew back from him, looking dangerous. "Oh, of course I realize what an intrusion my coming here is! Even your office boy wasn't going to let me in because you were 'in conference'! He didn't seem very well posted, though; he didn't seem to know you were in conference with Miss Dale; he said it was with your economy expert. By the way, where is this great man? Now that I've taken the trouble to come all the way down here, surely I'm to have the pleasure of meeting him, am I not?"

Miss Dale instantly responded to the unspoken appeal of her employer. She nodded sunnily to Mrs. Farrier, touched the perplexed Mears upon the arm, and went to the door. "Mr. Farrier was just finishing some instructions to Mr. Mears and me," she said. "I'm sure I understand perfectly what he wants us to do. Good morning."

MEARS preceded her from the room, and she closed the door behind them, leaving Mr. Farrier in grave doubt whether or not she did indeed understand what he wanted her and the disappointed foreman to do. Every moment of her juxtaposition to Mrs. Farrier was fraught with peril for him, he knew, and yet he just then preferred peril almost of any kind to an inclosure shared only by his wife. She began immediately to justify him in this preference.

"So! It appears rather plain why I've never been encouraged to visit you during business hours!" she said, affecting a light raillery. "Why, it's just like one of those musical-comedy situations!"

"Is it?" Mr. Farrier moved uneasily in his swivel chair, to which he had returned. "I fail to see why."

"Oh, William!" And with a waggishness that chilled his blood she continued: "You don't see why? With a whole chorus of good-looking girls out yonder and little me walking in to find you ensconced with the pick of the lot, a charming blonde—almost singing a sweet duet together!"

"Duet? Nothing of the kind. Mears was here."

"Why, of course he was! That just shows your cleverness." She tittered with dreadful sarcasm and made him a curtsy.

"Now see here ——"

"No wonder you're always in such a hurry to get through your breakfast and rush down to business! And speaking of business, would it be too terribly intrusive on the part of poor little me if I should inquire just what form of activity is supposed to engage Miss Dale's talents in this establishment? Perhaps she's employed just to express her devotion to you. Is that what you have her here for, William?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"INDEED? Don't you? Oh, William!" Mrs. Farrier continued her alarming affectation of raillery, and now she employed a squeaky voice in supposed mimicry of Miss Dale's. "We're all devoted to Mr. Farrier himself! We just worship Mr. Farrier! His wife can sit at home, lonely and not knowing how he puts in his days down here. She's a mere nothing, a nobody, too insignificant and too trusting ever to come down here and interrupt what's going on. She won't interfere with us; oh, no, she hasn't got sense enough! We can tell her right to her face how we worship her grand little husband, and she hasn't sense enough to resent it!" Here Mrs. Farrier dropped the note of mimicry, leaned toward him across the desk, and her simulation of humor became almost grisly as she pointed a tremulous forefinger at him, and said, "You cunning little sultan, you!"

"Sultan? Are you calling me ——"

"Oh, only in fun, William, of course—unless there proves to be some truth in it!"

"Truth in my being a sultan!" he cried indignantly. "Why, you're hysterical!"

"Hysterical, am I?" Mrs. Farrier dropped her pretense of rallying him and became openly and shrilly emotional. "I should think I might have some right to be a little hysterical, after leaving everything topsy-turvy at home and rushing down here to try and save you from ruining your business ——"

"For heaven's sake, what are you talking about now?"

"YOU told me just when you went out of the house this morning you were going to raise the money in spite of me to put through this crazy extension, and I got so frightened I couldn't stand it, so I dropped everything and came all this way to try and stop you and save you; and when I get here at last, worn out with anxiety for fear of what you'll do to destroy our future, what do I have the pleasure of walking into and interrupting here in your innermost sanctuary? Why, a dear, cozy little social chat that you're indulging in with 'just Miss Dale'!"

"Nothing of the kind! That was a purely business ——"

"Business!" Mrs. Farrier cried, her shrillness increasing. "She wasn't even pretending to take dictation—not even pretending to! Have you got any explanation to offer?"

"Miss Dale's employed here," he said desperately. "She's employed here."

"Is she? How? What's she do?"

"Do?" Mr. Farrier repeated blankly, for in a crisis—and he recognized this moment as a crisis—he was the least quick-witted man in the world. He made the mistake of stammering when stammering was fatal. "You—you—you want to know what she does? Why, she—she—she" ——

"You can't even invent a lie! You can't even make up something she's supposed to do here!" Mrs. Farrier uttered a stricken outcry.

IV.

THE door of the office was not of soundproof construction, and Mrs. Farrier's outcry, like the rest of her shrillness, was easily audible in the next room, where sat a young lady engaged in profound concentration. However, in a moral sense Miss Dale was not eavesdropping; after her brief visual observation of Mrs. Farrier she could have foretold in accurate detail the conversation now actually taking place between the agitated lady and the owner of the factory. What she unavoidably heard was merely corroborative and did not interfere with the process of active thinking begun within her head upon the moment of her departure from the owner's office. She sat with that charming head resting upon a delicate hand, and her elbow upon the desk, and even Mrs. Farrier's rather piercing outcry did not cause this attitude to fluctuate; she looked round, however, a moment later when the office boy came into the room bringing with him an odor of wintergreen, and he brought also a sheet of typewritten paper, which he placed on the desk before her. Upon a blank space at the top of the paper there was a scrawl done in blue pencil: "Referred to the Ec. Exp. Urgent."

The office boy giggled happily: "Sore at him about sumpin, ain't she?"

"Off with you, Chester!" Miss Dale said, and, with a light in her eye she rose and turned toward Farrier's door, taking with her the paper the office boy had brought her.

He made gestures eloquent of sly delight, doubled himself and seemed to swell with joy. "Bet he's gittin' Hail Columbia!" Then he stared, goggling and incredulous. "Geemunently! You ain't got the nerve to go in there, have you?"

(Continued on Page 94)

TANGEE

For natural loveliness

Loveliest of colors . . . blush-rose, akin to Nature's own glow of youth and health. Lips of Tangee . . . subtle individuality . . . yours and yours alone.

In an amazing way Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends with each individual complexion. Truly, a miracle of miracles! Lips of Tangee . . . no trace of grease or pigment . . . nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips. And indeed it is for Tangee leaves no thickness or substance, and it is permanent as the day is long.

Tangee—one lipstick and one rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick in gunmetal case $1, in superb case of gold and black enamel $2.50. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Créme Rouge $1. Tangee Face Powder, including the smart, new shade Tangee Tan $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada. *Ask for TANGEE, and be sure you see the name TANGEE.*

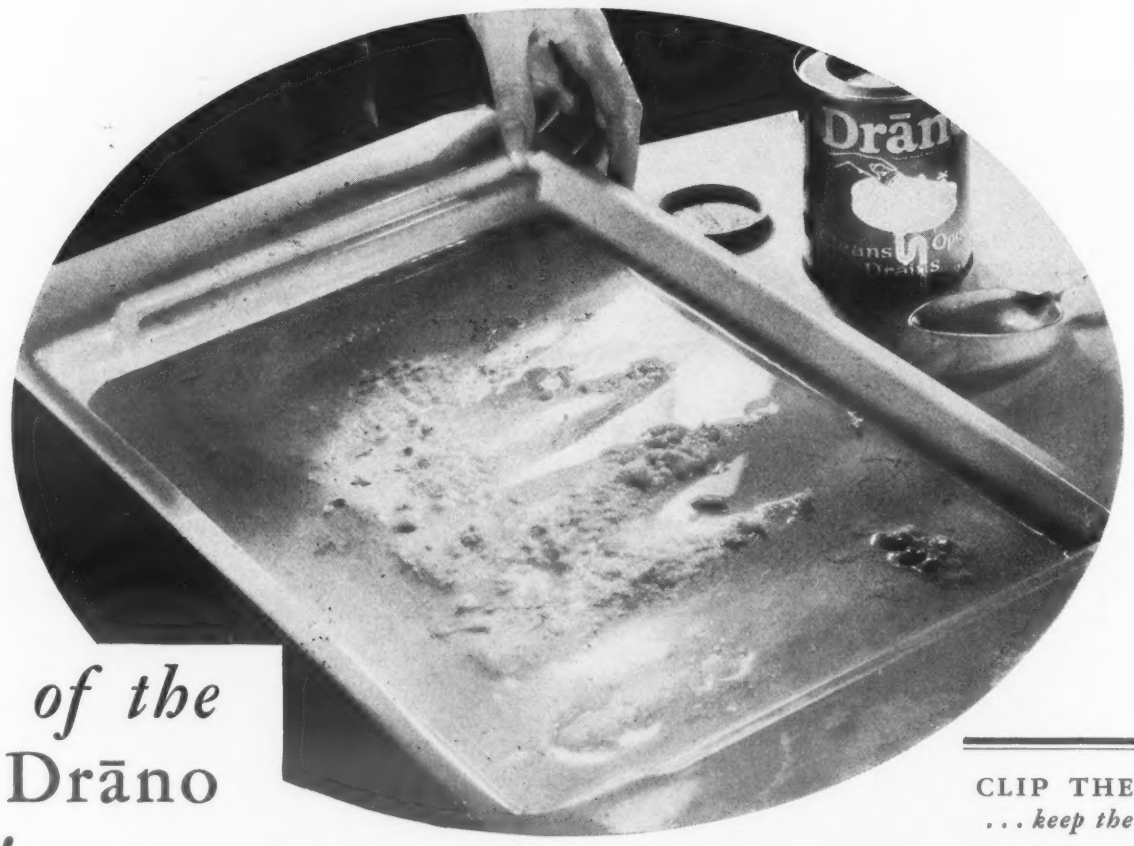
Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings a miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. L.10, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

Name.....

Address.....

Stop scraping the BROILER-PAN—



. . . *it's* ONE *of the things that* Drāno *does so well!*

STEAK that is *broiled*. Delicious! But cleaning the broiler-pan. Such a bother! Or, rather, it *used* to be.

For, nowadays, modern housekeepers turn hard-to-do cleaning jobs like this over to Drāno.

And that means a Drāno-soaking—a rinse—a drying. Done—just that easy. And the broiler-pan as clean and white as the day you bought your range.

Drāno *dissolves grease*

Accumulations of fat, grease, vegetable matter, lint—anything like that—dissolve away to nothingness when Drāno gets on the job. Makes no difference where it finds them, either.

That's why Drāno cleans and opens drains—keeps them free-flowing. That's why it removes burned-on food from casseroles . . . cleans grease-encrusted roasters to new brightness . . . opens the clogged-up burners of the gas range . . . scours and purifies garbage cans.

Here's a booklet that will help you

And to get this booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning," you need only send us your name and address. And how often you'll refer to it! Of course, in the meantime, you'll have a broiler-pan that you'll want to clean with Drāno, so we're printing those directions here. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

25¢ a can
Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States
35¢ in Canada

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

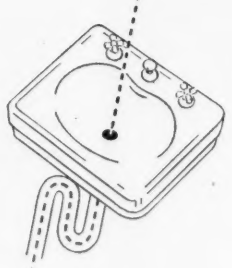
. . . keeps them free-flowing

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS
. . . keep them with your recipes

To remove burned-on grease from Broiler-Pans

1. Pour in water—either hot or cold
2. Sprinkle in three heaping tablespoonfuls of Drāno
3. Let it soak three or four hours or overnight
4. Pour off the Drāno solution into the sink—be careful not to spill it
5. Thoroughly rinse, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing



DO YOU KNOW that Dawn meets the demands of today's bright and colorful bathrooms? Keeps porcelain, tile and enamel always beautiful because it dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch. Your dealer has it.

Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy's exquisitely tended hands have been painted many times

"It does flatter the finger tips, the new Cutex Liquid Polish," she says

Her fair, exquisitely shaped hands are famous among artists!

"Mrs. Christy's beautiful hands are as lovely as any I have ever seen in my wide artistic experience," says her distinguished husband, Howard Chandler Christy.

Her slender, sensitive hands are a true index to Mrs. Christy.

She is the constant, inspiring companion of her famous husband. Twice she has been a house-guest at the White House when he painted the portraits of two successive presidents. The court circles of Italy fêted her while Howard Chandler Christy was painting the great leader of the Fascisti.

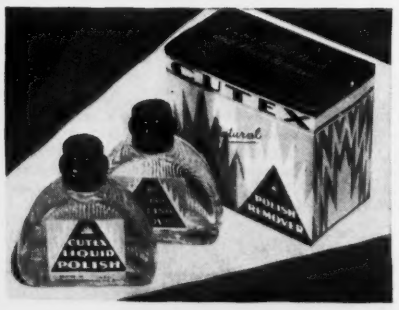
"I know my hands are one of my best points," says Mrs. Christy with charming candor. "So I am faithful to my Cutex.

"Before I use the new Cutex Liquid Polish I soften and shape the cuticle and whiten the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

"Then the Liquid Polish which lasts days and days. After that the Cuticle Cream or Oil to feed the cuticle and my hands can meet even my husband's critical artist's eye."

Keeping one's nails well groomed is so simple with the new Cutex Liquid Polish! A generous sized bottle costs only 35¢.

MRS. CHRISTY in one of the gowns she wore the last time she visited at the White House. Not only has she been painted innumerable times by her celebrated husband but often by other distinguished artists and immortalized by a famous Italian sculptor. The beauty of her almond nails is shown in the photograph at the left. "I have forgotten how many times I have painted and drawn those beautiful hands," says Howard Chandler Christy. The three simple steps of Mrs. Christy's manicure are—FIRST, the Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out half moons—SECOND, the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week—THIRD, the Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil applied around the cuticle to keep it soft and under the nail tip to keep it smooth.



A generous sized bottle of unperfumed Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢. In convenient sets the new Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
OF SIX COMPLETE MANICURES—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 9-J-10, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

(Continued from Page 92)

"Chester! Off with you!"

"All right," Chester returned, embittered. "Go on in and get your neck wrung; I won't even lift my little finger to save you!" He gave her a look as coldly indifferent as his words were, and departed scuttlingly.

Miss Dale stepped decisively to her employer's door, paused for a last moment of reflection, then turned the brass knob and briskly entered. Farrier, still seated defensively at his desk, did not stir; but his wife turned quickly from him to face the intruder.

"Oh, Miss Dale!" she said, assuming an air of suave surprise. "Miss Dale again! But perhaps she wasn't aware that I hadn't gone!"

MISS DALE smiled pleasantly. "I do beg your pardon," she said. "But something quite important has turned up and I thought it'd better be brought to Mr. Farrier's attention immediately, if you'll forgive the momentary interruption, Mrs. Farrier." She put the paper upon the desk before Farrier. "I didn't feel that I had quite the necessary authority to settle this myself, although it was referred to me as your economy expert. You see it concerns ——"

"What!" Mrs. Farrier took a dazed step backward. "Are you the economy expert of this ——"

"Why, yes, of course," Miss Dale returned, nodding cheerfully, and then, apparently not observing the remarkable effect of this simple statement upon Mrs. Farrier, she turned again to the desk, touched the paper with her forefinger and spoke with hurried urgency: "You see how important the matter is, Mr. Farrier. It's about that Michigan order and the packing department's waiting. Hadn't you better ——"

Farrier, pallid with horror, looked up at her, and then his stupefied but reproachful glance passed briefly to the inflated and empurpling face of his speechless wife. He saw before him but one other thing, and that was the proffered possibility of ignominious sheer flight; he seized upon it. "'Tend to it m'self," he said thickly, jumped up and, with the paper crumpled in his plump fingers, made for the door.

His wife had only time to utter a gasp and extend an arm and hand in a clutching gesture before he was out of the room.

"BACK afterwhile" seemed to be the words he left upon the air beyond, to mingle with the patter of his small feet moving with more than youthful rapidity—light sounds that grew faint within the ears of two ladies left alone together in an atmosphere of peculiar tension.

Miss Dale was apparently unconscious of the tension; she gave utterance to a slight ripple of laughter of the kind politeness seems to demand of a friendly person who begins to form an acquaintance with another such person. "I suppose we'll have to wait till he comes back," she said. "So we might as well sit down, probably. It's very pleasant for me to have this chance of a little meeting with you, Mrs. Farrier."

The power of speech returned to Mrs. Farrier's throat. "Is it?" she said somewhat hoarsely, and she did not fall in with Miss Dale's suggestion that they should seat themselves. Her stare was formidable. "Is it, indeed?"

"Why, naturally. We people who are working for your husband and are in a way a part of his business life—we're greatly interested in catching a glimpse at least of the more important side of his life—his home life." Miss Dale laughed placatively, as if apologizing for her way of putting things. "I suppose we might say that his home life is what he works for and consequently what we help him to work for, and of course his home life means yourself, Mrs. Farrier."

"And you, I suppose, mean his business life, Miss Dale?"

Mrs. Farrier put her emphasis upon the pronoun "you," with the implication that she used it in the singular; Miss Dale did not overlook the inference, but promptly and amiably insisted upon the plural. "Oh, no, we are only a part of that side of his life; it is you who are the meaning of both his home life and his business life."

"I do not enter into his business life, Miss Dale. My time is pretty thoroughly taken up in making a happy and comfortable home for my husband. I try in my poor way to fill a woman's place in the world, not a man's, and I leave my husband's business entirely to him, strictly without interference. I may be old-fashioned, but for my own small part I keep to a woman's sphere, Miss Dale."

Miss Dale nodded. "Of course men couldn't do their work if there weren't women like you to cherish them and inspire them." She looked down thoughtfully. "But don't you think, Mrs. Farrier, that there might be times when a gentle guidance—you might almost say interference—on the part of a wife could be immensely useful in her husband's business?" Here she looked up appealingly. "Don't you believe that when a man contemplates making a radical change of some sort or other in his business, his wife might be justified in taking a hand in the matter, so to speak? For instance, no doubt Mr. Farrier's told you of the very important extension lately proposed. Don't you think that if you couldn't conscientiously believe in the wisdom of such an extension it would be right for you to make your feeling known to Mr. Farrier?"

"WHAT!" Mrs. Farrier was furious but mystified; her fury was not only with her husband for what appeared to her as a long and consistent course of treachery in speaking of his economy expert as "he," but naturally a part of her rage extended also to the economy expert herself, although it was obvious that Miss Dale had not been party to the deception, since she had so innocently blundered out the announcement of her title. Evidently, too, Farrier had not as yet informed Miss Dale of the wifely veto of the new plan, and what mystified Mrs. Farrier was the fact that she seemed to detect in the young lady's remarks at least a hint of opposition to that plan. The girl appeared to be maneuvering to gain some object of her own. "What's she up to?" was the definite question in Mrs. Farrier's mind. "Is she going to try to use me?" Miss Dale, accustomed to dealing with simpler creatures, would discover that making use of a woman might prove not quite so easy! Instinctively meeting guile with guile, therefore, Mrs. Farrier permitted her manner to assume a slight appearance of graciousness; and she sat down. "I've only been over the matter of the extension once and rather hurriedly with Mr. Farrier," she said. "Pardon me if I'm mistaken, but I got the impression the new idea was your own."

"YES, it was," Miss Dale returned. She sat down, too, and added impulsively: "I did think it'd be a great thing."

"You did think so?" Mrs. Farrier inquired. She had distinctly caught the implication that Miss Dale now regretted having conceived the idea. "But I understood your strong advice to Mr. Farrier was ——"

"Oh, yes, in favor. Of course I've had to go on being in favor of it."

"Curious! You're advising my husband in favor of something that you're really not in favor of yourself, Miss Dale?"

"Well—no," Miss Dale returned doubtfully. "No, of course I wouldn't be doing that. It's a little complicated, you see, Mrs. Farrier. In the first place, we'd have to build a whole new plant, and we can't get the ground for it anywhere near here.

(Continued on Page 97)

THESE LUSCIOUS DESSERTS

for young and old
...for formal
and informal meals

APPLE SOUFFLÉ

- 4½ tablespoons Minute Tapioca
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ½ tablespoon lemon juice
- 3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
- 1 cup grated raw apple, or drained, cooked apple pulp
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

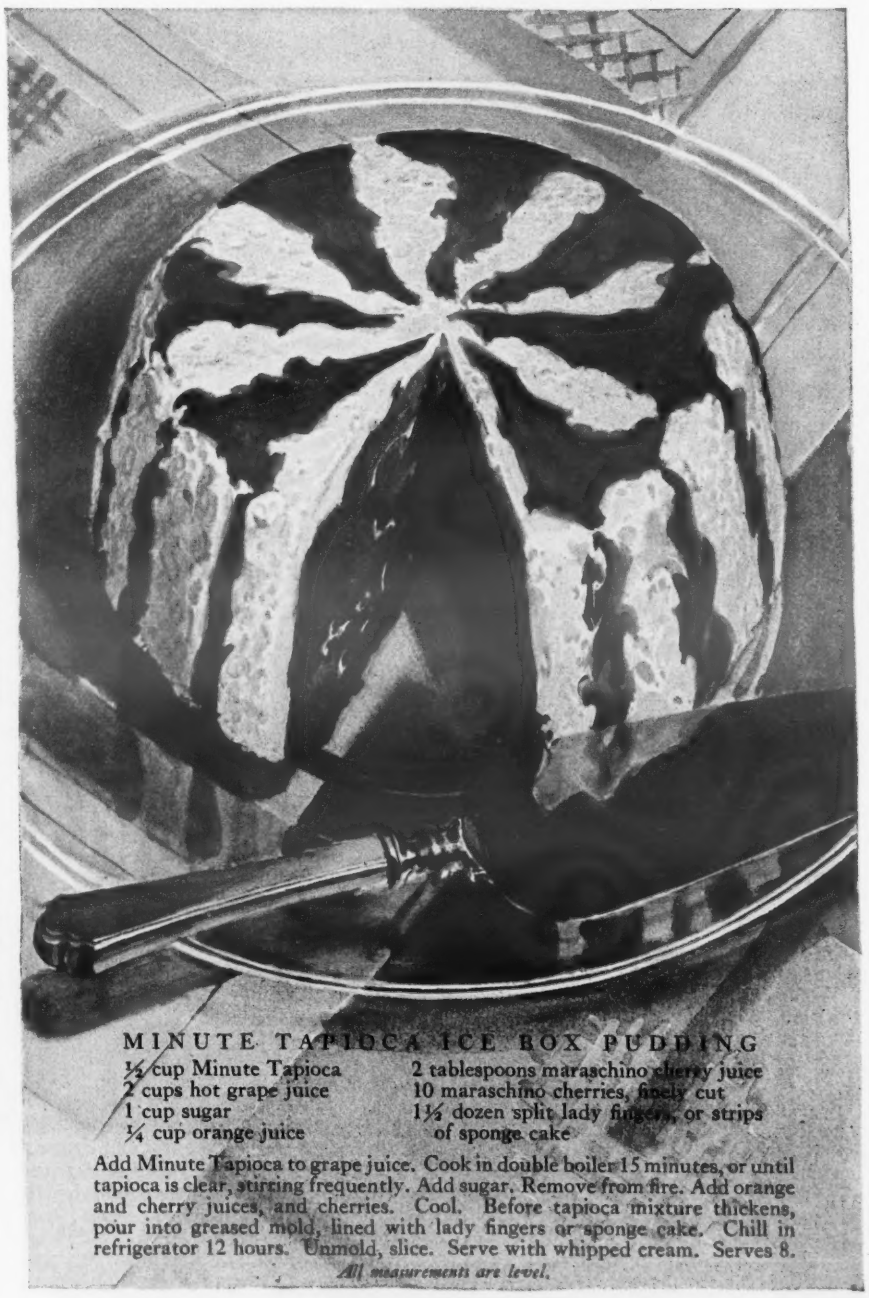
Add Minute Tapioca and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Cool. Add egg yolks, lemon juice, and apple. Fold in egg whites. Bake in greased baking dish, placed in pan of hot water, in moderate oven (325° F.) 1 hour. Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 8.

If desired, the whipped cream may be forced through a pastry tube into rosettes on waxed paper, and frozen in the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator.

COCONUT CREAM TAPIOCA

- 3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 quart milk, scalded
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 4 tablespoons Baker's Coconut, Southern Style
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- ⅓ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Combine sugar and egg yolks. Pour a small amount of tapioca mixture over egg mixture, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, add 4 tablespoons coconut, and cook until slightly thickened. Pour into greased baking dish. Fold sugar into egg whites, and pile lightly on top of tapioca mixture. Sprinkle with remaining coconut and bake in slow oven (300° F.) 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Serves 8.



MINUTE TAPIOCA ICE BOX PUDDING

- ⅓ cup Minute Tapioca
- 2 cups hot grape juice
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 2 tablespoons maraschino cherry juice
- 10 maraschino cherries, finely cut
- 1½ dozen split lady fingers, or strips of sponge cake

Add Minute Tapioca to grape juice. Cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Remove from fire. Add orange and cherry juices, and cherries. Cool. Before tapioca mixture thickens, pour into greased mold, lined with lady fingers or sponge cake. Chill in refrigerator 12 hours. Unmold, slice. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

All measurements are level.

MAPLE MERINGUE MINUTE TAPIOCA

- ⅓ cup Minute Tapioca
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2½ cups milk, scalded
- ¼ cup Log Cabin Syrup
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ⅓ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add syrup and egg yolks. Turn into greased baking dish. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff, adding sugar, and beating until mixture stiffens again. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 15 minutes, or until coconut is delicately browned. Serve cold. Serves 6.

CHOCOLATE TAPIOCA CREAM

- ⅓ cup Minute Tapioca
- 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate cut in pieces
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 quart milk, scalded
- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Add Minute Tapioca, chocolate, sugar, and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Pour small amount of tapioca mixture over egg yolk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Cool. Fold in egg white. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whipped cream. Serves 8.

AREN'T they effective? So radiant and silky-smooth in texture . . . so subtly flavored. They're like the dream of a master chef come true. And how remote from the old-fashioned tapioca of our nursery days. Yet each is a simple "made-at-home" dish that took little time . . . and less trouble . . . to prepare. But, like every other Minute Tapioca dessert, they possess qualities which make the last course of a meal a gay event. Color . . . sparkle . . . delicacy . . . and wondrous good taste!

No need for quivering lips and teary eyes on the part of youngsters. No need for Mother to say, "Eat what's in front of you . . . grown-up desserts aren't good for little children." Because these same Minute Tapioca desserts, now so relished by adults, are recommended as most wholesome, easily digested, and genuinely good for children.

Minute Tapioca comes partially cooked in tiny granules. A special dextrinizing process makes it ready for use with only brief cooking . . . and no soaking at all. Ready to contribute to countless new, delicious, and beautiful desserts . . . all listed in the revised Minute Tapioca Recipe Book.

1929 Cook Book Reveals Minute Tapioca as "Precision Ingredient"

In addition to forming the base for so many tempting, healthful desserts, Minute Tapioca is now relied on by home economics experts as insurance with troublesome recipes. It guards against sorry failures . . . has the astonishing power to guarantee *exact, precise* results where without it accuracy could never be determined. There are now endless means of varying standard family menus. Last night's meagre dab of left-overs can masquerade as a "whole-family" course, delectable and attractive. It's all due to this invaluable knowledge which will add to your reputation as a successful homemaker and triumphant hostess. Write for a FREE COPY of "From Soup to Dessert" today. It brings you over 90 original dessert and "precision ingredient" recipes.

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Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

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9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin

Lovely skin always stirs the heart, say 39 movie directors

PEOPLE thrill to it, always—to the subtle magic of a really flawless skin. There's nothing quite like petal-smooth skin, Hollywood knows.

"Exquisite skin has tremendous appeal," says Tod Browning, director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, summing up the experience of leading movie directors. "Smooth skin is a vital factor in every screen star's success. No make-up can fake it. It must be the real thing."

With the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights and film more highly sensitized than ever, a star's skin must be *flawless* if it is to pass the test of the close-up.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 keep their skin smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. This delicately fragrant white soap has also been made official in the dressing rooms of all the great film studios.

The very next time you see Louise Brooks, Olive Borden or Dorothy Sebastian in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. When next you see your favorite star, whoever she is, remember that *nine out of ten screen stars use this delightful soap* to guard the softness of their skin.

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

LOUISE BROOKS *in the bathroom which is among the most distinctive seen in Hollywood. She says about Lux Toilet Soap: "It gives the skin the lovely satin smoothness 'studio skin' must have."*

Louise Brooks

Photo by E. A. Bachrach, Hollywood

OLIVE BORDEN, Radio Pictures' player, uses Lux Toilet Soap both in her bathroom and in her dressing room on location. She says: "It's so very important for my skin to be velvety smooth—and Lux Toilet Soap is so splendid for it that I am delighted."

IN HOLLYWOOD, where loveliness and magnetism are so essential for success, 98% of the screen stars depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin flawlessly smooth.

If you aren't already one of the millions of discerning women who are devoted to this white fragrant soap, do try it—today. It is made by the very method beauty-wise France developed for her finest toilet soaps. It gives instant, generous lather, even in the hardest water.

LUX TOILET SOAP

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . now 10¢

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin a lovely soft bloom so that it is exquisite enough to be 'studio skin.'"

(Continued from Page 94)

The site Mr. Farrier's selected as the best possible for it is over four miles away, and that means I'd have to give up my office in this building, because I'd need to be over there virtually all the time for at least the next two or three years, and naturally that's quite an objection because—because ——"

"Because why?" Mrs. Farrier asked. "You find that an objection, Miss Dale?"

For a moment Miss Dale looked a little confused; then she said hurriedly, "Oh, it's immaterial, so far as it's personal to me, though I confess I have liked being here at headquarters, so to speak. It's so much easier to talk things over directly with people instead of by telephone, and of course if I'm to be over there it means almost entirely telephonic communications, since headquarters will always be where Mr. Farrier is, and he'll remain here, of course. But, as I say, that's only my own little selfish, personal point of view and I haven't allowed myself to give it any consideration whatever. It's something very much more important that makes me suggest your thinking the matter over, Mrs. Farrier, to see if this isn't an occasion when you might perhaps be the guiding hand in your husband's affairs."

"INDEED?" Mrs. Farrier's expression could not easily have been more skeptical than when Miss Dale said that she had given the selfish and personal point of view no consideration whatever. "You mentioned something you said was important, I believe?"

"Yes—a very important thing, Mrs. Farrier. May I be quite frank with you? May I say something to you on this point that I haven't said to Mr. Farrier?"

"Certainly, Miss Dale. Be entirely frank."

Miss Dale leaned forward eagerly. "I'm so glad you'll let me. When I began to work on the plan with Mr. Mears I thought only of one thing, I'm afraid, and that was how profitable it would certainly prove for the business. I told you how devoted we all are here to Mr. Farrier; yet when I began working on the plan I never stopped to think of the added weight it might put upon his shoulders."

"I think," Mrs. Farrier interposed, "I think Mr. Farrier is fully able to look after his own shoulders, Miss Dale."

"Oh, yes," Miss Dale agreed, "with the business working as it is now. You see, Mrs. Farrier, I'm able fortunately to attend to dozens of details for him every day. Since you've said I may be frank and I'm sure you won't think I'm boasting, I can go on to say that I constantly manage to keep a great many little annoying burdens from falling upon him. Well, if I'm not here but over at the new building they will fall upon him, and also he'll have the responsibility for both plants. It would mean a great deal more work for Mr. Farrier than he's been in the habit of doing since—well, since he was quite a little younger, Mrs. Farrier."

"INDEED!" Mrs. Farrier said dryly. "I don't think he's reached an age so advanced that he needs any special solicitude on that account."

"No; not as things are. But if he assumes all that extra labor and responsibility, we might have to feel some anxiety about his ——"

Mrs. Farrier was not quite able to endure so much consideration for Mr. Farrier's well-being. "Oh, dear me!" she said. "Miss Dale, my husband is not in need of a nurse exactly!" Her tone was severe; a sensitive person might have found it a little insulting; but Miss Dale looked not so much hurt, or insulted, as she looked crestfallen. Disappointment was almost too eloquently displayed upon her expressive face; her emotion seemed to be near chagrin, indeed, and, at sight of it, Mrs. Farrier was not so generous as to omit a little inward self-congratulation. "Too much for you, wasn't I?" she thought. "Oh, no, you don't care anything about keeping your office here at headquarters on your own account! Not at all! Well, what's your next move?"

Miss Dale, however, seemed at a loss; she could only fall back upon a baffled repetition of what she'd already said. "But isn't it possible maybe you'll decide that on his account you oughtn't to let him ——" Then, interrupting herself, she brightened as if with the discovery of a new means of appeal; again she leaned forward eagerly. "Besides all that, it's going to need a whole lot of money, and surely you'll take that into consideration, Mrs. Farrier?"

"GOOD gracious!" Mrs. Farrier exclaimed, and she gave utterance to a laugh of genuine, rather acrid amusement. "I'm sure I very deeply appreciate your anxiety to have me take so many things into consideration!"

"But, Mrs. Farrier ——"

Mrs. Farrier rose and crossed the room to the door. "I think I quite fully understand your point of view, Miss Dale," she said, and in her manner there was a barely detectable undercurrent of mockery and of triumph. "Very creditable to you, I'm sure. However, I usually make up my own mind, if you'll pardon me for saying so. My decisions aren't very likely to be affected by advice of other people." She laughed again, and nodded in farewell. "You'll excuse me if I go in search of Mr. Farrier; there was a small matter I wanted to speak to him about and perhaps the office boy will guide me to him. Thank you so much for your suggestion of what I ought to do. Good morning, Miss Dale." And with that, still amused, carrying her head high and continuing to express little hints of mockery and triumph, she passed through the doorway and went on toward the outer offices.

Miss Dale, frowning, stood looking after her speculatively and anxiously.

V.

SOME fifteen minutes later Mr. Farrier, engaged with a workman in the very remotest accessible part of that factory, a storage loft, detected upon the air a faint odor of wintergreen; Chester, the office boy, approached. "She's lookin' for you again," he said, and had no more than spoken when Mrs. Farrier made her appearance in the doorway of the loft.

Her husband drew one deep breath of resignation; then advanced manfully to meet her. But, to his astonishment, fortitude seemed to be unnecessary; Mrs. Farrier's expression was lively, anything but hostile. "I'm just running back home now," she said, smiling. "I thought perhaps you'd like to put me in the car."

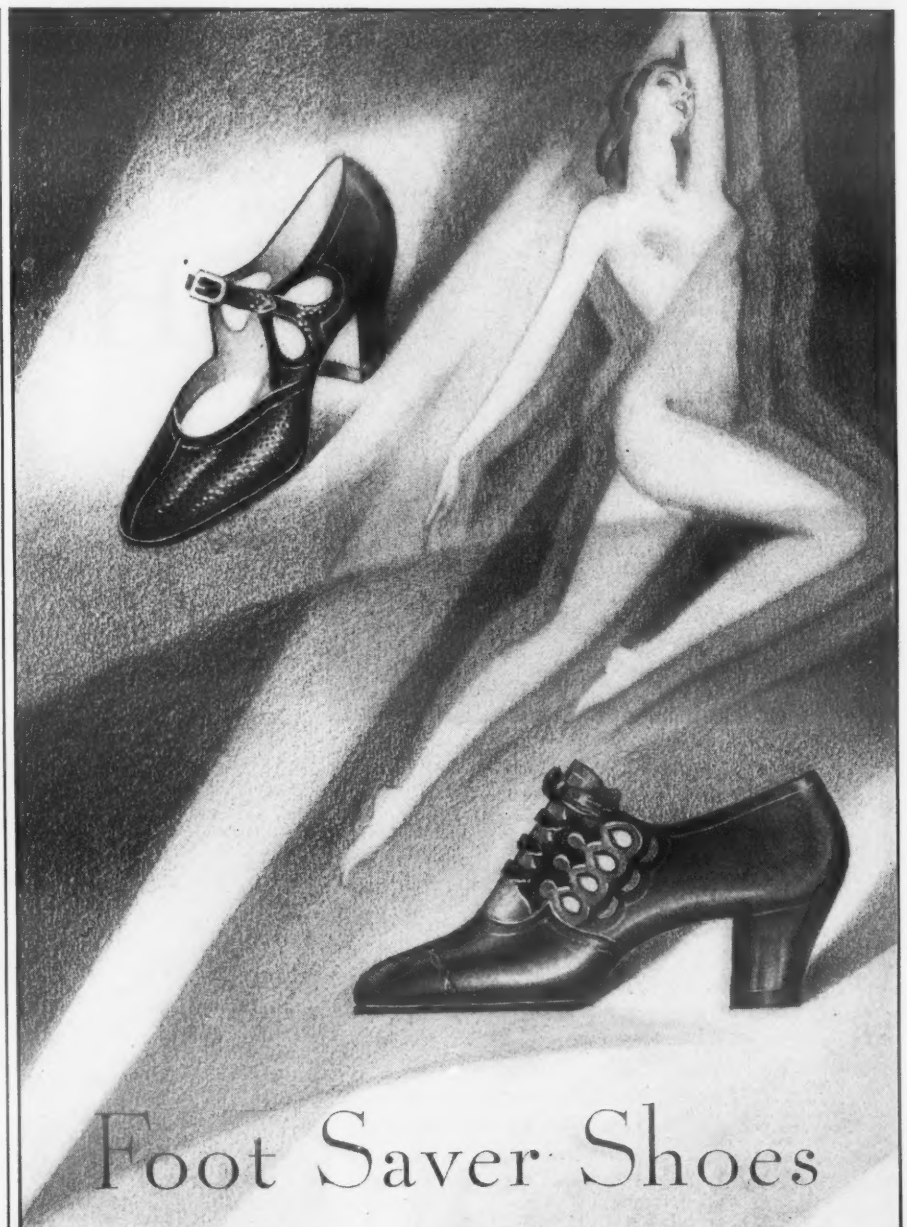
"Yes, yes, of course," he murmured and, mightily perplexed, preceded her down three flights of stairs, then walked with her across the factory yard to the gates. She prattled cheerfully as they went; spoke of trifles by the way; it was wonderful how the factory had grown, she said, and he must invite her to come again some day before long. Then, as they reached the coupé she had left at the curb just outside the gates, she became slightly arch, and, to his amazement, this archness was obviously benevolent.

"You're a dear, funny old thing," she said. "Didn't you think you were cute, though, trying all this time to make me believe your economy expert was a man! How long did you think you could keep that up, anyhow?" Then, as she stepped into the car, and he stood dumfounded, holding the door open for her, she laughed heartily. "You poor, transparent little thing! When you try to be crafty you're just about as successful as a plate-glass window!"

"But I—I don't ——" he stammered. "Min, I don't try to be cr——"

"Oh, no, of course not!" She laughed mockingly, and, having settled herself behind the wheel, she extended her left hand

(Continued on Page 99)



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"Adorable!"—"Beautiful!"—"How smart!" . . . such will be your exclamations when you first glimpse the new Foot Saver models. But if you're the active type, it's very possible that you may shake your head regretfully and pass on, *afraid* of style shoes—afraid for your *feet!*

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He achieved a new combination of flavors . . . a coffee full-bodied, rich and mellow in the cup

"Winy," pungent, mild, "syrupy" . . . he knew the many different kinds and grades of coffee grown—each with its individual "cup qualities" of appearance and of taste. He determined to create of these a new flavor . . . more satisfying . . . a blend *rich, but not cloying; mellow, yet sparkling; strong without bitterness.*

•

After years of experimenting he achieved a blend which satisfied even his critical taste and set forth, with samples in his saddlebags, to see if others would share his enthusiasm. The old Maxwell House in Nashville, Tennessee, introduced his blend to the distinguished guests it was famous for entertaining and Maxwell House Coffee became widely celebrated for its excellence.

•

Today "The Old Colonel" can look back with pardonable pride upon the achievement of his youth. He has seen the popularity of his blend, Maxwell House Coffee, spread throughout the United States—pleasing more people today than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

A young man of talent . . . dissatisfied . . .

From that fruitful combination of circumstances was born the great business of giving pleasure and satisfaction to more millions of coffee drinkers than have ever before been suited by a particular brand of coffee.

He knew coffee—this young man of talent. He had tasted the choicest grades—yet no one seemed to him quite perfect. He thought that from all the different coffees grown in the tropics of the world there must be some *one* combination that would yield the ultimate in flavor—one completely satisfying *blend*.

So he worked for years to find it. Patiently, through trial after trial, he mingled one with another, changed proportions, rejected, began again.

At last—success!

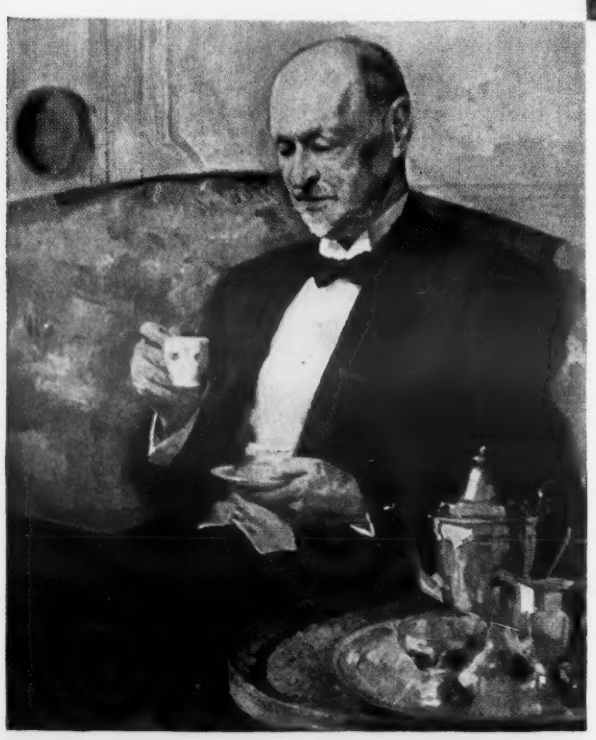
His persistence was rewarded. In the cup made from his final blend he saw color deep, rich, amber-clear, full-bodied. A heady, tantalizing aroma assailed his nostrils. He tasted a flavor at once so mild and so rich, so mellow and so sparkling that it delighted even his critical palate.

The next step was to share his discovery. He rode through the countryside carrying samples in his saddlebags of this new blend of coffee with its mellower, richer, and more sparkling flavor.

The old Maxwell House at Nashville, Tennessee, famous for the excellence of its food and the distinction of the guests it entertained, began to serve this coffee, and soon "to have coffee at the Maxwell House" became a special boast. Visitors from "back East," from "up North," from "out West" wanted this coffee to serve at home. A president of the United States proclaimed it "Good to the last drop."

The young man is "The Old Colonel" now. He has lived to see Maxwell House Coffee become the most popular coffee in America. Wherever you live, your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea.



EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT . . . "TUNE IN!"

"The Old Colonel" delights to provide a radio program every Thursday evening . . . Lively musical favorites, old and new, will be broadcast every week this month by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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(Continued from Page 97)

through the open window and gave him a jovial pat upon the shoulder. "You're pretty cute!"

He could only stare at her, befuddled with wonderment. He had no means of guessing the origin of this miraculous good humor, nor in his simplicity would he have been less amazed than he was if he could have understood whence it came. Then, just before she threw in the clutch and permitted the shining vehicle to begin its movement homeward, she laughed again and startled him with a final indulgence so incredible that a little later that morning he referred it for solution, as he usually refered matters that puzzled him, to his economy expert.

"I thought I made it clear to you, Miss Dale," he said across his desk, approaching the enigma that baffled him. "I thought you understood that difficulties might arise if—uh—if Mrs. Farrier should learn that the economy expert here is not—uh ——"

"Yes," Miss Dale returned quickly. "I did realize that, Mr. Farrier; but that Michigan order was an emergency question I couldn't settle myself, and it simply had to be attended to at once. Besides that, you told me Mrs. Farrier was in communication with Mrs. Bridgers and so before long she was sure to ——"

"Yes; I hadn't thought of that. Of course she was sure to, before long, and no doubt things were better just as they happened." Here he was unable to repress entirely a chuckle of gratification, though, even as the sound escaped from him, returning perplexity caused him to run his fingers through the scant little curls above his forehead. "Everything's certainly turned out right when I least expected it," he went on. "But what puzzles me most about it was the way Mrs. Farrier put it just as she drove off—the last thing she said to me. I haven't mentioned just exactly what her words were, have I?"

"No."

"Well, what she said was this—she said, 'William, since you're so set on owning two factories four miles apart, I guess you'll just have to have 'em!' Now, what in the world made a woman who never changes her mind change her mind like that, and what could the two plants being four miles apart have to do with it? Can you make anything of it, Miss Dale?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Tarkington dealing with Belinda Dale's experiences in the world of business. The fourth will appear in the November Home Journal.

Bridal Nots

(Continued from Page 26)

by a girl because she could ride a horse and shoot a gun wished she had developed a few more practical parlor tricks, and I discovered that Patsy, who could play the piano and sing beautifully, couldn't hard-cook an egg.

You should ask Peter about the time he showed me how an egg ought to be poached. He threw it into boiling water, and the white went up in steam.

Now don't misunderstand me, though there are times at the opera when I'd give ten dollars for a bed, I am not unappreciative of the beauties of music. It's a wonderful thing and I'm all for it. But my idea of the right combination for Patsy would have been to sing and cook, or play the piano and cook, but not to sing and play the piano. We can always tune in on the radio if we're hard up, but living three miles from a delicatessen makes dinner more of a problem.

Many modern mothers don't want their daughters to learn to cook because they believe the materialism of frying potatoes or stewing cabbage coarsens a girl's finer nature, detracts from her appreciation of poetry and the arts. But I ask you, where is there a finer opportunity for poetic expression than a lemon meringue pie—or a strawberry shortcake?

While we're on this subject of coarsening people's natures, I and the pipes froze three times before I could get Peter to mind the furnace—even with all the poetry in glowing coals and smoke and steel and everything. But Peter can do a jack-knife off the high board and he plays a great game of squash.

The same thoughtlessness which lets a young husband be foolish enough to laugh at his bride's mistakes is likely to cause him to put his foot in it in other ways. Take the case of Helen and Bill. Bill was a great camper and sold Helen on the idea of a fishing honeymoon. Of course there wouldn't be any room for her trousseau in a canoe, but he told her not to worry—she was beautiful no matter what she wore.

The fishing honeymoon was a great success—at least as far as Bill was concerned. Helen could think of things she would have liked to do better, but she had been a good sport and had given Bill the impression that she was having a whale of a time. On the way home they had to stop off in New York for a couple of hours while they changed trains and Bill suggested they go to a smart hotel for lunch as it would give just the fillip to their honeymoon it needed to be a complete success. He was so childishly eager that Helen didn't have the heart to say no, although she didn't feel her plain traveling suit, which was all she had with her except a couple of pairs of khaki knickers, exactly appropriate.

As they sat nibbling their toast Melba and waiting for the fruit cocktail Bill suddenly leaned forward and nudged Helen. "Look at that knockout coming in the door. She's certainly got IT, that baby."

Helen looked.

A minute later another exclamation from Bill, "There's a good number, that one in rose. Gosh, I'd just about forgotten what colors did for a woman."

Helen asked to be excused. She said she'd be back before the soup and save her fruit for dessert. Bill hardly noticed her absence, there were so many good-looking women coming in. About ten minutes had passed when a real treat appeared, tricked out in a green ensemble of contrasting shades and long rose-jade earrings. A curl of yellow hair peeping out at one side was just enough to relieve the severity of her dark-green helmet. She sailed up to Bill's table and, as he says, he nearly passed out.

"My Lord, Helen, you certainly knocked the barnacles off me. What have you done to yourself?"

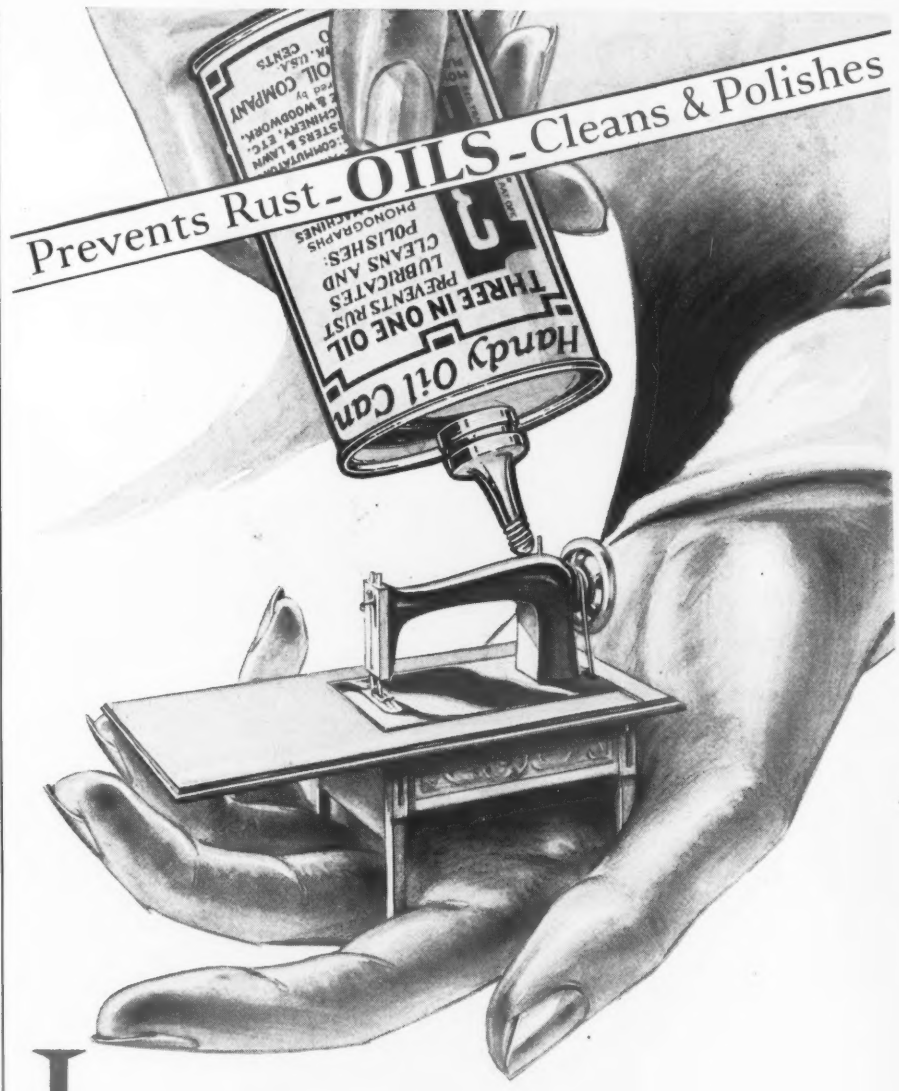
"I wanted you to see me. You were admiring every other woman in the room, but you didn't seem to know I was here."

Bill paid the bill to the hotel modiste shop, which was plenty, and since then he's been mighty careful to keep his eyes where they belong.

Usually when young husbands seem unkind or cruel it's nothing but thoughtlessness, as in the case of Bill. If a wife tries to back through a swinging door with both hands full and trips and falls the chances are her husband will scold her for trying to carry so much, instead of being sympathetic. But that doesn't mean he has ceased to love her; it is just his dumb-brute way of expressing sympathy and worry for fear she has been hurt.

Likewise if he asks you why you didn't wear a light dress to the party like Imogene instead of that dark-brown thing, it's nothing to get jealous at Imogene for. He hated Imogene; it's just his dumb way of saying he's proud of you and always wants you to be the best-dressed girl in the room.

Only somehow you don't like Imogene the next time you see her.



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A housewife in New Orleans wrote, "I have a sewing machine on which I have been using your oil for over twenty years, and it runs as well as when first purchased." (Name on request.)

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Sold everywhere by good grocery, drug, notion, hardware, department and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

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will send for the illustrated literature on amazing new speed-ironing invention.

Irons the loads of flat work, that make up some 90% of the average laundry, in one-fourth the time required by hand.

Easy to carry from one room to another or to put away when ironing is done.

Tune in on the General Electric Hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company, every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock eastern Standard Time.

TO the women of America—whose greatest home problem is one of salvaging precious hours heretofore spent at hard labor—this is a vital message. It is an invitation we urge you to accept. It will make a great difference in your lives.

A New Workless Way of Ironing

Experts in the study of more efficient methods of running the home have long agreed that the job of ironing by hand ages women faster than any remaining household task. Your physical well-being is at stake. Your mental fitness for the better things in life is in the balance.

Now—the same experts who gave women the amazing Thor speed washer have perfected a new and utterly different ironing machine. One entirely automatic in its operation—that requires only the touch of a hand to start or stop. There is no work—no exertion. It is so simple to operate that you can iron the loads of flat work with fifteen minutes' practice. Apply yourself to its simple method and you can iron everything.

Speed and Simplicity—The Secret

Note, please, the absolute simplicity of this machine. A trouble-free General Electric Motor, a base, a padded roll, a heated shoe. That is all. Yet this amazing machine irons 4 times as fast as hand methods—and turns out work that can be duplicated only by the expert French hand laundresses.

It is heated and operated electrically. It is portable—can be placed in any pleasant room—and removed to corner or closet out of the way when not in use. And you sit down to iron—thus, actually rest while the work is done for you.

Save 6 Hours a Week

According to best records available, you, madam, are spending 8 hours a week on an average over an ironing board. Let this amazing new machine do the work in 2 hours—and you save 6 of them for other things. Continue in old, back-breaking ways and you waste 6 hours needlessly.

Half the Price of Former Machines

Women by thousands are flocking to this new workless ironing method. Thus—because we are selling thousands where hundreds were sold before—the price of this new Thor Ironer is less than half that of any machine of comparable quality and features.

Women!—Make your decision! 8 hours of drudgery or 2 hours of pleasant relaxation with 6 hours free to call your own. Mail the coupon below for illustrated booklets. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto. Thor products are distributed in Asia, Africa and South America by International General Electric Company and in Great Britain through Edison Swan Electric Company, Limited, with 22 branch offices.

Thor

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Please send me illustrated literature describing the new Thor Washing and Ironing Machine.

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Remember, too, that actions speak louder than words. If you find, as you probably will, that at the end of the first week you have spent two-thirds of the money you brought to more than cover your two-weeks' honeymoon it is a terrible temptation to get out what's left of the roll and count it every time your bride spends a dime, but once she sees you do it the honeymoon's ruined for her. If it's a case of reading a book because it's a cheaper form of entertainment than the movies, she'd sooner go to the movies as much as she wants and cut the honeymoon short a couple of days if need be. There is no explanation for this; it just happens to be the way women are made. Also if you've mortgaged your future for the next two years to buy your bride's engagement ring she doesn't ever want to know it.

She will, though. There must be some reason why grooms are always wearing their frayed collars and mentioning that their socks have no feet.

Don't worry about the way the money melts away on the honeymoon, a complete change comes over a bride when she gets into her own house and begins keeping accounts. Every quarter pound of tea or bunch of carrots is dutifully entered day by day. Of course this first bubbling enthusiasm simmers down somewhat. I remember when we'd been married about a year Patsy worked for two days trying to make her accounts balance with the bank's statement and then said:

"The bank can have that darn eleven cents—I don't want it."

Like ostriches burying their heads in the sand, brides and grooms try to hide the newness of their married state by removing the external signs—sometimes a very foolish thing to do. Usually a number is pasted on the back or bottom of each wedding present as soon as it is opened, and the number and name of the giver listed, so that Mrs. Thingumabob won't be thanked for a pickle dish when she sent a special gift edition of Shakspere's Sonnets. Scraping off the numbers is likely to be one of the first acts of the bride and groom when they get back from their honeymoon into their own house, and oh, how they will regret it during the next few months. The Hewlett-Smiths are coming to dinner. Did they send lay plates or crystal goblets—and if it was lay plates which set?

"Why, oh, why, did I take off the numbers?" laments the bride, tearing her hair.

The Browns have said they were coming to call this Saturday to see your house, which they have heard is perfectly charming. You have a vague memory that their present is one of the horrors stored away in the attic. Naturally you want to get it out, but which is it? The attic is so full of horrors.

Unfortunately many of your callers don't give warning like the Browns. There was our experience with the Smithwicks, for instance. Patsy had hinted that all she needed to complete her happiness was a pair of goldfish, and being newly married I had said I would get them the next day, which I did. Just as I turned in our walk with the bowl in one hand and the fish in the other two strange people hailed me. They turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Smithwick, who lived near by and were coming to pay a call. I escorted them up to the house with as much manner as I could muster with my hands full of fish, and opening the door called cheerily:

"Dearie, here are Mr. and Mrs. Smithwick to see you."

From upstairs came the answer, quite audible to all of us:

"My, that's a funny name for a couple of goldfish to have."

Peter and I nearly died laughing.

The regrettable incident of the goldfish calls to mind our greatest domestic tragedy, which was built around a pheasant. Tired, dirty, torn by briers, I staggered home through the dusk, feeling like primitive man returning with the spoils of the chase for his mate. The spoils of the chase in this case consisted of one undersized pheasant. Proudly I exhibited it to Patsy.

For a minute she looked, but didn't say anything; then: "He is so—so beautiful. And to think that an hour ago he was running about, happy and wild and free." There was a little catch in Patsy's voice. I felt like a murderer. In the end we buried my pheasant in a corner of the flower garden and marked the spot with a little white stone and a few of Patsy's tears.

Many a man marries a girl for her schoolgirl complexion, and then when he sees her putting it on unreasonably insists that he doesn't like artificial beauty. If the bride takes him seriously the chances are he'll begin worrying about her health, because she's so pale. I know of a case like that. The girl saw something had to be done, so she agreed that she was feeling a little under par and perhaps better go to the shore for a couple of weeks. When she came back her husband was delighted at how much healthier she looked, and has never suspected the truth, although the healthy glow she got during those two weeks at the seashore has lasted through years of the ups and downs of married life. Whatever your husband doesn't see you put on he believes is real.

Wives have their psychology about their husbands' appearance too. Their seemingly incomprehensible habit of giving away a man's favorite article of clothing before it is half worn out is tied up in it. We were talking this over with a young couple the other night. "Isn't it the limit?" the husband said. "Yesterday I found three of my pet ties in a pile of stuff Mary was going to give away—and they weren't half worn out."

"Maybe they're not worn out," said Mary. "But I'm worn out looking at 'em."

One of Peter's favorite little parlor tricks is to turn the pocket of his coat inside out and say: "Yes, there's the label—I picked out this suit the day after the Armistice."

As chance would have it I was alone in the house one day and my wonder how Patsy ever got anything done grew as I ran back and forth between telephone and doorbell. I resisted the first man at the door, persuasive as he was about his cemetery lots.

But he left me in such a weakened condition that I succumbed half an hour later to: "I want to give you a free demonstration of this marvelous new kitchen strainer, absolutely no obligation of any kind on your part—none at all. I just want you to see it, every woman—I mean every householder—ought at least to see it."

He was in the house with his strainers and the only way to get him out was to buy one of the things. Let me warn the young bride that escaping the lace rugs, brushes, patent can-openers, photos, vacuum cleaners, stoves, and what not, forced upon her at the door will be one of the hardest problems of her married life.

You simply say "I've got one," and slam the door.

MOTH: "I'M MAKING OUT WELL AS A GOLF ARCHITECT—I JUST LAID OUT EIGHTEEN HOLES IN A WINTER BLANKET"

See the displays at all Woolworth Stores of HOMER LAUGHLIN Dishes during the annual OCTOBER SALES

Charming dishes, gaily patterned in the colorful new designs now so fashionable are on special display at Woolworth Stores during the October Sales. These lovely, inexpensive dishes have a surprising quality, possible at the low prices only because of the tremendous volume bought by Woolworth from the famous Homer Laughlin potteries . . . largest makers of dishes in the world. These are open-stock patterns, so that you may select whole sets, or single pieces to add to from time to time . . . You will always find the smart new designs and patterns in Homer Laughlin dishes.

The favorite gold-band dishes (Pattern W-426) shown here are found in many Woolworth Stores. ←

The pattern at the right is W-127. →

→ *These lovely yellow pieces (Pattern W-428) are typical of dishes which will be found in many Woolworth Stores, especially in the larger stores.*

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

Cakes for the Bride and Bridegroom

By MARGERY OLIVER BEEM

The Recipes are Those of the Home Delicacies Association, Smart Caterers of Chicago

FOR a wedding reception it has usually been considered most appropriate to have everything in white to represent the bride. But the bridesmaids, who are appropriately clad in pale shades, may also have a part in the color scheme of the table. This gives a welcome change from the unremitting whiteness which was formerly the fashion.

The table should be covered with a filmy lace cloth with nothing underneath it, or, if preferred, a white satin cover underneath. A beautiful low floral centerpiece, a duplicate perhaps of the bride's bouquet, or one of the crystal trees now in vogue, is an appropriate decoration. If you have a skilled caterer at your command he can have made for you a branching candy tree with filmy white candy leaves. On these branches may glow candy orange blossoms, lilies of the valley, or candy wedding bells.

PHOTO. BY FRANK G. FULTON

At one end of the table is the bride's cake, with a shining silver knife by its side, tied with a broad white ribbon. The bride herself cuts the first piece. This cake may be a large single layer, or it may be built up of two or more layers, according to the taste of the bride. It may, if preferred, be made in a heart shape. It should contain the various emblems appropriate for the occasion—the ring, thimble, button, horseshoe and heart, which may be purchased in sets and are made of silver.

Since the bride's cake is often left to the hand of the most skilled chef, it is generally professionally and elaborately decorated. It may be encircled with a broad shining candy ribbon, looped in three bows, or decorated with a candy wreath of orange blossoms and leaves.

The bridegroom's cake occupies the other end of the table. And since the poor bridegroom has only this one symbol of his part in the occasion, too great stress cannot be laid upon the elegance of his cake. It is rich black fruit cake, un-iced in contrast to the bride's, and handsomely decorated with a wreath of flowers with leaves of angelique and blossoms of the rich reds and yellows of glacé cherries, plums and apricots.

His cake is generally not cut, but is sealed away in a tin box just before the bride and groom leave on their wedding journey. In this box may also be put sentiments written by the assembled friends. The box is not to be opened till the fifth anniversary.

The other decorations of the bride's table should all contribute to its beauty. They should consist of glacéd fruits, nuts and bonbons. It is the vogue to have the more substantial parts of the feast, the canapes, sandwiches, salted nuts, and olives green and black, on the buffet table. This is more convenient for serving and does not detract from the distinction of the reception table.

Another table is provided for the monogrammed boxes containing squares of a black fruit wedding cake for general distribution to the guests as a souvenir of the occasion.

The ice cream appropriate to a wedding is more or less conventional. Molds of slippers, flowers, bells and hearts are generally used. It is pretty to have a candy orange blossom at each plate. We recently served a wedding reception where the dessert was an individual ice-cream swan, placed on a green spun-sugar mat, with a candy orange flower by its side.

We were once asked to cater for a golden wedding in a very beautiful country home. It happened that this party was given in autumn and that there was a riot of wild flowers out-of-doors. Besides the marvelously tinted autumn leaves, there were asters of various types and goldenrods and blue fringed gentians. The floral decorations were made in these happy combinations of rich colors.

PHOTO. BY FRANK G. FULTON

The wedding reception table. Left—The bride's cake, with a spray of shimmering white candy roses, lilies of the valley and love knots of white candy ribbon. Right—The groom's cake, glazed with a wreath of fruits glacé.

The cloth with which the table was covered was a pale yellow satin, with a filmy lace cover over it. The bride's cake, at one end of the table, was frosted in yellow, with a border around the edge made of gilded wishbones—fifty wishbones covered with gold and standing half raised against chrysanthemums. The top of the cake had a wreath of chrysanthemums around the two dates.

At the other end of the table was a groom's cake in a tin box. The top of the cake was covered richly with glacéd fruits and on top of the box lay a knife tied with a deep yellow satin scarf on which was printed the date of the fifty-years-ago wedding. This cake was supposed to have lain its fifty years in the tin box in which it had been placed at the time of the wedding. The groom cut his own cake. The bride distributed the golden wishbones with her cake.

Food supposed to be such as would have been suitable fifty years ago furnished the refreshments. First, a course of fried oysters and hot waffles, accompanied by chicken and ham sandwiches, dishes of old-fashioned chicken and lobster salad—that is, salad made of ingredients minced and incorporated *en masse* with the dressing; old-fashioned large cookies, small gingerbreads and individual mince pies.

Recipe for Bride's Cake

THE bride's cake is made on an old-fashioned recipe for white pound cake, in the following proportions:

Whites of 24 Eggs
1½ Pounds of Unsalted Uncolored Butter
1½ Pounds of Powdered Sugar
1½ Pounds of Pastry Flour, Sifted Four Times
1½ Teaspoonfuls of Bitter Almond Extract
1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder, or
½ Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar

Stir the butter into a cream mass. Slowly add the sugar, and beat until it is very light. Feed in the sifted flour lightly, and fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a smooth stiffness, but not to the point of being rough. Add the flavor.

It is best to bake this cake in a large pan with a tube in the center. Rub the inside of the pan with unsalted butter very lightly with the finger tips, and sprinkle the sides and bottom with very finely sifted macaroon crumbs. It must be baked in a very moderate oven in order that its pure whiteness may not be destroyed. A large cake must always be baked slowly. It will take about two and a half hours in a slow oven.

Bake the cake at least twenty-four hours before it is to be frosted. Let it stand overnight so that it will become perfectly cool. With the finger tips carefully rub off whatever brown crust there is, manipulating it till none of the brown shows.

Cover the cake with meringue frosting. This is made by boiling two cupfuls of sugar and half a cupful of water cooked to the crack, then slowly threaded into the beaten whites of two eggs. Spread this very smoothly over the cake, using a knife dipped in hot water, if necessary, to keep the surface smooth. Let the frosting set.

Before putting on the royal icing, shift the cake carefully to a stiff plaque, which has first been covered smoothly with plain white paper and then with a beautiful lace mat. Fasten this mat in the center with a little bit of the frosting

(Continued on Page 132)

EVERYTHING GLEAMING-CLEAN
IN THE
CITY OF SUNBRITE.

House cleaning time . . . yet at the bridge table, among the tea things, you want your hands to look their best! Protect them by using Sunbrite Cleanser in all your cleaning tasks. Sunbrite's unique "double-action," *purifying* as it scours, cuts cleaning time in two. The same shining, sanitary results in kitchen, bathroom, pantries and closets—with just *half* the effort. Let Sunbrite lessen your house cleaning work. And save your hands in the process! Order a supply of Sunbrite for house cleaning today.

Swift & Company

Quick Arrow White Soap Chips for spotless clothes on wash day.

The Consumer Must Decide

By F. J. SCHLINK

A HARDWARE buyer had the problem of selecting his season's stock of paring knives from among a dozen different samples. To the eye they looked pretty much alike—the steel was shiny, the handles were brightly enameled, and there was little to choose between them in price.

But being a wise buyer, instead of making his selection only on the basis of appearance, he subjected the knives to a few simple tests. These developed surprising differences. On all but three a hot water and soap washing and boiling test played hob with the beautiful bright handles, and of these three knives only two fully lived up to their claim of being stainless when tested with kitchen acids such as lemon juice and vinegar.

The selection was easy now, and the twelve identical-looking knives were reduced to two that were serviceable and reasonably permanent in their quality. A small price difference between these settled the remaining question of choice, and the paring-knife problem for that store was disposed of.

Even on a simple item like this, intelligent selection takes more time and trouble than the usual ten-minute colloquies between the manufacturers' salesmen and the buyer, which results in about the same sort of choice as Mrs. Smith herself would make from a similar array of samples. But such tests, even of the humble paring knife, are almost never made. Only a very few stores ever test one in a thousand of the things they sell.

But the manufacturer knows what he is getting. All his supplies that have a critical relation to the cost of production, finish and appearance of the product come under the regular scrutiny of a chemical or physical testing laboratory, and for many years the Government's Bureau of Standards has given him diligent and very skillful support on questions requiring difficult and exacting research and expert investigation.

Of course, in large-scale industrial buying, where safety to life and property is at stake—in a chemical plant, or on the railway for example—buying essential supplies without standard specifications and expert inspections and tests to safeguard life and property would be foolhardy and dangerous from the standpoint of possible damage suits, as well as wasteful. It is to the recognition of this fact that we owe the astonishing degree of safety with which we may travel by train or steamship, whose operators may buy hundreds of items—fire hose, toilet soap, blankets, insect powder, paint and brooms—on a basis guaranteeing a dollar's worth of service for every dollar expended.

Helping the Housewife

BUT Mrs. Smith of the Crestwood Apartments has, alas, no laboratory, and must substitute what vague and variable guidance she may get from her private opinions and those of her friends. She must accept the implied guaranty of the dealer and of the trade-brand, and to some degree appraise the good reputation of the manufacturer.

Fortunately when she buys prepared foods that are shipped in interstate commerce, she may be fairly sure that they are free from harmful ingredients or adulteration.

In practically every other kind of supplies she buys, however, she is at the mercy of the complex maze of forces which determine the consumer's market. Practically speaking, there is no agency which can speak for her requirements and encourage manufacturers to produce a little better quality of this or a little cheaper variety of that, or to take off the market grossly unsatisfactory goods.

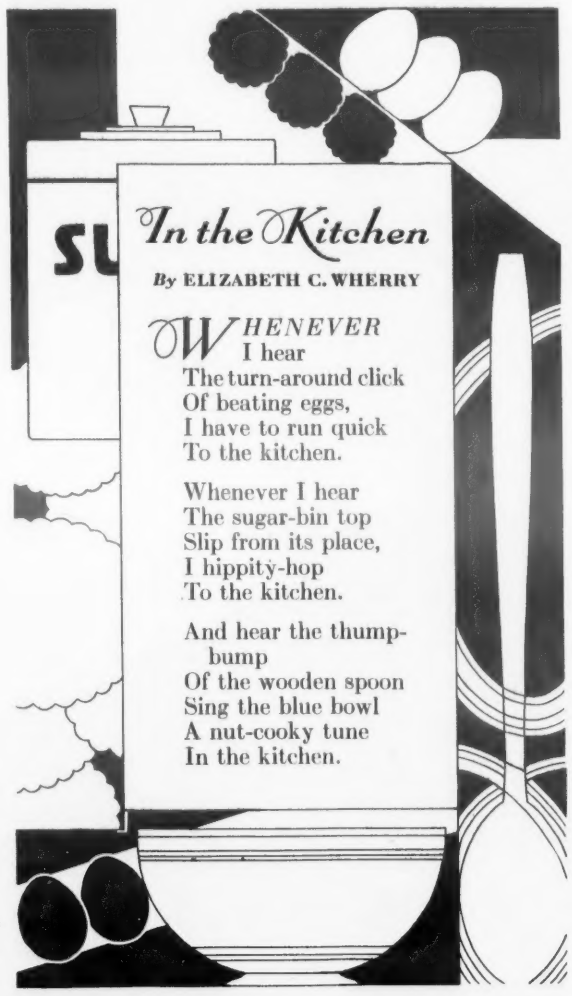
For example, there are blankets—to name a single instance among hundreds that might be cited—of such sleazy construction that they will tear almost of their own weight when wet in the laundry. Others are bound with a low grade of edging material that shrinks so differently from the blankets themselves as to bring about a puckering and distortion after the wash, so unsightly as to make them almost valueless.

Manufacturers, naturally enough, in the absence of any agency to speak for consumers' needs, regard the problems of consumers' wants as assigned to them for determination. Thus they are likely to decide, on their own opinions, whether the housewife wishes durability, or merely pleasing appearance, or lightness, or fineness of weave in her sheets and pillow cases, and whether in her refrigerator she is to prefer low temperatures and correspondingly safe, healthful and economical preservation of her food, or, on the other hand, a showy appearance.

The occasional manufacturer who tries to break through the custom of producing refrigerators for their appearance rather than for their efficiency and their convenience finds himself facing a difficult problem. He must somehow persuade the householder to weigh carefully the advantages of careful workmanship and sound construction, durable enamel, proper kiln-drying of the wood, thick and well supported insulation, sealed against seepage of moisture; whereas, as experience shows, the shopper is likely to be hypnotized by a dazzling array of talking points and tricksy hardware.

With such considerations before us, we may ask what can be done to help the conscientious manufacturer win the larger share of the market which he deserves?

The most progressive and the most successful business men in any line understand the need for steadily increasing public confidence in their product, based upon real rather than fictitious merits. They can make progress and profits much faster if some way can be contrived by which the housewife can make her real needs known and, conversely,



if she can be guided in her purchases so as to divert her selections from unworthy and unsound goods to good ones honestly and fairly priced.

The American Home Economics Association, made up of 9000 technically trained experts, mainly domestic-science teachers in high schools and colleges, has made a fine beginning in work which will ultimately solve the most pressing of these problems for the housewife.

The Bureau of Home Economics, a government institution, operating with ridiculously limited funds, is likewise hard at work upon the engineering problems of the home, which, though the most important producing and consuming enterprise in modern civilization, remains the one most completely untouched by expert research and by standards of utility and performance.

The American Standards Association, a federation of forty trade associations and technical societies and government departments, including the two home-economics agencies already mentioned, is coming to play an effective part in this picture, by providing an impartial forum or conference center before which any organization desiring to see standards and specifications set up for any proper subject may have an opportunity to present its needs.

Some may question why these problems are constantly referred to as technical ones; yet it is a fact that practically every sort of study of consumers' goods turns out, if one carries it far enough to be of any real and durable service, to be predominantly technical or engineering in nature. The day has long passed when the simple, unorganized knowledge available to untrained people will suffice to find a way through the maze of conflicting claims made by manufacturers and dealers and through the frequently conflicting requirements unconsciously set up by the consumer herself, who may demand in the same garment, for example, an absolutely impossible combination of style, color fastness, delicacy of tint, sheerness, strength and immunity from shrinkage or damage in dry cleaning and laundering.

Even the one or two best ways to kill cockroaches, or to clean tarnish from silverware, are known only because professionally trained entomologists and metallurgists have spent many days or weeks of the most painstaking study of all facets of these problems, each of which calls for the most specialized scientific knowledge.

Even if there were no economic questions involved and everyone had plenty of money to spend for everything his heart desired, there would still be the need to avoid the enormous waste of time spent in buying things which later turn out to be unsatisfactory.

The views and questionings of the individual consumer are quite without importance. But if consumers can agree, as they do in the committees organized under the American Standards Association with the coöperation of home economists and others, upon the qualities they wish in goods, then it becomes an advantage to the producer to make goods having those qualities rather than some others which he may have previously preferred on the basis of trade custom or of sales appeal.

Let us for a moment regard the problem of silk dress goods. The woman who buys such a fabric is interested in fastness of color, to some extent in durability of fabric, and nearly always in its ability to stand laundering or dry cleaning. Almost always she is unaware of the extent to which these qualities have been sacrificed to cheap manufacture and to the pressure of style change and endless variety of pattern—which never comes gratis, though in any given case it may be well worth all it costs.

The Buyer's Responsibility

THE weighting or loading with tin, lead, iron, and copper salts and other materials, almost universally added to silk to give it the feeling of weight, smoothness and richness of texture, carries the usual penalty of adulteration, in reduced wear and quick damage by sunlight, salt air, perspiration, or even a drop of water.

Home economists now seek to bring about an improvement in two important respects: First, to help standardize the methods of determining and expressing the amount of weighting, which are now in a state of almost incredible confusion and disagreement, even in the silk trade itself; and second, to establish some publicly recognized means of carrying to the ultimate consumer information as to the actual loading, in the form of a uniform ticket or label, readily understood by dealer and customer alike.

These changes being brought about, the buyer may decide for herself with all the facts before her, whether she wishes to pay a low price for an appealing but ephemeral fabric which may go to pieces in a few months, or a higher price for silk of the sort that went into grandmother's wedding dress, and can be counted on to last for years with unimpaired strength and beauty.

At a conference recently called, there was provided for the first time the representation of every essential interest, even fabric experts to speak for the ultimate consumer, and, of course, a full representation of silk manufacturers, dyers, weighters, chemical experts, textile physicists, retailers and garment manufacturers of every important kind.

How can the consumer lend her interest in an effective way to this and similar activities in the public interest which, if given reasonable support, will ultimately affect the value of a considerable share of her purchases and to a significant extent determine the economy with which she is able to expend the family income?

Her first problem is to see that merchants hear and understand her needs and preferences so that they may be encouraged, by the public reaction to their goods, to participate in national movements for the protection of the consumer, particularly those connected with questions of quality and accurate description of goods.

After such work is done—and there are thousands of common articles, from can openers to floor wax and vacuum cleaners, regarding which little is known or published about proper standards or requirements—she must urge that the results be made available to the buyer in the way of uniform and easily understood labels and descriptions.

Such standards of quality will in no way restrict the freedom of her purchasing. She will still be able to select from

(Continued on Page 137)

POND'S

CLEANSING TISSUES

just the right size.. absorbent.. firm yet exquisitely soft—for removing cold cream

SKIN FRESHENER

delicately refreshing..fragrantly bracing—for toning the skin and banishing oiliness..

Remove cold cream and dirt with folded Tissues

HOW GENTLY, thoroughly these exquisite Tissues made by Pond's remove cold cream! How tenderly their caressing lightness guards your skin. They are so highly absorbent that they *lift* off cream and dirt. No further danger of rubbing it in, with the consequent ills of clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

For the comfort of your guests order half a dozen boxes at a time, for dressing-room and bathroom. Keep them in kitchen and nursery, too. Use as handkerchiefs for colds to prevent the spread of infection —you can discard them at once.

And now you will find in Pond's Skin Freshener just the tonic your skin needs. Refreshing, bracing, it removes all oiliness after cold cream cleansing, leaving your skin cool and delicately glowing.

How it invigorates your complexion, stimulating all the little cells to action! What a live, fresh look comes to your cheeks after even a few days use. The tiny lines are smoothed away, coarse pores are gently closed, and your skin takes on the fine-textured bloom of youth.

Use these delightful aids this way:

After a thorough cleansing with cold cream, gently remove cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, crumpling or folding them in your hand. Use two at a time till they show no soil.

For immaculate cleanliness apply cream twice and remove with Tissues.

Next, soak a large pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and dab it briskly over face and neck. To further stimulate the circulation, tap the skin lightly with the finger tips while it dries, and remove the last trace of moisture with a piece of dry cotton.

Then a touch of finishing cream and a careful dusting of face powder to complete the treatment.

How lovely you look now! Your skin bespeaks that care which fastidious women demand—and you are happy in knowing you look your best.

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES remove cream and dirt conveniently and thoroughly. They're just the right size, exquisitely soft, marvelously absorbent. Use them in place of handkerchiefs for colds. Wrap some round a tube of cream and tuck in your handbag. Put a dozen in the children's lunch box. And Pond's Skin Freshener and Tonic is refreshing and beneficial to even the most sensitive skin. It banishes oiliness, tones, firms. Use it at any time during the day and always when you rise in the morning to take away that "sleepy" puffiness. Bottled with screw cap, 50¢ and $1.00. Tissues, 25¢ and 50¢.

Soak a large pad of cotton with Freshener

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☐ *Please send me FREE sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.*

☐ *For 10¢ enclosed please send me samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Creams.*

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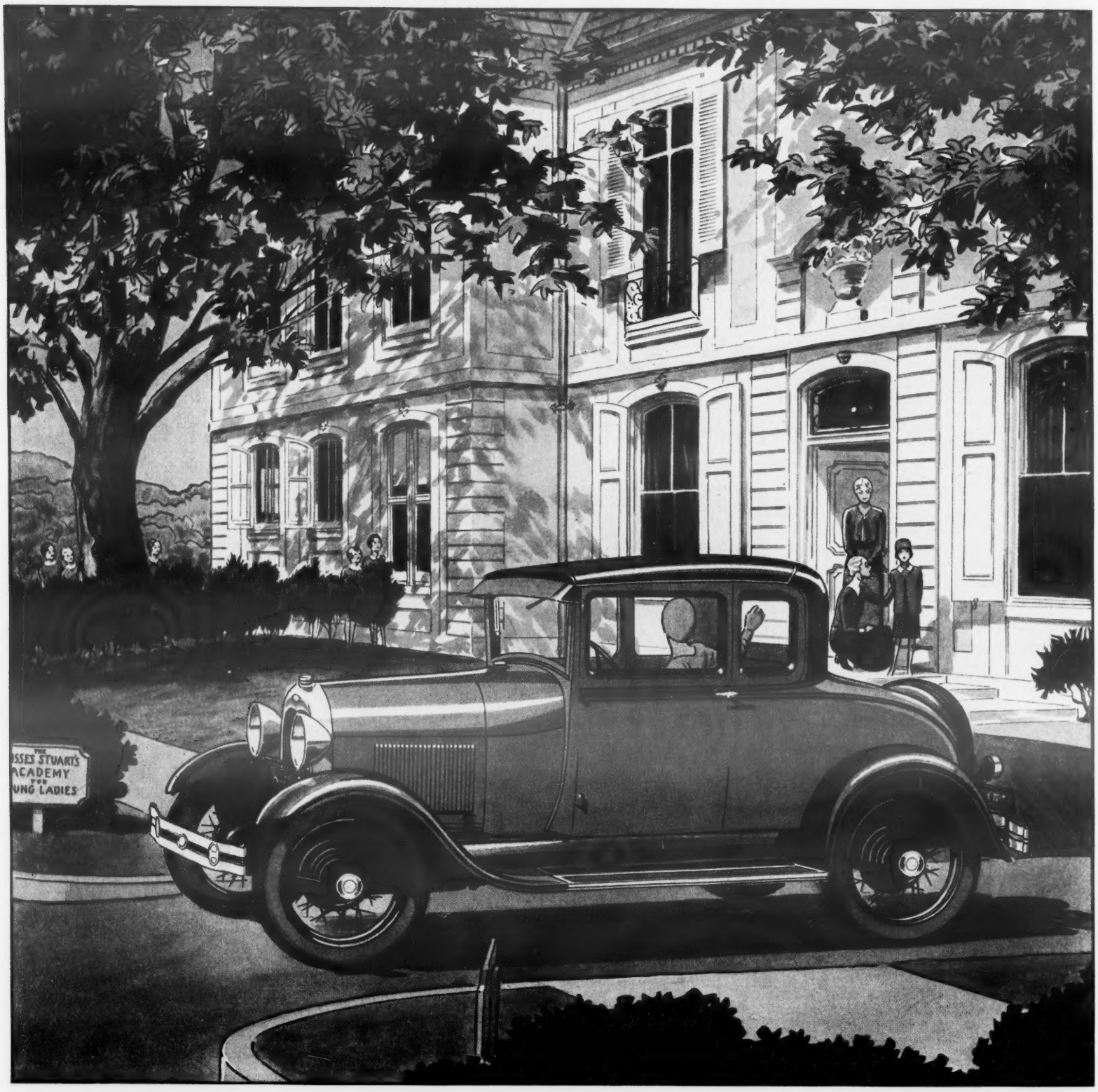

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THE FORD is a splendid choice for the busy mother not only because of its comfort and reliability, but because it is such an easy car to operate and control under all conditions.

Somehow, it seems as if everything has been planned and arranged for the particular convenience of the woman motorist.

Starting is easy because of the efficient, dependable self-starter. Gears shift smoothly, silently, without effort. On the open road or in traffic, you have a feeling of security and confidence because of the safety of the silent, fully enclosed six-brake system, the substantial balance of the car, and the additional protection of a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.

Quick acceleration, alert speed, and the ability to park in a small space without confusion, are other features you will especially appreciate in city driving.

A further advantage to the woman motorist is the country-wide availability of Ford dealers and the manner in which they are trained and equipped to give you prompt, courteous, intelligent service at all times. The interest of the Ford dealer is the interest of a friend—to relieve you of every detail in the care of the car and help you get many thousands of miles of pleasant, economical motoring.

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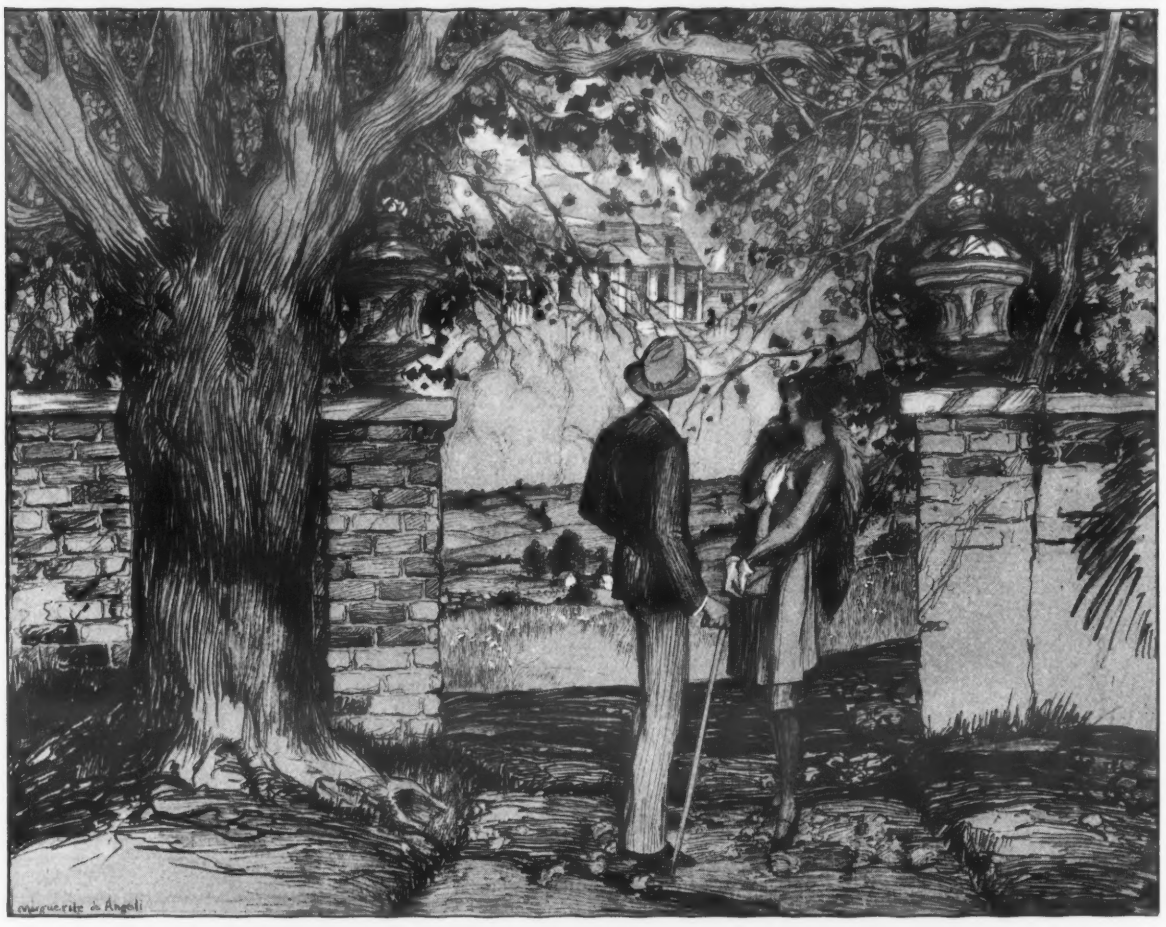

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE TWO PEOPLE——

What Makes a Home?

The Problem as Youth Faces It

By ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, D.D.
Special Lecturer in Social Science at Teachers College, New York

Decoration by Marguerite de Angeli

ONCE upon a time there were two people of great intelligence and affection who married on small means. They went from place to place as the husband's business called him, until they landed for permanent residence, with their four children, in a large city.

Rents were high and their choice of living places small. A relative died, leaving them some property which included a fine but small house with a large garden and in a locality much to be desired for a growing family. An intimate friend congratulated the wife and mother on the good fortune, saying, "I am so glad you at last have a home."

"Oh," responded the recipient of the welcome gift, "we have always had a home but we are delighted that now we have a house to put it in." This sentence gives the key to the answer to our question.

What is it that in the social partnership of people makes a home? We must have two people to make a real home; although one person with a home-making instinct may give a home atmosphere to even one small room. Preferably it must be a man and a woman to make a real home, although "bachelor girls" and two older women may live together in a very good substitute for a married partnership. Preferably it must be a man and a woman not too widely differing in age and in taste and in interest in the world of human relations; although a grandparent and one of the third generation may have a fine and wholesome home relationship. A home does not require children; it can be made by two who love and serve each other; although there can be no family in a home until one or more offspring arrive to turn the husband and wife into parents.

What then are the indispensable things that must be had in order to make a home, especially for a young man and a young woman who essay that high adventure?

Some Matters of Background

IN THE first place John and Mary must "fall in love." A selective and partial affection is nature's signboard with the arrow pointing to the road to mating. Without that guide we can hardly look for the right beginning of the marriage partnership.

Second, John and Mary must have a psychology of permanence. They may not stand the wear and tear of real life together and the divorce court may be the tragic end to high hopes. But at least true love must have its vision of life-long satisfaction with the chosen one at the start.

Third, there must be some fundamental desire to play fair one toward the other and some understanding that in a real partnership one cannot have all the sacrificial service and the other be content with giving it.

If John and Mary measure up to the requirements in these particulars are they ready to get the license and engage the minister or justice of the peace to sign the bond? Not so. Two items of knowledge are indispensable if the experiment is to be firmly secured against disaster. One, some knowledge of the family background racially, religiously, nationally and in regard to inheritance physical and mental; the other, some knowledge each of the other's ideals, desires and plans in regard to marriage and the family life.

The knowledge of the family background of each required may not touch upon that delicate question of whether each likes the other's forbears well enough to live happily with them! That vital question belongs usually to another and later inquiry. But there should be knowledge of the following points respecting the family background on both sides:

First, is there in inheritance back of either some taint of insanity, some strange quality that tends to near-genius on the one hand and near mental infirmity on the other? Is there a physical taint that would be a hereditary handicap to make life difficult and which so often defeats ambition?

Next, there should be some definite knowledge shared each with each of the physical and mental condition of the two people chiefly concerned. There is a strong movement in many states in this direction, and there has been offered for Federal legislation a bill requiring physical and mental examination of all who apply for license to marry and the refusal of such license to the unfit. Such attempts at legislation, however, fail of practical outcome because to scientifically examine all applicants for marriage licenses would require a corps of physicians, psychologists and psychiatrists such as no governmental provision has as yet even suggested and which would mean a tax support of extreme increase in expense for the marriage bureaus.

We have some attempts at such examination of the small minority of men and women, and especially of youth, who are arrested for offenses, and there is a growing willingness to spend the people's money for such psychiatric and physical examination on the ground that it will lessen expense and increase efficiency in treatment of the delinquent classes.

But to undertake to find out the real mental and physical condition of all the apparently normal people who apply for license to marry, a class in the overwhelming majority of the population, would rouse a different set of questions and stir a different form of opposition.

Yet that all people who marry should know more about each other than is now common is an indisputable fact. What then? Shall the young people themselves each demand of the other the adequate examination and the frank sharing of its results? In some cases this is done, but rarely. And there are some social and æsthetic objections to thus placing upon youth the burden of such a mutual demand.

The tendency toward annual physical examination seems to be the way in which social progress in this matter will move. If such an annual examination were to become the social fashion, or possibly the requirement of the Government through the Boards of Health, there might grow up a perfectly natural way by which all young people could have the knowledge each of himself or herself and both of the other which would prevent some fatal tragedies that wreck the home.

Yes or No

FROM such examinations the ministers of the churches could gain assurances of right action in marriage or in denying marriage in the case of the couples applying for their services. From such a form of all-round examination would be removed all idea that suspicion of the character of either the man or the woman involved was connected with the effort to find out what was the physical or mental condition of those intending marriage.

Another matter that requires definite treatment before marriage is that which concerns the inmost desires of each intending partner. Do they both want mostly the same things? If not, is the difference wide enough almost inevitably to cause disaster when marriage brings those differences clearly to light? What are the main things that affect the home life in most vital manner? They are:

1. Religious unity or difference;
2. Whether or not both want children;
3. Whether or not the woman wants to "keep on with her own work" after marriage;
4. What scale of living can both be contented with;
5. What shall be done when either or both have some special duty toward a father or a mother? Shall they try a multiple household or meet the obligation some other way;
6. In what way does each like to take a vacation or indulge in recreation?

1. The matter of religious unity or difference may seem in these days of loosened church relationships one of negligible quantity. Many men "keep their religion in their wife's name," like some of their property. Many women feel at home in many forms of religious service and many couples can bridge great distances in religious belief, as they can also vast differences in racial inheritance, by a master passion of love. The determination, however, of many social questions of companionship and affiliation, and in particular questions of the education of the children, if there are any, are bound up in the question of "his church" or "her church" where inherited differences exist or where personal allegiance takes one to one altar and the other to a different one.

2. The questions of whether both want children and when and how many are new in our civilization. Nature was supposed to take care of that matter entirely until quite recently. Now, in more cases than are confessed, and by more people of the ancient codes of marriage than are known, men and women feel they have a right to decide these questions for themselves in so far as science allows such decision.

It is, therefore, of primary importance that a man and a woman seeking marriage should each know the other's mind on this fundamental matter. The home we say never grows

(Continued on Page 134)

BUICK *and* FISHER

Designers of the car which is winning highest praise among discriminating women

THE NEW BUICK... *with Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

THE women of America have elected their motor car. They have singled out the new Buick with Body by Fisher—because Buick, the world's foremost builder of fine cars, and Fisher, the world's foremost builder of motor car bodies, have provided so many wonderful advantages that women admire and desire. ¶ They are praising the rare beauty of line, color and appointment of the new Buick Bodies by Fisher. They are equally impressed by the many features of comfort and convenience, including the new non-glare windshield which adds so much to the safety of night driving; the greater luxury and spaciousness of the interiors; the new weather-proof upholstery; the popular adjustable front seat and many other evidences of Fisher thoughtfulness. ¶ And when women drive the 1930 Buick, they know for certain that it is *their* motor car. For here is *glorified* Buick performance —the finest obtainable—with power, smoothness, swiftness and flexibility such as they have never before known. And here, too, is a brilliant advance in luxury and safety. ¶ A new and improved steering gear and new road shock eliminator provide greatly increased handling ease and roadability. New controlled Servo enclosed mechanical brakes—the most effective employed on any car—assure maximum safety. And new double-acting shock absorbers spell the last word in riding comfort. ¶ Truly, Buick and Fisher have designed the ideal car for America's women. And women everywhere are expressing their preference by buying more than twice as many new Buicks as any other fine car.

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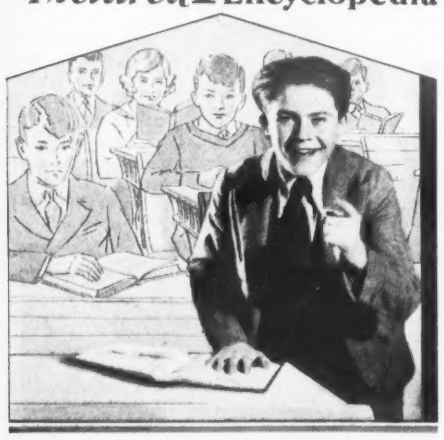

Are your children leaders in school or struggling to keep up

In these days children need more help than they ever had. And they are getting less. The world is going too fast. The school rooms are too crowded. The teachers too busy.

If your children are getting good marks in school and showing leadership under these conditions, then they are all the more exceptional and you should help them more. But if they are having an unhappy struggle in their classes, then you should get busy immediately, without delay.

There is a way to help them now, at last, a way which three hundred and fifty thousand mothers and fifty thousand teachers have already discovered. There is, at last, a complete set of reference works of their very own, written and pictured in terms of their own understanding that they can turn to now on every question that bothers them. It is called

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Filling the Children's Cooky Jar

By CAROLINE B. KING

AN OLD-FASHIONED cooky jar, or a brown-paper bag from the bakery—which shall it be? Leave it to the children and the question is easily answered. And homemade cookies are so really good for little folks who are too busy growing to eat at regular mealtime all that their small bodies require! Why should not the cooky jar be kept brimming over?

Actually, cooky making is fun, once one gets the swing of it. One may roll the dough in the good old-fashioned way; one may drop it on a buttered cooky sheet from the end of a spoon; one may chill it to a solid cylinder in the refrigerator and then slice it wafer thin; one may press it from a pastry bag and tube; or one may grind it out in various ornamental forms from the end of a cunning little machine made expressly for cooky manufacture; or one may roll it between the palms into tiny balls.

Different types of cookies naturally demand different treatment, but usually any good recipe may be changed or adapted so that the dough may be either dropped, chilled, rolled or ground into shape. A good, easily followed recipe for cookies is a treasure. The richest are made without milk or water or leavening, but these are not usually the kind that one makes for the children; theirs should be rather substantial, nourishing and wholesome, but there is no reason why they should not be attractive and dainty.

The following foundation recipe is useful in an infinite variety of ways: Cream half a cupful of butter or other shortening with one cupful of granulated sugar; add one egg, unbeaten, and a quarter cupful of milk. Beat well, then stir in one and three-quarters cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt, flavor with a quarter teaspoonful of nutmeg or half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

This dough may be packed in a bread pan and chilled overnight, then sliced very thin and baked in a moderately hot oven of 400 degrees; it may be dropped from the end of a teaspoon onto a buttered baking sheet; made into balls the size of marbles, then rolled in sugar and set three inches apart on the baking sheet; or it may be rolled very thin and cut in plain or fancy shapes as desired.

And the dough may be varied attractively. The plain cookies may be brushed before baking with beaten egg yolk, milk or water and sprinkled with granulated sugar, grated coconut or grated sweet chocolate; peanuts, blanched almonds or pecans may be arranged in groups on the cookies; raisins, candied fruits and citron are often used in the same way. A spoonful or two of cocoa may be substituted for the same amount of flour in the dough mixture if chocolate cookies are liked.

Many interesting experiments may be made in flavoring the cakes. Orange juice with some of the grated rind substituted for the milk will produce delicious orange wafers. A little grated lemon rind used with nutmeg, or almond and vanilla are good combinations; and if you like old-timy seed cakes, add a teaspoonful of caraway or anise seed to the dough.

Occasionally try dropping a spoonful of raspberry or other jam in the centers of the rolled and cut cookies, then fold over two sides before baking; or put two very thin cookies together, sandwich fashion, cutting a circle from the center of the upper with a thimble, brush with milk or egg, sprinkle with sugar and coconut and bake a light brown. Drop a bit of colorful jelly in the little cavity in the center, before serving. So much for the standard cooky, which need never be trite, you see, as long as one has a little imagination.

OLD-FASHIONED SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES are the delight of every child, and fortunately they are very wholesome. Cream half a cupful of shortening with half a cupful of brown sugar and half a cupful of New Orleans molasses; then fold in one well-beaten egg, a dash of salt, and a quarter teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in half a cupful of sour cream, and sift four cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Set aside some of the flour for rolling, adding the balance alternately with the sour cream to the molasses mixture. Mix well to a soft dough, then set away in the refrigerator for an hour or longer. This will stiffen the dough and make it easier to handle. Pat and roll into a sheet one-quarter to half an inch thick and cut into any desired shape. Dipping the cutter constantly in flour will prevent the dough from sticking.

If preferred, the cookies may be made in little balls or gingernuts and varied by the addition of chopped coconut, finely shaved candied ginger, or dates. Roll in granulated sugar and bake in a very moderate oven, as any molasses mixture burns very easily.

GINGER COOKIES, which take the form of animals or funny little men and women, are always popular with children. The dough for making them is rather peculiar to handle until one becomes familiar with it, then it is mere fun to make the cakes. Boil together for five minutes one cupful of dark molasses, one cupful of brown sugar and one cupful of shortening; add a teaspoonful of soda, a dash each of cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger, and stir well. Remove from the fire and stir in as much sifted flour as the liquid can take care of, set the bowl in a pan of hot water; the dough must be kept warm, or it will become stiff and unmanageable. Take out a small portion and knead till like putty, then roll very thin and cut into shapes. Decorate the figures with bits of citron, candied fruit, decorettes, icing piped through a tube, or nut meats. Bake in a moderate oven, 300 to 325 degrees. When first baked the cookies will be very hard, but if packed away in a tight tin box for a day or so you will find that they become deliciously tender and crisp.

HONEY GINGER CAKES are temptingly good and easily made. Melt half a cupful of shortening over hot water—it must not cook—and add a full cupful of strained honey, half a teaspoonful of ginger, a quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of milk, and about two and a half cupfuls of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda. Mix all well, make into a roll and chill overnight; then slice very thin and bake about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

GRAHAM OR WHOLE-WHEAT COOKIES, which are the very best of after-school fare, require two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of shortening, one egg, one cupful of sour or butter milk in which one level teaspoonful of soda and a quarter teaspoonful of salt have been dissolved, and Graham or whole-wheat flour to make a soft dough. Flavor as preferred. Drop the cookies on a well-greased and floured baking sheet, and place a raisin or a halved date in the center of each. Bake ten to fifteen minutes in a temperature of 350 degrees. The dough may be stiff enough to roll. Then cut in squares, brush with milk and dot with chopped peanuts.

CEREAL CRISPS are rich enough to serve at party affairs, but not too rich for everyday occasions. Mix together four cupfuls of cornflakes, one cupful of rolled oats, and a quarter cupful of shredded coconut or chopped nut meats. Cream two generous tablespoonfuls of butter with three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and add two well-beaten eggs; then stir in the cornflake mixture and drop from the end of a teaspoon on a greased and floured baking sheet. Bake twenty-five minutes in a slow oven. When removing from the oven, set the pan on a cloth wrung from cold water and lift the cookies immediately from it with a broad-bladed spatula.

ENGLISH TEA WAFERS are typically British, and excellent. Serve them with a cup of hot lemon-flavored tea at four o'clock for a delectable bite. Cream together half a cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, and one unbeaten egg. Sift one and a half cupfuls of flour with half a teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter teaspoonful of salt, add to the sugar and butter mixture with one cupful of cleaned currants. Stir well, then drop from the end of a teaspoon on a buttered baking sheet, sift a little granulated sugar over the cakes and bake a golden brown in a moderately hot oven.

EASY OATMEAL HERMITS are delicious. Mix together two cupfuls of oatmeal or rolled oats, one cupful of seedless raisins, and one cupful of walnut meats; run all through the food chopper, using the coarse blade. Blend one cupful of granulated sugar with one cupful of softened shortening, and add two well-beaten eggs. Sift two cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Stir the ingredients all together thoroughly, and if the mixture seems too dry add hot milk by the tablespoonful until a quarter cupful has been used. Drop on greased baking sheet three inches apart, bake at 325 to 350 degrees.

SHERRY COOKIES are for the grown-ups who often love cookies themselves. Cream half a cupful of butter with

(Continued on Page 132)

One Tooth!

YET IT CAN AFFECT THE APPEARANCE, THE WHOLE WELL-BEING, OF YOUR CHILD

SHORTLY after the twenty "baby" teeth are in place another one unobtrusively takes its place among them. Frequently it is mistaken for another of the first teeth. But it is the six-year molar, the most important tooth of all.

The reason for this importance is that the six-year molar assures the proper relationship between the upper and lower jaws—it determines the proper growth forward of the bones of the jaw—and it helps in the even placing and developing of the permanent teeth.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Sophisticated Uses of Well-Known Cereals

By **MARGERY OLIVER BEEM**

HOW to find something new under the sun for luncheon and dinner menus? One solution is to take well-known foods and use them in new, delicious and unusual combinations. The simpler and homelier the food is to start with, the smarter its reincarnation. Rolled oats, a food we have always known as a breakfast cereal, has made its bow recently in a number of sophisticated dishes.

At a small restaurant, noted for its fine quality of French cooking, a luncheon hostess left the choice of the dessert to the chef. We were served with a new pudding—a handsome, crown-mold effect, its cherry-colored top heaped high with whipped cream and riced marrons.

The pudding had a mysterious and delicious flavor that no one, even the hostess, could quite place. So she sent a note by the head waiter to Pierre, the presiding genius of the kitchen, telling him how much we liked the dessert and asking for the recipe. Pierre himself came in, beaming with happiness to think we liked his pudding. It was, he said, "just a simple oatmeal Mont Blanc" which he had invented himself. He told us that the "Mont Blanc" referred to the white clouds which circle the famous mountain top. They were represented in the pudding by the whipped cream; the cherry-colored gelatin was, of course, the rosy mountain sunset.

Since then, "just a simple oatmeal Mont Blanc" has appeared at several of our dinner parties with great success. Here is the recipe as we were able to take it down from Pierre's not too easily understood directions; it should serve about six persons:

- 2½ Cupfuls of Hot Milk
- ¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of Rolled Oats
- 2 Egg Whites
- 2 Egg Yolks
- ⅓ Cupful of Sugar
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of Gelatin
- ½ Teaspoonful of Vanilla
- 1 Cupful of Banana Pulp
- ½ Package of Strawberry or Cherry Gelatin

Cook the oatmeal fifteen minutes in the salted milk. Add the sugar, mixed with the beaten egg yolks, and cook gently to a soft custard. Then add the banana pulp, first putting it through a sieve; also the flavoring and the gelatin, which has been softened in a tablespoonful of cold water and dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Last of all, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

To mold, wet a crown mold—an angel-cake Turk's-head pan will do, if you haven't a crown mold—with cold water and line it with the strawberry or cherry gelatin, which has been dissolved in water. To line the mold effectively, put in the gelatin liquid, allow it to chill somewhat and then tip the pan gently from side to side until the thickening gelatin clings to it about one-third of the way up. After this gelatin lining has become quite firm, pour in the chilled oatmeal Mont Blanc mixture. Set the pan in the refrigerator for at least three hours to firm.

To unmold the oatmeal Mont Blanc, dip the bottom of the pan in hot water just long enough to loosen but not melt the gelatin. Place a plate upside down on top the tin, reverse the plate and tin and carefully lift off the tin. Your pudding will have a delightful pink-sunset top.

For the sauce which forms the cloud, whip half a pint of cream until it is quite stiff. Sweeten it with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and fold in one cup of preserved French marrons which have been put through a ricer.

Serve the mold on a handsome dish or silver platter which has been properly chilled. Heap the whipped cream with marrons into the center depression. Place a silver serving knife and fork beside the mold and present the pudding to each guest in turn.

OATMEAL MUSHROOM SOUP is making the rounds of country-club luncheons. Most cream of fresh mushroom soups need to be made with chicken stock in order to make them really delicious. For some reason, however, oatmeal stock seems to take the place of the hitherto necessary chicken stock. The ingredients which you need for this increasingly popular dish are:

- ½ Cupful of Rolled Oats
- 1 Teaspoonful of Salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of Finely Minced Onion
- 2 Cupfuls of Boiling Water
- ½ Pound of Fresh Mushrooms
- 2 Cupfuls of Whole Milk
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
- A Dash of Pepper
- Whipped Cream, for Garnish

Cook the oatmeal and onion for ten to fifteen minutes in the boiling salted water; rub through a sieve, add the milk and fresh mushrooms, which have been washed, peeled and finely minced, and cook in the top of a double boiler for twenty minutes. Just before taking from the fire add the pepper and butter. Stir thoroughly and serve with a teaspoonful of whipped cream per person.

CRAB MEAT FARCI, a new entrée, is relished by all lovers of sea foods. Have ready buttered scallop shells and bake in them the following mixture:

- 2 Cupfuls of Fresh or Canned Crab Meat
- ½ Cupful of Rolled Oats
- 1 Small Can of Tomato Purée
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
- 1 Pimiento, Cut Fine
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of Minced Green Peppers
- ¾ Teaspoonful of Salt
- Pepper to Taste

Fill the scallop shells, cover with buttered crumbs, put them in a baking pan which has a little water in the bottom of it and bake gently in a slow oven for half an hour.

OATMEAL ALMOND TORTE is a complete dessert in itself. It adds a sophisticated note of decoration to the buffet table and is equally good as a climax to luncheon or dinner. It should be served on a handsome silver tray with a silver cake knife and presented to each guest in turn. The recipe:

- 8 Egg Yolks
- 8 Egg Whites
- ½ Cupful of Sugar
- ¼ Cupful of Almonds
- 2 Cupfuls of Pastry Flour
- ⅔ Cupful of Ground Rolled Oats
- 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla
- 1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder

Grind the oatmeal in the food grinder. Blanch and grind the almonds, reserving a few with which to decorate the outside of the torte. Add the sugar gradually to the beaten egg yolks; then add the ground almonds, the flour—with which the baking powder has been sifted—the ground rolled oats and the flavoring. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in three layers in a moderate oven. Set the layers together with a whipped-cream filling made by adding powdered sugar and vanilla flavoring to taste to the stiffly whipped cream.

Then ice the outside of the cake with a butter-cream icing and cover with shaved almonds. For the icing, cream a cupful of confectioners' sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter; then add a tablespoonful of water, milk or cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

KENTUCKY CHICKEN CROUTÉ WITH CORN MEAL has made fame and money for the little Southern restaurant where it is served. It appears in piping hot ramekins, presents an appetizing golden-brown appearance and shows corn meal in a new and delicious guise.

For the crust part, stir half a cupful of corn meal into three cupfuls of boiling salted water and cook gently in a double boiler for one to two hours. If necessary, add hot water from time to time, so that the corn meal remains fluffy rather than stiff. Then add two heaping teaspoonfuls of grated cheese and a small lump of butter.

Meanwhile prepare a sauce as follows: Reduce 1½ pints of coffee cream by cooking it in the top of a double boiler until it is almost as thick as ordinary white sauce. Flavor it with salt and paprika to taste and whisk into it three teaspoonfuls of fresh butter. To this sauce add three cupfuls of cooked white meat of chicken, cut into pieces about three-quarters of an inch long.

Fill medium-sized buttered ramekins about two-thirds full of the creamed chicken; then spread each ramekin with an inch-thick layer of the corn-meal mixture. Sift some grated cheese over the top of each ramekin, dot with butter and then brown in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

You will find the corn-meal crust a delicious and thoroughly delightful change and worthy of the best traditions of the old-fashioned Southern cooking which it represents.

CORN-MEAL PUFF. If you wish something hot and appetizing and different for the Sunday-night supper—something that reminds one pleasantly of French brioche rolls—just try it! The ingredients are as follows:

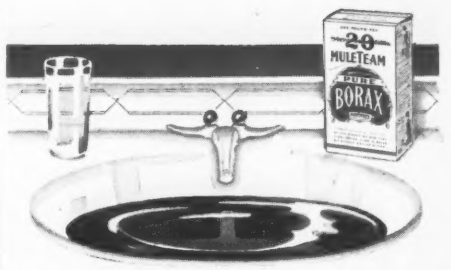
- 3 Cupfuls of Boiling Whole Milk, Salted to Taste
- ¼ Cupful of Yellow Corn Meal
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of Fresh Butter
- 4 Egg Whites
- 4 Egg Yolks

Boil the corn meal in the milk for fifteen minutes, then whisk in the butter and allow the mixture to cool somewhat. Add the yolks, whipped to a lemon yellow, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour the batter in a buttered casserole, set the casserole in a pan of hot water and cook in an oven low enough in temperature for the water in the pan to remain below the boiling point.

The puff can be served with Vermont maple sugar or with cheese sauce. Make the cheese sauce by adding ¼ cupful of finely grated cheese to 1 cupful of rich white sauce.

MAPLE PRALINESQUES. Crisp gently in a slow oven two cupfuls of puffed rice, stirring into them three tablespoonfuls of butter. Cream two-thirds cupful of butter or butter substitute with two-thirds cupful of brown sugar. Add a beaten egg, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, three-quarters cupful of flour and one-quarter teaspoonful of maple flavoring, and beat well. Just before putting in the pan, add the two cupfuls of crisped puffed rice. Drop the mixture from a spoon and bake for twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

These cookies are crisp and crunchy; the puffed rice takes the place of toasted nut meats.



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CREAMED SMOKED TONGUE AND CUCUMBERS
With
TOAST POINTS

WAFFLE SANDWICHES
Two Waffles Put Together With Melted Butter Stirred Into Honey

COFFEE

Late Breakfast-Luncheon

(For Matinée Commuters)

SLICED GRAPEFRUIT WITH SPICED CRANBERRIES
Pare the Grapefruit, Break in Half Lengthwise, Then Cut in Crosswise Slices and Garnish the Edge of the Plate With the Cranberries

VIENNESE BROILED LAMB CHOPS
Lamb Chops Stuffed With a Slice of Liver Sausage

ESCALLOPED POTATOES

BAKED BEETS WITH MINT SAUCE

ENGLISH PANCAKES
Eight or Ten Thin Pancakes Put Together With Preserves and Cut as Layer Cake

Breakfast for Early Morning Golfers

WEDGES OF ICED HONEYDEW MELON
Ordinary Slices of Honeydew Melon, Cut Crosswise Into Inch Pieces to be Held in the Fingers and the Melon Eaten From the Rind

ESCALLOPED SWEETBREAD AND MUSHROOMS

TOASTED ENGLISH MUFFINS
With
TANGERINE MARMALADE

COFFEE

Breakfast for Morning Bridge Players

BAKED PEARS ON THE HALFSHELL
Halves of Pears Baked in the Skin and Glazed With Sugar Sirup Flavored With Lemon

CRAB FLAKE *or* LOBSTER OMELETTE

OLIVE MUFFINS
Plain Muffin Mixture With Finely Chopped Green and Black Olives

COFFEE *or* TEA

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(For Women's Club Committees)

FRUITED RICE STEAMED IN MILK
Rice Steamed in Custard Molds With Figs, Dates or Raisins

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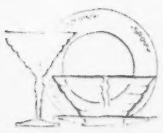


To Wash Dishes and Glassware Use two tablespoonfuls of Dawn to dish-pan of hot water. Rinse with clear, hot water. If water is hard, increase the amount of Dawn in washing solution. Excellent in dishwashing machines.

Make this convincing "TUMBLER TEST" *—and you can* see *why* Dawn *is safe for fine fixtures*

Stir two teaspoonfuls of Dawn in a glass of water. Note that Dawn completely dissolves. You can *see* that it contains no harsh, abrasive grit . . . therefore cannot scratch. Now make the same test with an ordinary non-dissolvable cleanser. The sandy, cutting residue leaves a network of scratches on the glass as you stir it—just as it does when you use it to clean porcelain, tile or enamel.

To Clean Hairbrushes, Combs To Clean Jewelry and Silver Dissolve one tablespoonful of Dawn in a pan or washbowl of warm water. Wash articles in the solution. Then rinse thoroughly with clear, hot water. Dry with a soft cloth.

Dawn *for Laundering* To loosen dirt and remove body stains, add one tablespoonful of Dawn for each pail of water. Soak clothes for several hours. For wash water, use four tablespoonfuls of Dawn for each tub or washing-machine, with enough soap to make suds. Dawn makes whiter clothes without boiling. Saves soap.

2 cans for 25¢

Dawn keeps porcelain, enamel . . . shining, *always beautiful*

1. Use smooth-skinned potatoes for baking—Idaho Russets or Western Colorado. Select them long, cylindrical, thick in the middle, as shown below. A netted, corky skin (indicating maturity) shows mealiness. Also, if it is the kind that falls off in chunks when boiling, it is a good baker. They keep well and one can sort out and hold those best adapted to baking.

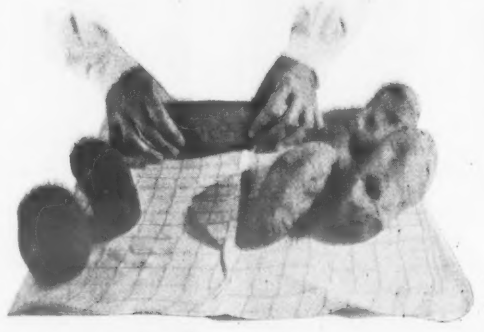
2. The only preparation a potato needs for baking is to clean it thoroughly. There is no reason for rubbing it with fat if it is baked at a low enough temperature. Above, a brush is used.

3. Allow a full hour for baking the potatoes and use a low enough temperature—380°—so that the potatoes will bake through without any of the starchy part baking dry against the skin. Do not put them too close together, for air should have a chance to circulate around them freely.

Baked Potatoes Can be Delicious

4. When the potato is tender enough to pinch easily from either side, it is done and ready to be prepared for serving.

5. Again before serving, pinch the potatoes (using a towel if necessary to protect the fingers from the heat) to be sure they are softened and mealy throughout before proceeding to the next step.

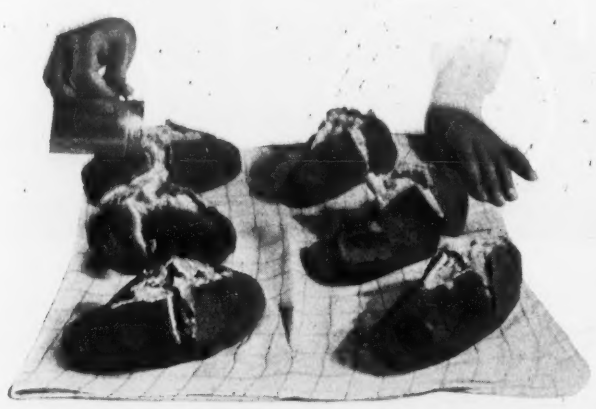


6. Then make a crosswise cut through the skin on the top of the potato to allow the steam to escape.

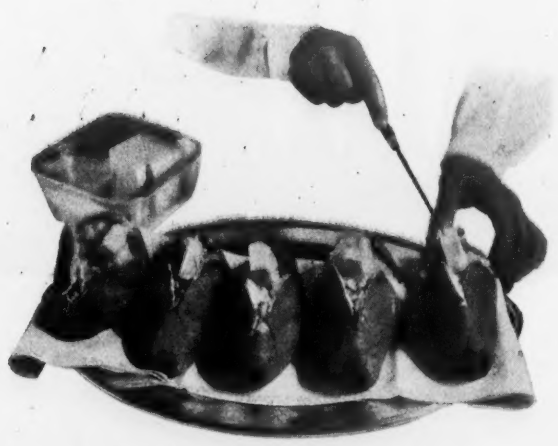
7. Pinching the potato at either end after cutting pushes up some of the inside white to allow the steam to break through. If the steam remains in and the potatoes are left standing, they become soggy and lack mealiness.

BAKED POTATOES for luncheon, steaming hot, delicately white and fluffy, topped with nut-sweet, melting butter and dusted with salt and paprika—a dish for a king—or a meal in itself for a hungry family just home from school.

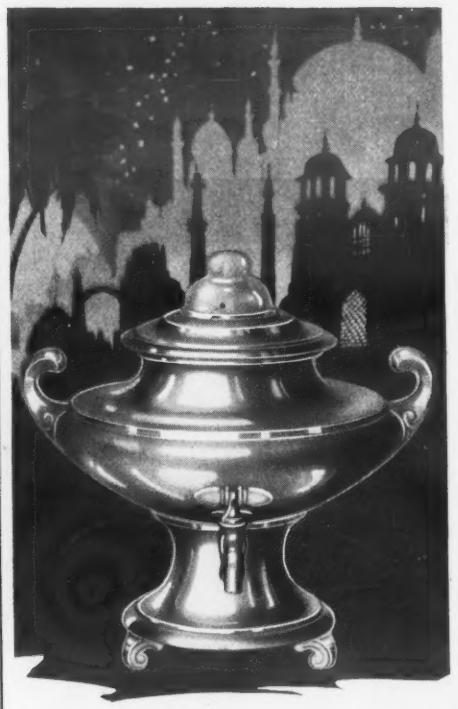
Perhaps because it is so easily prepared, a perfectly baked potato is rare; or maybe because its structure is not thoroughly understood. For if one knew that a potato's woody foundation, cellulose, is a starchy substance insoluble except in sufficient heat, one would not place it in too cool an oven, to become soggy and moist. Instead, the starchy cells must immediately be burst by heat so the potato may proceed to bake to the *n*th degree of mealy perfection.



8. To have the seasoning penetrate the potato perfectly, shake on the salt before adding the butter.



9. Then stand a piece of butter on the loose, mealy white top and it will quickly melt and be carried through.



The ALADDIN Pattern

WITH a UNIVERSAL Percolating Urn Set on the table before you, your reputation for making perfect coffee is assured. As guests pay tribute to the exquisite beauty of the set, you can answer with smiling serenity, knowing that they will have equally kind words for the delectable beverage about to be poured.

Within the lovely form of every UNIVERSAL Urn is the famous UNIVERSAL Patented Pump and Spreader Plate which extracts from the coffee berry all the delicious volatile oils and aroma before liquid comes to a boil and insures a rich, full-flavored stimulating beverage without exception.

Let your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer show you some of these Urn Sets. In the splendid variety he has to offer, you are certain to find the style to please your taste, the size to meet your needs and the price to fit your purse. Whatever your choice, you may take it home with the assurance that, however compared, it is the finest Urn Set your money could buy.

Send for FREE Booklet

Illustrating UNIVERSAL Electric Ware Beautiful—the most distinctive group of Electric Coffee Urn Sets, Percolators, Waffle Irons and Toasters ever assembled—correct answers to many difficult gift problems. Address Dept. LI.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, New Britain, Conn.
Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

THE • PERFECT • ENSEMBLE

VITAL . . . IN YOUR SILVERWARE AS IN YOUR PERSONAL WEAR

"My dear! Imagine this! Mrs. Llewelyn Jones appeared at her dinner party in an exquisite formal dinner gown, but with sport shoes and gypsy jewelry!"

Fantastic? Yet hardly more so than a formal dinner with the table silver all at discord . . . the hollowware in one pattern, jangling with the flatware in another.

Today, the "Ensemble Idea" is the mode, in silverware as well as in frocks . . . which is another big reason for choosing 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. For it affords unlimited pattern matching.

Start with the PIECES OF 8 (Trade Mark Registered) in knives, forks and spoons, in any one of its illustrious patterns. (Service of 34 pieces, $43.50 . . . slightly higher in Canada.) And at any time you choose, you may add your tea and dinner sets and your supplemental pieces . . . all in the selfsame pattern.

You can see the new 1929 PIECES OF 8 sets at any silverware counter, or write for booklet K-28 to Dept. E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Connecticut. Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco...Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES . . . SINCE

1847

Presenting the LEGACY Pattern, the modern flair in silverware. LEGACY five-piece tea set $100 . . . LEGACY pastry forks "eights" . . . $11.30 . . . "sixes" $8.50.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

What's New?

Or, What the Practical Homemaker Wants to Know

ADDED to stainless knives and stainless spoons, we now have stainless-steel kitchen shears, to be used in cutting vegetables, trimming fish, and so on. One blade on these new scissors has a finely serrated edge, and the handles come in yellow, blue, red and green.

—George Walter Davis.

Owners of mechanical refrigerators may be interested in a new rubber tray, divided into sections for the making of ice cubes. The claimed advantage is greater ease in taking out the cubes. The trays are made for different models of refrigerators.

—Flexo Tray.

The National Committee on Wood Utilization of the Department of Commerce has just published a booklet under the title, You Can Make It, containing plans for making amusement devices as well as useful articles for the home, the garden and the camp from secondhand wooden boxes and crates. An enormous quantity of lumber is consumed each year in the manufacture of wooden containers—enough, it is estimated, to build 400,000 average-size frame houses. Most of this wood has been going to waste, but this government committee has now worked out twelve hundred plans for using it profitably and economically. The booklet, You Can Make It, may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for ten cents.

French drip coffee is made by passing water heated to 190 to 200 degrees through finely ground coffee just once. This method extracts the essential oils and the aromatic flavor, but leaves harmful ingredients and bitter flavor in the grounds. A new electric percolator which passes water through the coffee only once has been put on the market. A special heating element keeps the coffee hot for half an hour after the current is shut off.

—Dover Percolator.

We had thought that gas stoves, like grand pianos, would be unchanging and unchangeable in their general appearance. But here comes a new range that looks like a marble cabinet. Designed by a famous architect, this stove will be a useful ornament to the colorful kitchens of today. The top burners are covered when not in use, and the teakettle may be hidden away if you like when the lid is down. Ovens and broilers are concealed behind beautifully enameled panels, and there is a big service drawer and a concealed flue connection. Something new, indeed!

—American Stove Company.

For a year or two we have had whole hams packed in tin; now we have whole chickens—not cut up or boned, but the whole chicken, fitted into an odd-shaped can, vacuum sealed and cooked to retain all the chicken's natural juices, and ready to be taken out and eaten cold or served as you will. The housewife can obtain chickens canned by this method that run from two and a half to four and a half pounds in weight, including the gelatin jelly which surrounds the chicken. The product is, of course, Federally inspected.

—Hormel Flavor-Sealed.

An additional food dye has recently been certified by the United States Department of Agriculture. This color, which is known as Brilliant Blue FCF and which has been known chemically for many years, has been tested both chemically and physiologically and found to be harmless to health and otherwise suitable for food use. This color has been manufactured for some time as Erioglaucine A and Alphazurine FG, but the important thing about the announcement is that it is deemed safe to use in the coloring of food products.

Dates have long been an acknowledged health food, and the packaged product of today is a far cry from the old-time bulk methods of retailing from a sticky, fly-attracting mass. The latest measure to insure an absolutely sanitary product comes through double Pasteurization, however, and this process, the value of which has been so long recognized as applied to milk, is now being employed to insure absolute purity in dates. *—The Hills Brothers Company.*

Folding book rests work wonders in cases where ordinary reading results in painful eyestrain. The book rests we refer to are adjustable and support a book at any slant or height best suited to the individual. They are very simply designed with two boards held one above the other by folding braces of lightweight wood. The lower board rests flat on the knees, and the upper one, made to hold the book, writing pad, magazine or other type of reading or writing material, may be readily raised or lowered by a set of catches on the braces. These rests fold up to an inch in thickness and are thus easily carried under the arm about the house or for outdoor use. And as a going-away gift, few remembrances will give more pleasure or provide happier hours of entertainment for invalids who would otherwise have to forgo the pleasure of the heavier books and magazines. An attachment that might be purchased with these book rests consists of a pair of metal legs that fit on either end and make a bed tray for the sick room. *—The Farrington.*

Kitchens

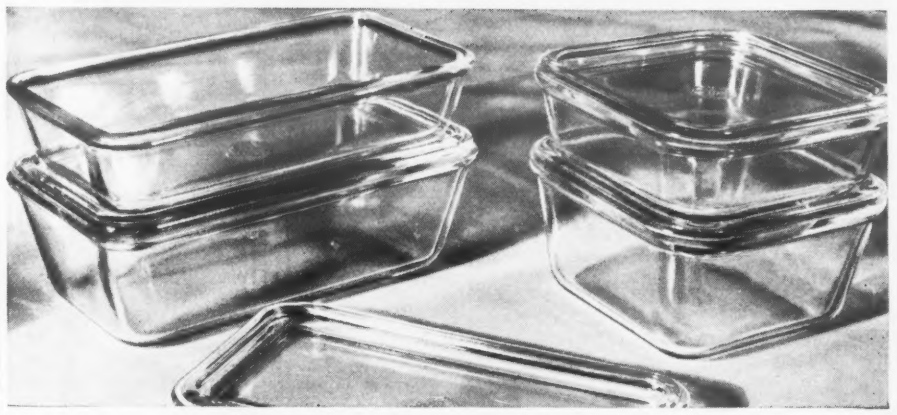
By VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

KITCHENS have always been
like this.
(So may they ever be!)
Modern this is and colorful,
Quite like the soul of me!

Yet kettles, lacquered red or green,
Still croon old songs, steam-gray,
And fire—electric stove or gas—
Still cooks three meals a day.

And I, who, late from bridge or tea,
Would pour food from a can,
Find here that primitive desire
Myself to tempt my man!

Kitchens! What sorrow had been saved
Had Eve had one! Oh, my;
She might have baked that apple up
In an inedible pie!



Modern economy! Three-purpose dishes for keeping foods fresh in refrigerator, for baking and serving. Ideal for baking cakes and puddings as well as casserole dishes.

New!

PYREX three-purpose refrigerator dishes

for refrigerator · baking · serving

One dish that does the work of three!

Cleverly designed for storing foods in the ice box, for baking, and serving—the new Pyrex refrigerator dishes save time, work, and money. Never before has a single dish given such versatile service.

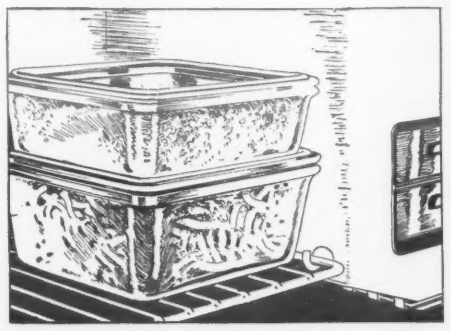
You can prepare your foods in the morning and keep them fresh in the refrigerator in these tightly covered dishes until you are ready to cook them. Then bake them and serve them—all in the same dish. This saves time and work.

Left-overs, too, can be kept fresh in the refrigerator, reheated, and served in the one dish. This sparkling glassware keeps things hot and looks so attractive.

Guarantee: Every Pyrex refrigerator dish is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from refrigerator cold or oven heat.

Sold separately or in Sets

Deep Square	$1.00
Shallow Square	.85
Deep Oblong	1.40
Shallow Oblong	1.15
Entire Set	$4.40



IN THE REFRIGERATOR: Space Saving! Designed to stack so that they double up on space—Pyrex refrigerator dishes make your ice box twice as roomy.

Tightly Covered: Every dish has a countersunk cover that won't slide off. These tightly fitting covers prevent interchange of odors; keep salad greens and raw vegetables fresh and crisp; retain the natural moisture and freshness otherwise drawn out by refrigeration.

Transparent: You can see what each glass dish contains without unstacking or removing covers.

BAKING: Just the thing for cooking and serving casserole dishes and left-overs—these handy dishes are equally perfect for baking cakes, puddings, and desserts.

SERVING: Foods keep hot so much longer, and your table looks so attractive—when things are served in these sparkling glass dishes. There is no better way to serve such foods as casserole, scalloped and au gratin dishes, creamed fish, baked vegetables, baked fruits, fruit Betty, fruit cobbler, soufflé, ginger cake.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE

Send today for new Menu Bulletin

Corning Glass Works, Dept. O-66, Corning, N. Y.
Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time—and with amazing quickness.

Name.....
Please print name.

Address.....

.....

Coupon good only in U. S. and Canada.

Enticing VARIETIES OF BREAD

NEW breakfast breads; new luncheon breads; new breads for tea, for dinner, for late supper! Entrancingly varied in flavor, in texture and in shape!

How resourceful it makes you feel to know that you can always get exactly the right bread whatever the occasion.

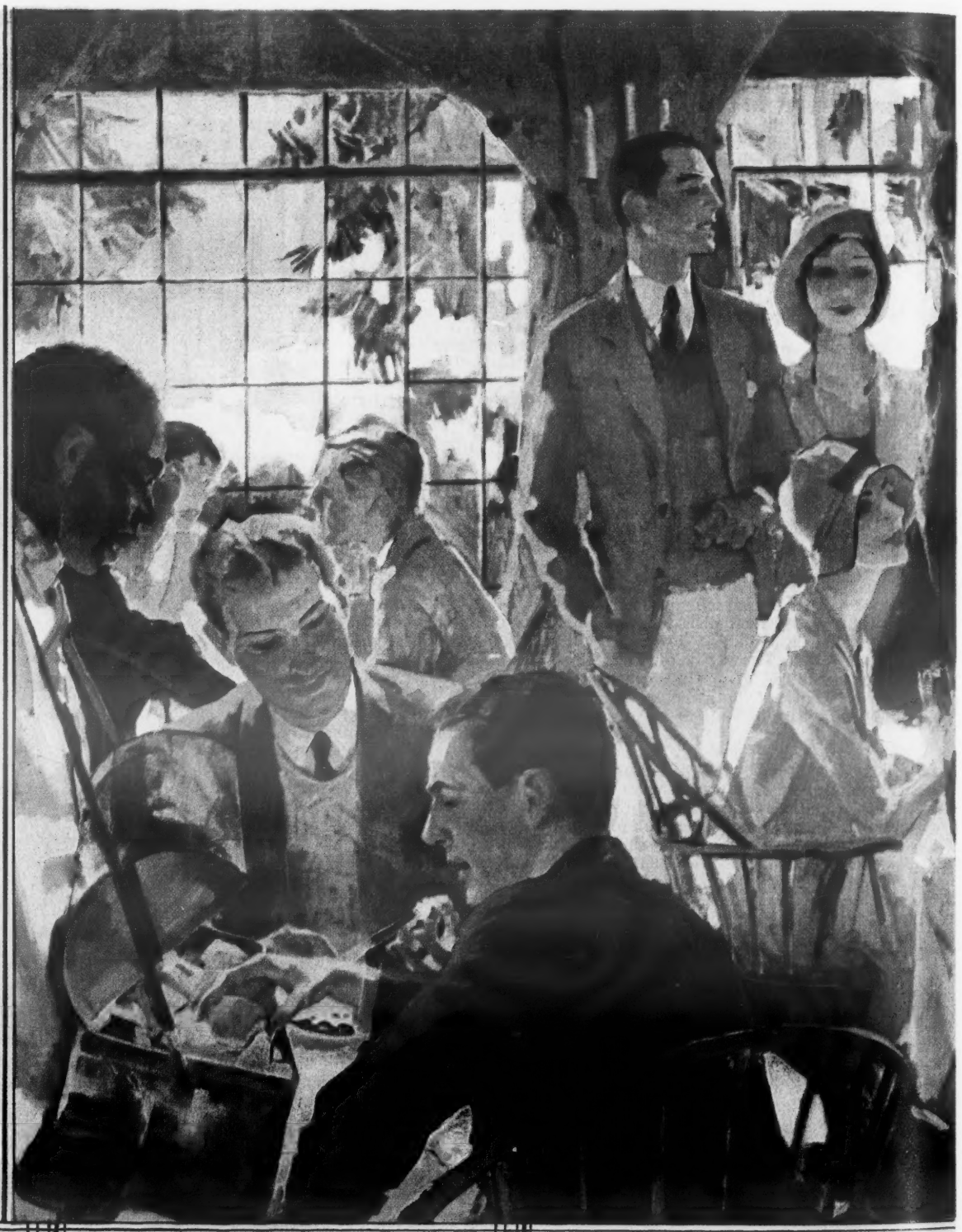
As you step up to the bakery counter your eyes stray from glistening crusty rolls to tempting brown, nutty flavored loaves—from beautifully baked buns that gleam richly through delicate icing to quaintly shaped coffee cakes. These your baker varies with honey, raisins, spices, nuts and glaced fruits. Each one looks so good, it is hard to make your choice. Perhaps that accounts in part for the growing tendency to serve several different varieties of breads at every meal.

Dinner, for instance, often starts with tiny open-faced sandwiches heaped with pâté de fois gras, caviar or anchovies. Melba toast may be passed with the soup, and with the main course, either Parker House Rolls or Dinner Rolls.

With a fruit dessert, Filled buns, Butter Horns or Butterfly Buns add just the right sweetness. Stollen, Form Cake and Apple Cake are desserts complete in themselves—ready to slice and serve with coffee.

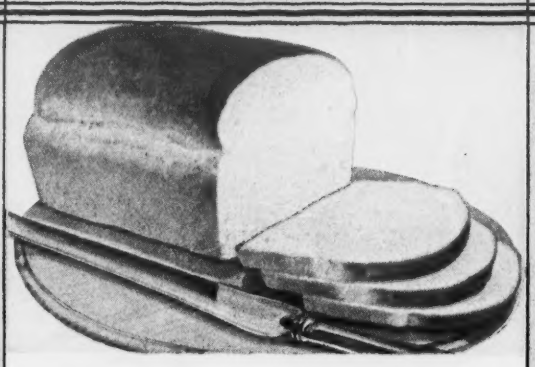
Enjoy these breads fresh from your baker's oven

Either your baker or your grocer can now supply delicious breads for every occasion. Your baker's breads are always successful, always beautifully baked. His daily experience and his scientific methods assure perfect results. And he uses the same high quality ingredients you yourself would select. Ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials." Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast. *The Fleischmann Company, offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*



Golfers who gather at the smart Southern hotels and Country Clubs at this season are delighted anew at every visit by the interesting variety of breads always served at luncheon.

You can add many an interesting surprise to your menus simply by asking your baker or your grocer for their "specials."



Even-grained and tender, your baker's rich creamy WHITE BREAD *slices smoothly without crumbling, whether you want it thick, or thin, or medium. And it makes perfect toast!*

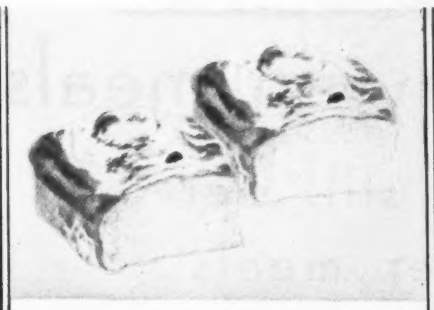
APPLE CAKE, *with its dainty slices of fruit and sprinkling of raisins, needs only coffee to make it a complete breakfast. It is also a delightful dessert for luncheon or dinner.*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES EVERY

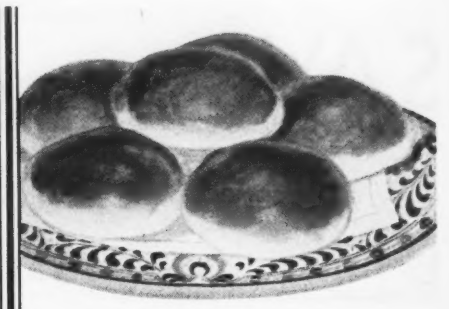
to vary your week's Menus . .

Flavored with citron, ground almonds, lemon and mace, FORM CAKE *is often served at luncheon and dinner for dessert.*

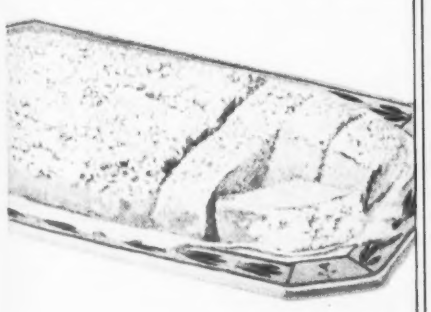
Their fanciful shape makes BUTTERFLY BUNS *particularly appealing to children. They lend a festive note to apple sauce.*



Spicy! Fragrant! Delicately frosted! CINNAMON BUNS *are delicious with the morning eggs or with afternoon tea.*

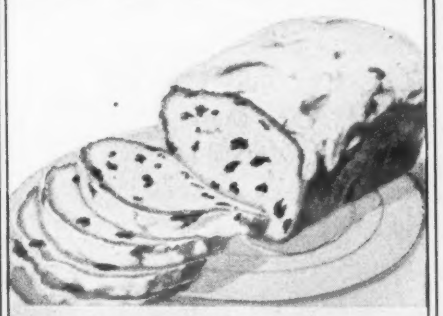


SANDWICH ROLLS *are convenient for late suppers! Just split and spread with filling. A toasted cheese roll is delicious.*

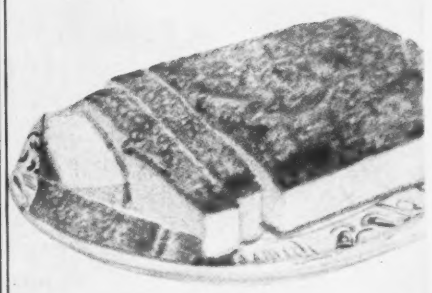


STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *with its sprinkling of butter, sugar and spices in luscious crumbly lumps is delicious with coffee.*

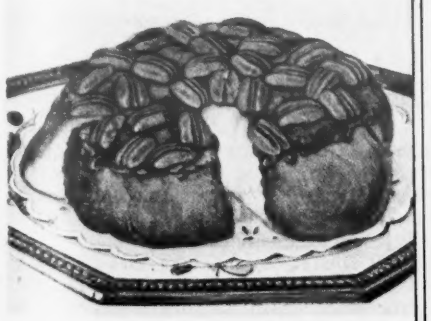
Tender citron, candied orange or lemon peel and juicy raisins make STOLLEN *a popular dessert. Men like it particularly.*



RAISIN BREAD *is made with plump, juicy, luscious raisins, with and without icing. Use it for French toast occasionally.*



HONEY COFFEE CAKE *is spread with honey, butter, and ground nuts. Give it to the children after school with milk.*



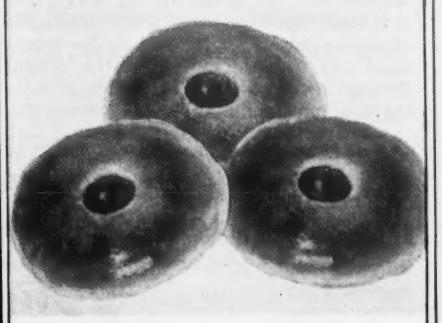
PECAN ROLLS *are spread with caramelized sugar and thickly sprinkled with tender nutmeats. Delightful for Sunday breakfast!*

Plump, juicy, luscious raisins are selected for RAISIN BUNS. *Try them cut in two and toasted with butter and powdered sugar.*

THE BUTTER HORN *fairly melts in your mouth, it is so rich with "rolled-in" butter. It goes nicely with a fluffy omelet.*

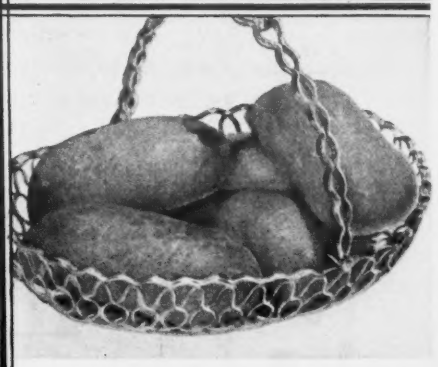
With the simplest of lettuce salads or with the most elaborate of aspics, the PARKER HOUSE ROLL *is appropriate to serve.*

BRAIDED COFFEE RING *is equally appropriate for breakfast, for luncheon, tea or informal dinner. Children love it with custard or gelatine desserts.*



FILLED BUNS *have tender, golden brown crust and centers of delicious jam or jelly. Children like them with their after-school milk or with fruit for dessert.*

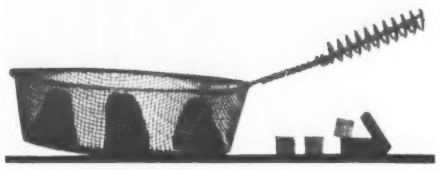
A mixture of choicest pineapple, lemon and orange peel, citron and juicy raisins make FILLED COFFEE RING *another delightful dessert.*



DINNER ROLLS *have tender nutty flavored crust. Try them with unsalted butter—or place crisp curls of bacon between the toasted halves.*

ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

"STEERO" SECRETS



SAVE money on meals

and still serve tastier meats . .

SOME of the most inexpensive cuts — a shin of veal, flank steak, corned beef — can be transformed into the tastiest dishes ever set before a family — if you know the magic of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. It's really miraculous the big difference these little cubes make. With meats that lack flavor, soups that lack zest, with sauces, salads, and sandwich spreads. Just add "STEERO" bouillon cubes and any everyday dish takes on a new deliciousness!

They're a dish in themselves, too, a real appetizer — delicious hot bouillon—"a cube makes a cup." Just read the name again—"STEERO" *bouillon* cubes. Ah! there's the secret of their success, for in themselves these cubes contain the very essence of the choicest beef. No wonder they will help you save money on meats. No wonder that women from towns and cities everywhere are writing us for samples of these magic menu-makers, and the new "STEERO" recipe book — "101 New Dishes." May we send you the same with our compliments? Please use the coupon.

"STEERO" *bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name* "STEERO" *on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores*

"101 new dishes" and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes FREE

L. H. J-10

American Kitchen Products Co.
281 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

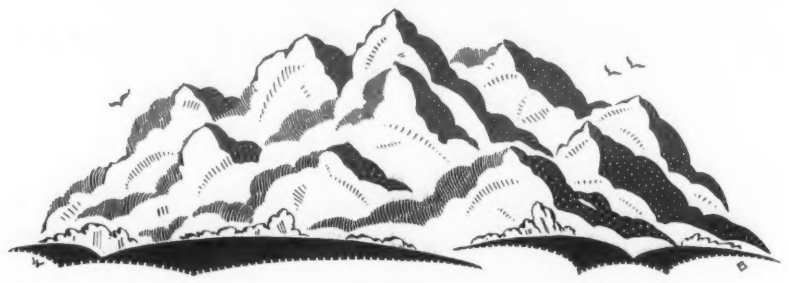
Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE_____

This offer not good in Canada



We Test Our Readers' Recipes

Southwestern Neighbors Contribute These

Sour Cream Potato Soup

2 Cupfuls of Diced Potatoes
1 Cupful of Boiling Water
1 Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Thinly Sliced Onion
½ Teaspoonful of Pepper
2 Cupfuls of Sour Cream
Minced Parsley

THIS is a favorite European dish and an interesting variation of the usual potato soup. Cook the potatoes for fifteen minutes in the boiling water with the salt, onion and pepper. Stir in the cream, reheat together, and serve piping hot with a modicum of minced parsley sprinkled over the top.

—MRS. J. C. S., *El Reno, Oklahoma.*

Boiled Fish à la Gourmet

Fish
1 Cupful of Liquor
3 Peppercorns
3 Whole Cloves
½ Onion, Sliced
½ Tablespoonful of Butter
½ Tablespoonful of Flour
½ Lemon, Finely Minced
1 Tablespoonful of Vinegar
1 Egg

YOUR favorite fish prepared in this manner will savor of the far-famed French cuisine. Wrap the fish in parchment paper, boil for about twelve minutes and drain off the liquor which is retained in the paper. If there is not a cupful, add enough water to make up the needed amount; into this put the peppers and cloves and cook for five minutes. Simmer the onion in the butter until tender though not brown, stir in the flour, and cook until frothy. Then add the lemon, the vinegar and the strained broth. Boil this mixture until it thickens, take it off the fire and stir it into the beaten egg. Before pouring this sauce over the fish to serve, it is advisable to return it to the fire to cook a minute longer.

—MRS. J. F. H., *Denver, Colorado.*

Lemon Cheese Cake

¼ Cupful of Butter
¾ Cupful of Sugar
5 Egg Yolks
1¼ Teaspoonfuls of Lemon Juice
½ Teaspoonful of Grated Lemon Rind
1 Pound of Cottage Cheese
¾ Cupful of Flour
½ Cupful of Cream
3 Egg Whites
2 Tablespoonfuls of Bread Crumbs

CREAM the butter, work in the sugar and add the unbeaten egg yolks, one at a time, beating the mixture vigorously as each is added. Then stir in the lemon juice and grated rind. Put the cheese through a fine sieve twice and add to it the flour and cream. Next, combine the two mixtures, and last of all cut and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Oil a baking pan with melted butter—a smaller one of considerable depth is best because of the tendency of the cake to shrink—and dust lightly with the bread crumbs. Pour in the cheese mixture and bake in a slow oven—350° F.—until well set.

—I. L. W., *Denver, Colorado.*

Pecan Pralines

3 Cupfuls of Sugar
¾ Cupful of Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
1 Cupful of Pecan Meats
1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla

SO DELICIOUS is this form of an old favorite, there will be many demands for more when once these pralines have been tasted. Mix two cupfuls of the sugar with the milk and let it boil gently. Meanwhile caramelize the remaining cupful of sugar in a heavy kettle, stirring to prevent burning, and when all lumps have dissolved, stir it slowly into the first mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until the temperature 328° F. is reached, or until it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Then remove it from the fire, put in the butter and cool until lukewarm. Add the nut meats and vanilla, beat until creamy, and drop carefully by spoonfuls onto a smooth buttered platter or inverted cake pan.

—MRS. G. W., *Tucson, Arizona.*

Beef Tongue Savory

3 or 4 Pounds of Fresh Beef Tongue
1½ Quarts of Cold Water
3 Sprigs of Parsley
1 Large Onion
4 Stalks of Celery
A Few Celery Leaves
1 Turnip
1 Parsnip
3 Carrots
1 Teaspoonful of Salt

AS A DISTINCTIVE touch to a popular dish, the rare flavor of the almond raisin sauce—see below—combined with the tongue will be relished by all who have a taste for fine cookery. Wash the tongue thoroughly, cover it with water, add the vegetables peeled and cut into slices, and finally the salt. Bring it slowly to a boil, cover, and let it simmer for two and a half hours. Then strain the liquor, dissolve in it a bouillon cube and allow to cool for use in the sauce. Skin the tongue and cut it in thin crosswise slices as a preliminary to serving with this sauce.

Almond Raisin Sauce

1 Tablespoonful of Butter
1 Tablespoonful of Flour
1 Quart of Liquor in Which the Tongue Was Cooked
Juice of ½ Lemon
2 Teaspoonfuls of Powdered Sugar
1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire Sauce
1 Tablespoonful of Caramelized Sugar
½ Cupful of Raisins
¼ Cupful of Shredded Blanched Almonds
½ Teaspoonful of Salt

MELT the butter, stirring constantly; blend in the flour, and when the mixture has become a dark brown add the liquor slowly, a little at a time. Still stirring, bring it to a boil, and then add the remaining ingredients in the order given above and simmer for fifteen minutes. Put the sliced tongue on a platter and pour the sauce over it before serving.

—J. L. S., *Denver, Colorado.*

Her Wedding Ring *is bigger than a* Washtub

Her wedding ring must symbolize a larger circle, a circle big enough to hold her hopes . . . and his.

FIFTY years ago, Grandmother worked her weary way in a little circle—a circle symbolic of the narrow band that Grandfather had placed upon her trembling finger. After the fashion of this primitive period, she was "a good wife," giving her hours and strength to a hundred household tasks.

But times have changed. The modern man is no replica of Grandfather. He lives in a new and wondrous world. Daily he must face new problems—make new plans. For he is the product of an advancing age.

Tragedy of Misfit Marriage

Into this new world the wife must step . . . or face the tragedy of a misfit marriage. She, too, must meet and solve present-day problems. Just as her husband has been advantaged by labor lightening services, she too must banish burdens that take her time and sap her strength. For the modern matron must have freedom—freedom to become her husband's partner in work and play; his mental mate and true companion.

TUNE IN ON LAUNDERLAND

BEGINNING October fifth, the lads and lassies of Launderland will broadcast for all the family every Saturday evening at 8:30 o'clock, Eastern Time, and 9 o'clock, Pacific Time. Be sure to tune in on your favorite station of the National Broadcasting System.

FREE: Ask any modern laundry in your city for the delightful journey booklet of "Alice in Launderland." It's the next best thing to visiting the laundry yourself. A telephone call will bring your copy.

Her wedding ring must symbolize a larger circle; a circle big enough to hold her hopes . . . and his.

Old-fashioned washday in the home is your biggest household handicap. A seventh of your waking hours are mortgaged to this tiresome task. You know full well the worry of washday; the bother of preparation; the steam and smell; the heavy baskets to carry; aching muscles; jangled nerves; a topsy-turvy home. And of course you must stay in the house all day long. No matter how many interests and pleasures beckon from the outside world, you are a Washday Prisoner.

But a *needless* prisoner. For in your hands you hold the key to your cage. There *is* a way out; a way that leads from fatigue to freedom, from routine to relaxation; from a narrow circle to a wider world. It is a trail that millions of women have traveled. And never would they think of turning back to yesterday's bother and backache.

A modern laundry is ready *now* to lift weary washday out of your home—and out of your life—forever. Subtract this heavy burden from your schedule, and you gain at least a day each week—fifty-two of them in a year; more than seven full weeks to invest in the important business of keeping radiantly young—a real partner in your husband's happiness.

And keeping young is a *duty* in this youthful era; a pleasant duty that none of us should seek to evade.

Pleasant Surprise Awaits YOU

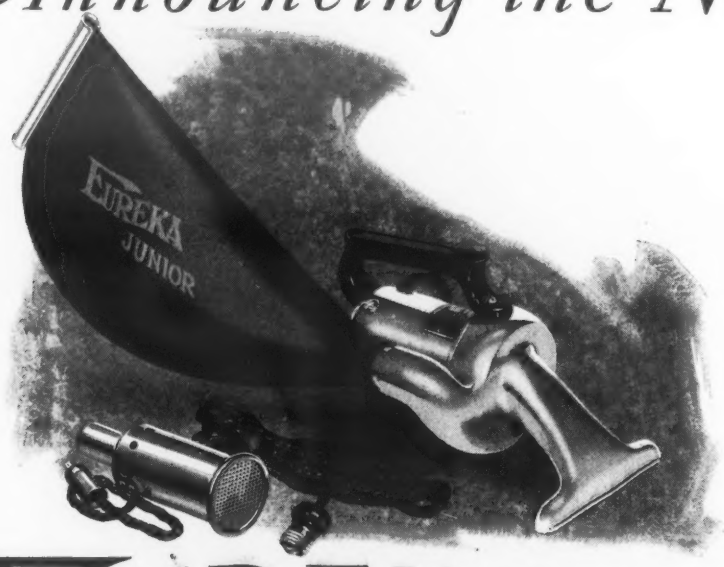
Realizing the importance of its task, the present-day laundry has kept pace with Progress. The modern laundry can be relied upon to wash clothes clean, and make them last long. And there is a laundry service that exactly meets your needs. If you have felt that the laundry is "too high priced," a pleasant surprise awaits you. Laundry service actually *costs less* than home washing.

Talk with your neighborhood laundry owner about the service you need. Begin at once—this very week—to enjoy and profit by the leisure that the modern laundry has in store for you.

LET THE Laundry DO IT

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Announcing the New



EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
JUNIOR

COMBINATION ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER AND HAIR DRYER

$16.50

Electric Hair Drying Attachment . $3.00

Trade-in allowance for attachments of any cleaner.

. . . the handy cleaner for every home and automobile

FROM the world's largest producer of vacuum cleaners comes another service of never-ending usefulness to every home. We announce the great new Eureka Junior . . . a compact, powerful vacuum cleaner and perfected hair dryer—all in one.

As a general utility cleaner, this marvelous Eureka (weighing only 4¼ lbs.) will serve you in countless ways, for the many bothersome little jobs that do not require a full-sized vacuum cleaner.

The Eureka Junior cleans quickly and thoroughly. It has more suction power than many cleaners priced above $60.00 intended for general use on rugs and carpets . . . it whisks away ashes and litter; cleans stairways, autos, mattresses, upholstery. It is sturdy, durable . . . built for years of perfect satisfaction.

But the hair drying feature makes the Eureka Junior truly unique. Alone, this is worth the entire cost of the Junior. Simply remove the bag, slip on the drying attachment, and Eureka Junior becomes your personal maid . . . drying your hair swiftly and thoroughly with a gentle current of warm air.

Every woman has long realized the need of a modern electric device to perform these great services. It remained for Eureka to develop it, to place behind it the guarantee of a name that enjoys the confidence of the public, and to offer it at this remarkably low price . . . $16.50, and $3.00 for the hair drying attachment.

The Eureka Junior offers for the whole family a service that is completely *new*. See it, try it, without delay. At the same time, learn about the wonderful advantages and exclusive features of the other famous Eureka models, the Standard and Special. The coupon will bring you information without obligation.

* * *

You may now own a powerful, rugged Eureka Special at the sensational low price of $39.50—attachments $6.00. The "Special", recently announced, is full-sized, sturdy . . . with gray enameled steel handle and handsome gray bag. It embodies the same fine materials and workmanship as other great Eurekas . . . truly exceptional quality at a popular price.

The Grand Prize Standard Model, combination home and automobile cleaner, is priced at $56.50—attachments $8.00. It is even more powerful—with many special features such as detachable handle and nozzle, and special attachments for moth control. The cleaner for those who desire maximum suction, cleaning power and convenience!

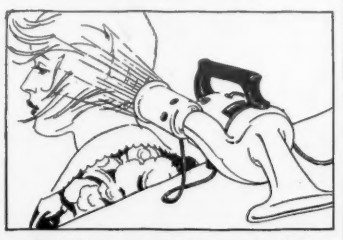
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

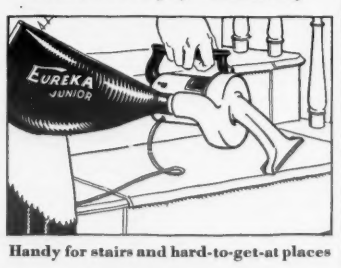
Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario

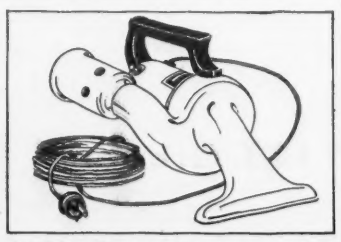
Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 299a-301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia.

Compact, light—ideal for motor cars


Dries hair in a jiffy—comfortably



Handy for stairs and hard-to-get-at places


Eureka Junior, with hair dryer attached

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Detroit, Michigan

I am interested in the ☐ Eureka Junior ☐ Eureka Special ☐ Standard Model
Please send complete information without obligation.

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Address_____

(526)

New Values in Homemaking

(Continued from Page 37)

that the answer is better management they are eager to improve their own practices and are seeking help.

The same is true of the use of time in the household. How can it be made to yield more satisfactory results? What does orderly management of time involve and how can it be applied to the household? Following in the wake of these inquiries is a whole array of questions: "When shall I buy things ready prepared?" "When prepare them at home?" "When hire work done or send work out of the home?" "When do it at home?"

Homemakers are seeking standards by which they can judge their own effectiveness and specifications by which they can select goods for the household.

If it is true that all economic activity is for the purpose of keeping up a constant and adequate flow of goods and services to our homes, it is of the utmost importance that these goods and services be selected and used according to standards set up by persons of the finest training and experience, or much of the work of the world will be in vain.

On the other hand, a home may be perfectly administered on its physical side and be a dismal failure because the mental and spiritual needs of the family are overlooked. Long after some of the more tangible experiences of our home life are forgotten we remember the joys of congenial companionship, and the sympathetic understanding and encouragement of a family that expected much of us and gave richly in return. Such experiences offer good training for larger social responsibilities, and one who has learned to be honest, fair-minded, just, tolerant, gracious and magnanimous in his own home has had the best possible training for constructive service to society.

Home and Society

THE most lasting values of home life were well described by the homemaker who said: "Here we have no continuing city. But when I am making my house live, I and no other, putting into it as I best may something of the serenity of Athens and the sacredness of Jerusalem and the beauty of Siena, then it is taking its place beside my greater loves. Then I am creating a home, not only in this world, but in the next. I have put something over into the eternal world that fire cannot burn, nor floods destroy, nor moth and rust corrupt. It is safe, even from myself, forever! No heaven can be holy to me if I have not made this spot holy. I shall not ask, even from the mercy of the Merciful, a heavenly mansion if I have failed to make this earthly dwelling live. Eternity begins beside my hearth, shaped by my will. A woman knows!"

It is for this that the physical framework of the household exists. And now that there is developing a kind of "science of human relations," when a recently published book written by a physician carries a chapter of thirty pages on the subject Human Relations, we may expect to find a new appreciation of the value of the homemaker, an enlarged conception of the importance of satisfying home life to every individual, and a renewed search for tools to make home life fill its unique rôle in the life of today.

The points of emphasis have changed, but the value to the individual and to society of wholesome, satisfying home life is better appreciated than ever before.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, one of the patron saints of home economics, expressed the spirit of the new homemaker when she said that home economics stands for "the freedom of the home from the dominance of things and their due subordination to ideals; that simplicity in material surroundings which will free the spirit for the more important and permanent interests of the home and of society."

With every "dream that is dying" come protests and restlessness and confusion. On one hand, homemaking is said to be only a part-time occupation, while on the other we hear that most women are putting in too long hours at their household tasks. And statistics are cited to support both statements.

The Larger Opportunity

WHETHER "woman's place is in the home" or whether she should be expected to participate fully and freely in all public activities is still sufficiently debatable to stimulate lively discussion in almost any group. Undoubtedly we shall hear discussed for some time to come the questions as to the place of woman in politics, business and the professions; part-time work for women; women and leisure; and whether it is life enough and glory enough to do what the Nevada farmer's wife said she was doing:

So we're out here on a homestead,
Clearing sagebrush with a vim,
And I'm cookin' beans and bacon
On the desert, backin' Jim.

Just now there are indications that many people believe homemaking to be a worthy outlet for most women's capabilities and ambitions, that, as the late President Eliot of Harvard at one time suggested, many women can find their happiness and satisfaction in "the perfecting of family life, of home life, of household joy and good."

What changes may take place in our social, economic and political order one cannot predict. However, if homemakers continue to be awake to their opportunities they can make a large contribution to the well-being of humanity in the future, as they have in the past.

As the points of emphasis in homemaking have shifted so must the policy of a magazine seeking to serve homemakers shift to meet these new demands. Realizing this fact, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is enlarging and changing somewhat the nature of its pages devoted to homemaking.

For the most part manufacturers and distributors of food now offer the public reliable recipes for using their products, leaving for this magazine the presentation of the unusual and the seasonal recipes, menus and techniques.

The puzzling problems of household accounts and budgets and the more general problems of household management will be considered.

Child development, parental education, family relations—these comparatively new fields of study for homemakers will be canvassed for constructive suggestions, realizing that the success of homemaking depends largely upon the ability of the family to conduct these phases of home life successfully.

In short, through the pages of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL we hope to bring to women information in the broad field of twentieth-century homemaking.

Troubles that come with middle age

—frequently the result of improper tissue

A PROMINENT SPECIALIST estimates that 65 per cent of all men and women over 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

An appalling condition! Yet not surprising in view of the gross indifference of most people to the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes.

Not until recently has the importance of bathroom tissue to health been fully realized.

Today, however, millions of housewives are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved—ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made from specially processed fibres—"*thirsty fibres.*" Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture.

Treat a sheet of ordinary, glazed tissue this same way. You can actually feel its cutting edges—frequently sharp enough to cause a seriously inflamed condition.

Thirsty fibres are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality thorough hygiene is impossible. This is why Scott Tissues are so much safer to use than harsh, glazed toilet tissue.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline. The sheets tear easily and squarely at the perforations. And the rolls are closely wrapped to fit the built-in fixtures.

Never take chances again. Always be sure of safety by asking for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

Scott Tissues

Waldorf *3 for* 20¢ — Sani-Tissue *3 for* 25¢ — ScotTissue *2 for* 25¢ Prices for U.S. only

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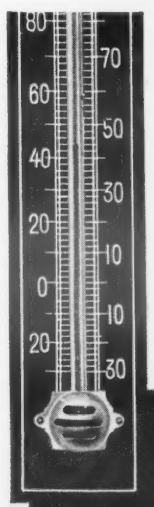
NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty-fibre* qualities.

The food he eats is the man he'll be !

Guard his food by *safe* Refrigeration—keep it below 50° always

A cut finger brought tearfully to you for first-aid. The busy sound of small feet clumping down the stairs. A tousled head and one bright eye peeping from the bedclothes. He seems so little now—but the years hurry by.

What will he be like when he grows up? Will he be tall and strong? Will he be kind and brave? Will he be—happy? So much of his future depends upon the food he eats. For, good food builds good health, and health is the foundation of a successful life.



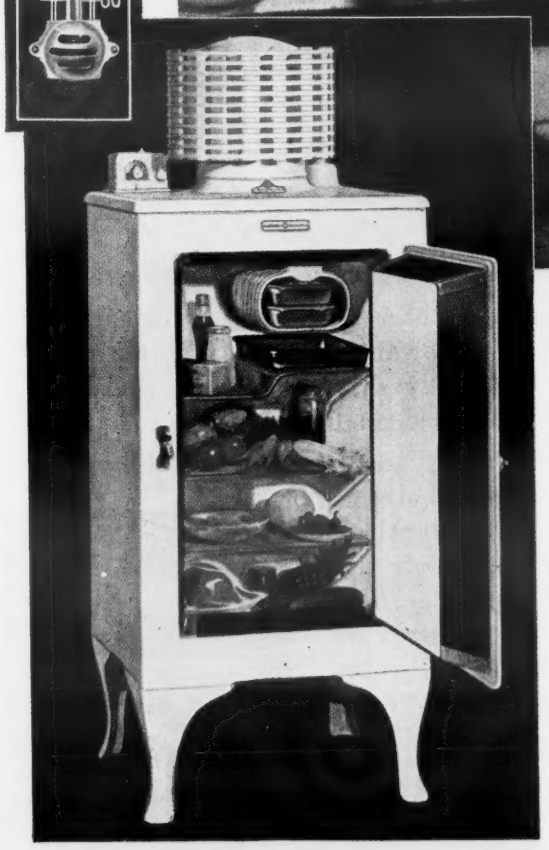
Nothing can give you greater assurance that his food will be wholesome and healthful than a General Electric Refrigerator. Quietly and faithfully, day and night, this refrigerator automatically keeps food well below 50 degrees, the temperature which medical authorities agree to be safe. At temperatures above 50 degrees bacteria thrive, germs multiply, food becomes unwholesome—often dangerous.

Vital superiorities

The General Electric Refrigerator possesses many vital points of superiority. Its mechanism, hermetically sealed in a steel casing, is placed on top of the cabinet, allowing maximum storage space for food. It is extremely quiet in operation, dust-proof—never needs oiling. An easily accessible freezing regulator enables you to control freezing as you desire. In addition, it has an all-steel cabinet, warp-proof, rust-proof, sturdy and sanitary.

* * *

We shall gladly send you a free copy of Dr. Royal S. Copeland's book on Refrigeration and Health. It is a most enlightening article. Address Sec., J-10, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.



Consider this performance record before you buy a refrigerator

More than 350,000 American homes are enjoying the convenience, economy and the health-guarding service of General Electric Refrigerators. And not one owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. This is a record for the industry. No wonder General Electric users are proud of their refrigerators and consider them the very best of investments.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Can We Eradicate Diphtheria?

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

WE CAN eradicate diphtheria. That is a final and proved fact. The only remaining reason why this has not already been done is simply the apathy of the public mind. Within ten years, or even within five years, by the simple use of the knowledge we already possess, diphtheria can be, for all practical purposes, an extinct disease, as unimaginable in its occurrence as yellow fever. We have conquered the latter disease; we can just as readily conquer diphtheria. It is little short of criminal to subject our children any longer to the terrible hazards of infection of this dread disease. I am perfectly confident that when parents realize that they can so easily protect their children from diphtheria, they will be more than ready to use the freely available information about how this may be done. And yet, though this information may now be had by anyone, it is still true that many people do not know the facts about this method of diphtheria prevention and have still an honest doubt as to whether there is any risk involved in either the corrective or preventive treatment of this disease and whether its success will be final and assured in the event that it is tried.

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC.

DR. WILLIAM H. PARK, WHOSE PIONEERING GENIUS HAS BROUGHT TO US THE METHODS THAT CAN SAVE OUR CHILDREN FROM DIPHTHERIA

New Facts

IN THIS presentation of the facts about the prevention of diphtheria I have not only relied upon my own experience but I shall use freely the experience of others who have proved authority for their belief and statements. I shall also refer often to the work of Dr. William H. Park, who is the final authority on this subject in this country, and to whose untiring efforts and great scientific ability we owe our present method of diagnosing diphtheria. Doctor Park was the pioneer in introducing diphtheria antitoxin into this country and the first to make toxin antitoxin available for all our children. It is an interesting story and it involved the deliberately slow progress of years of careful scientific work on the part of many unselfish and devoted people before the facts could be established beyond any doubt and the results presented so that they could be used safely and surely by all.

Before going on to the steps that have led up to this epoch-marking discovery of toxin antitoxin as a sure preventive of diphtheria, I want to answer two questions that every parent will ask. The first is: "Is this method of preventing diphtheria a safe one? Can I be sure that my child will not suffer any bad after effects if I allow him to have this treatment?" An answer to that should come first because we certainly have no right to substitute a known hazard for a possible one. I can state, without qualification, that the risk is negligible. There is a measure of risk in everything that concerns our life or living; this we cannot entirely avoid. With the utmost prudence and caution, it still remains true that the element of hazard enters into every moment of our lives. But with the recognition and acceptance of this wholly extraneous risk that is common to all of us at any age, we can be assured that the risk involved in this preventive treatment of diphtheria is no greater than, as one writer has expressed it, the risk of using an old-fashioned mustard plaster. And certainly any such remote risk must be considered as infinitesimal and of no account when compared with the risk that is faced when diphtheria occurs. The fear that some parents have about this form of immunization is largely the result of misunderstanding. The administration of toxin antitoxin for the prevention of diphtheria is simple, not painful, and it has no harmful after effects. In adult life, there may be some slight reaction for a few days with a moderate degree of fever, general discomfort, and redness at the site of the injection, but this soon disappears. I repeat, with all the earnestness I can command, immunization for the prevention of diphtheria is safe and sure. The only precautions that need be taken are to be sure that the toxin antitoxin is fresh—not more than six months old—and that it should have been kept cool until it is used but never allowed to freeze.

The second natural question is: "Are the effects of this preventive measure lasting?" According to Doctor Park, who has had a greater and more extensive experience with the use of toxin antitoxin than any other person, and according to the experiences of hundreds of other physicians and public-health officials, the immunization of children against diphtheria by this method is lasting. In supervised and carefully checked up cases the immunity has persisted for ten years and we have every reason to believe that it persists throughout life.

In order that we may understand how this prevention of diphtheria is brought about and what toxin antitoxin is, we should know something about antitoxin and its use in the cure of diphtheria and speak of the disease itself for a moment. Diphtheria is a disease of great antiquity. We do not know how long it has persisted, but it was known to the ancient Greeks and recognized by them as a disease of great virulence. The first clear description is that of Areteios of Cappadocia, who wrote of it in 200 A.D. It is known to have been very prevalent throughout Europe for centuries and has always been of frequent occurrence in this country. It was not until 1821 that the disease was given the name "diphtheria," which was done by M. Bretonneau, of France. During these past centuries we have records that a fatal outcome of this disease was to be expected in from 60 to 70 per cent of very young children and from 20 to 30 per cent of those slightly older. In 1883, Klebs and Löffler identified the germ, or bacillus, of diphtheria, and it has since been popularly known as the "Klebs-Löffler bacillus." In 1888, Roux showed that this bacillus excreted a powerful poison, which by its amount determined the intensity of the disease.

Finding the Cure

AND then, in 1890, Behring and Kitazato published the results of their experiments showing that the serum of the blood of an animal that could not be affected by this poison could be used to bring a similar immunity to another animal. Horses have been found to be the most satisfactory animals to be used for this purpose. By injecting them with small and gradually increasing doses of the diphtheria toxin, they rapidly become immune, and this is done with no harm or discomfort to themselves. In 1892, Behring stated that this immunized horse serum would cure diphtheria if given in sufficient quantities and sufficiently early in the disease, and that its use would act as a preventive of diphtheria for a period of from two to three weeks when given to persons who had been exposed to the infection. Behring called this serum antitoxin. It was tried out on many cases in the hospitals of Germany and of France with the most favorable results. At the International Congress on Hygiene in Budapest, in 1894, Doctor Roux of the Pasteur Institute of Paris presented a report so conclusive as to its value that the late Hermann M. Biggs, a great sanitarian and public-health official, cabled to Doctor Park of the Department of Health Laboratories of New York City: "Start the horses. Antitoxin a great success." As soon as this could be done,

(Continued on Page 130)

The WORLD OVER·

BRILLO

Cleans

No effort · no waste
no rags · no lye

Brillo—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure free-lathering soap—makes utensils brighter, work lighter—cleans every substance, polishes every surface. It cleans *Aluminum*, agate, wood, glass . . . does it quicker, easier, better, cheaper. And each Brillo pad can be used again and again.

Brillo routs grease, stain or rust . . . puts a gleaming, glistening finish on china, glassware, stoves, iceboxes, mirrors, linoleum, sinks, tubs . . . almost any surface that needs washing, scouring or polishing. Try Brillo today! Let *your* kitchen radiate the cleanliness that Brillo insures.

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A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10¢ and 25¢ stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package . . . 10¢ . . . write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW—*the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢.*

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap 10¢

Why was the name DEAUVILLE Chosen for this Distinguished Design?

DEAUVILLE, *notable among French seaside resorts, show place of fashion. Glittering sands... afternoons of polo... sports ensembles. Tea dances... dinners starting at midnight... costumes. Financiers making holiday... diplomats forgetting statecraft... royalty at play... magnificent women, perfectly gowned. Whether you have visited Deauville as guest from one of the palatial homes nearby... or have entered directly into its whirl... you know how utter smartness interprets its spirit completely.*

That supreme note of what is smart perfectly expresses DEAUVILLE...and quite as perfectly describes this new COMMUNITY design. Richly bevelled planes, relieved by the ebony glow of platinum surfaces... outlines at once elegant and substantial... that is DEAUVILLE interpreted in COMMUNITY PLATE. Truly a design that appeals to those persons of taste and position, who make... as the French say... "the world." As you examine the DEAUVILLE at your jeweler's, you will recognize at once its style, and feeling for smartness, for modernity.

DEAUVILLE

The Style Leader of Modern Silverware

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

DEAUVILLE teaspoons, six for $4.00. Complete service, six places, $36.50. Service for eight places, $48.00.

Also an assortment of lovely Service Ware in DEAUVILLE design... Three piece tea set, (illustrated)... $40.00.

© 1929 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

COMMUNITY PLATE

ONEIDA, N. Y. ✣ ✣ ✣ ALSO MAKERS OF TUDOR PLATE

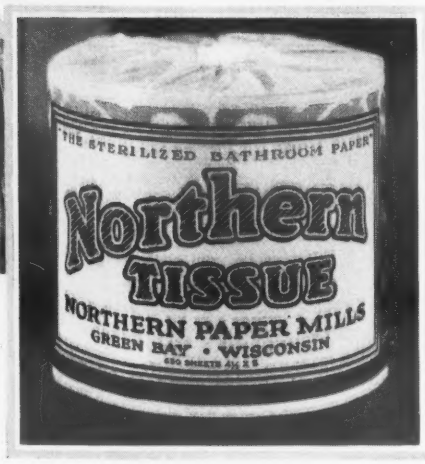
Accept This GIFT

One Full-Size Roll of

"NORTHERN TISSUE" *FREE*

With 2 That You Buy At Regular Price

Amazing Special Offer on Soft, White, 20-Times Sterilized, Bathroom Paper . . . New "Cooked" Paper of Type Advised by 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States



Go to Any Grocery or Drug Store

Offer Limited to a Few Days Only

USE COUPON BELOW

DOUBTLESS you have often heard of "Northern Tissue". This special offer is made for a few days only, to acquaint you more fully with it. An offer of three rolls for the price of two.

"Northern Tissue" is doubly-absorbent, soft as fine linen, snow-white and *sterilized 20 times in the making*—every sheet in every roll! It is the new-type bathroom paper such as health authorities in nearly every state now advise—especially where children must be protected.

For snow-white "Northern Tissue" is a fine, linen-like *cellulose* paper, utterly unlike the ground-wood sheets made by *grinding wood* into a mass of tiny slivers.*

"Cooked" to New Softness and Whiteness

"Northern Tissue" is only made from pulp cooked at 302°. That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been cooked away, and amazing new softness and whiteness imparted to every sheet.

Why Health Authorities Advise

Modern science finds many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—"toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why 254 Health Commissioners in 45 states and scores of physicians say: "Use a paper like snow-white 'Northern Tissue,' instead of cheap, raw ground-wood toilet papers."

Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes have adopted it—especially homes where there are children. Today white "Northern Tissue" is the choice of discriminating homes everywhere.

20 Times Sterilized in Making

Every sheet of "Northern Tissue" is sterilized 20 times in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed, producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

Now Buy 2 Rolls—Get 1 Free

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any drug or grocery store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue".

Take coupon below with you. Buy 2 rolls at the regular price. Give signed coupon to dealer and he will give you one roll free—we will repay him. Do this—do it today. Get one roll absolutely free with two that you buy.

***How Science Tests for Ground-wood in Paper.** The chemical phloroglucinol is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucinol turns paper a reddish-purple if it contains any ground-wood. "Northern Tissue"—cellulose—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical.

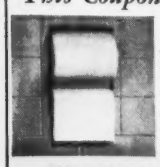
ASK FOR **"NORTHERN TISSUE"**

Fits Standard Built-in Fixtures

Dept. 45 *239-S*

This Coupon Good For 1 Full-Size Roll of "NORTHERN TISSUE" FREE

With 2 Rolls You Buy



Just tear out this coupon and sign your name. Take it to any grocery or drug store. Receive one full-size roll of Northern Tissue—the new-type "cooked" toilet paper, sterilized 20 times—**free** with 2 you buy at the regular price. Offer limited to one for each family.

To the Dealer. Please give the undersigned one full-size roll of Northern Tissue with two rolls purchased, in exchange for this coupon. (Only one free roll to the family.) Sign your name and address below.

Notice to Dealers and Jobbers: Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis., will redeem every signed coupon at 10c cash value. No payments to coupon brokers—no coupons redeemed after Dec. 1, 1929.

This coupon is not good in Kan., Mont., Idaho, Nev., Ore., Wis., Wash., or any other state having anti-coupon laws

Your Name..... *Address*.....

Dealer's Name..... *Address*.....

(Continued from Page 127)

antitoxin was made available in this country. Toxin antitoxin, the serum which is for the permanent prevention of diphtheria, was first suggested by Doctor Behring in 1913, but was not used on any extensive scale until it was introduced into this country by Doctor Park.

The difference between antitoxin and toxin antitoxin should be clearly understood. In order to clear up any confusion on this point, a brief explanation of the way these substances act within our bodies may be helpful. When germs enter our bodies they excrete a substance into the blood which is known as a toxin and this toxin is the exciting cause of the disease. Nature, in an attempt to protect us from this harmful result, has provided a counteracting remedy. The toxins stimulate the production of antitoxins in the blood. Whether or not the disease will develop depends upon the relative amount of the toxin and the antitoxin. If the toxins win we have the disease; if they are present in overwhelming quantities the disease may prove fatal. If the antitoxins win, the disease will be prevented from occurring. If the toxins predominate and the disease is present and we can receive into our blood an additional, and sufficient supply of antitoxin, the disease will be conquered and we will "get well." Our purpose in the cure of any disease caused by germs is to get enough antitoxin into the body so that the toxins present cannot do any harm. The remedy which we know as antitoxin for diphtheria, if given in large quantities and early in the course of the disease, will supply the additional amount necessary and cure the disease.

Toxin antitoxin, on the contrary, is not to be used for the treatment of diphtheria. It is a different substance and has a different purpose. Its value is wholly preventive. In its preparation, a small and carefully measured quantity of the toxin that causes diphtheria is added to a definite quantity of antitoxin, sufficient to neutralize the toxin and render it harmless. When toxin antitoxin is injected into the body the toxin stimulates the production of antitoxin and the antitoxin in the serum prevents the toxin from doing any harm while this process is going on. By this production of large amounts of antitoxin by the body itself, the person becomes protected from any further invasion of toxins of this disease and is therefore immune. It takes this immunity from four to six months to develop. Once established, it is lasting.

The Schick Test

OVER 86 per cent of people over seventeen years of age are immune to diphtheria. But the picture is an entirely different one during early childhood. At first we have rather a contradictory state of affairs. Because so many adults are immune to diphtheria, mothers have the power to give to their babies, through their own blood, almost the same degree of immunity that they possess for themselves. Thus, at the time of birth, eighty-four out of every one hundred babies are immune to this disease.

But this immunity, unfortunately, does not last. It begins to disappear gradually. At three months of age, 28 per cent of babies have lost this immunity; at six months of age, 56 per cent are susceptible to this disease. This birth immunity is then even more rapidly lost and when children are from nine to ten months old, ninety-three out of every one hundred are capable of contracting diphtheria. That age is the highest point of danger. After that, children begin to manufacture, within themselves, the protective antitoxin and gradually attain the comparatively safe adult immunity. But this process is a slow one. At three years of age, 83 per cent of children are susceptible to the disease; at five years, 61 per cent. Then the immunity rises a little more rapidly. At seven years of age 50 per cent are immune. At eight years, 57 per cent. At ten years, 68 per cent. At twelve years, 77 per cent. Finally, at fourteen years of age, the adult immunity of 88 per cent is reached. We can readily see, therefore, that if we are to eradicate diphtheria and to protect ourselves as well as our children from its serious after effects, we need some protective measure that is available for use and that is used in early infancy. Moreover, we need some measure of prevention of diphtheria that will protect us throughout our lifetime. This we now have in toxin antitoxin.

The way in which we find out whether or not anyone is immune to diphtheria is by means of what is known as the Schick Test. This test originated, in 1893, by the noted Austrian physician, Dr. Bela Schick. It consists simply in the injection of a minute quantity of diphtheria toxin into the skin. The site of the injection is usually on the front of the arm either just above the wrist or above the elbow. If the person is susceptible to diphtheria, there will occur, at the site of the injection, after from four to six hours, a small area of redness which reaches its height at the end of from forty-eight to seventy-two hours. It then fades, though a slight discoloration, or pigmentation, of the skin may persist for many days. If the person receiving the Schick test is immune to diphtheria, there will be no redness or other reaction at the site of the injection.

The Parents' Responsibility

IT IS not necessary that the Schick test be applied to all children, since we know that about 80 per cent of little babies are immune to diphtheria and that from that age to three years practically all children are susceptible to diphtheria.

Nearly all authorities advise giving the toxin antitoxin to all children under six years of age without any preliminary attempt to find out if they are immune or not. The administration of toxin antitoxin can do no possible harm and much valuable time will be saved if the Schick test is omitted in these cases. To eradicate diphtheria completely, every child before it reaches its first birthday, should have the toxin antitoxin injections.

The immunity as a result of this treatment begins to develop a few weeks after the third, and last, injection has been given but requires from three to six months to reach its height and become effective. The Schick test should be made on all children five or six months after the toxin-antitoxin treatment has been administered in order to determine if immunity has resulted.

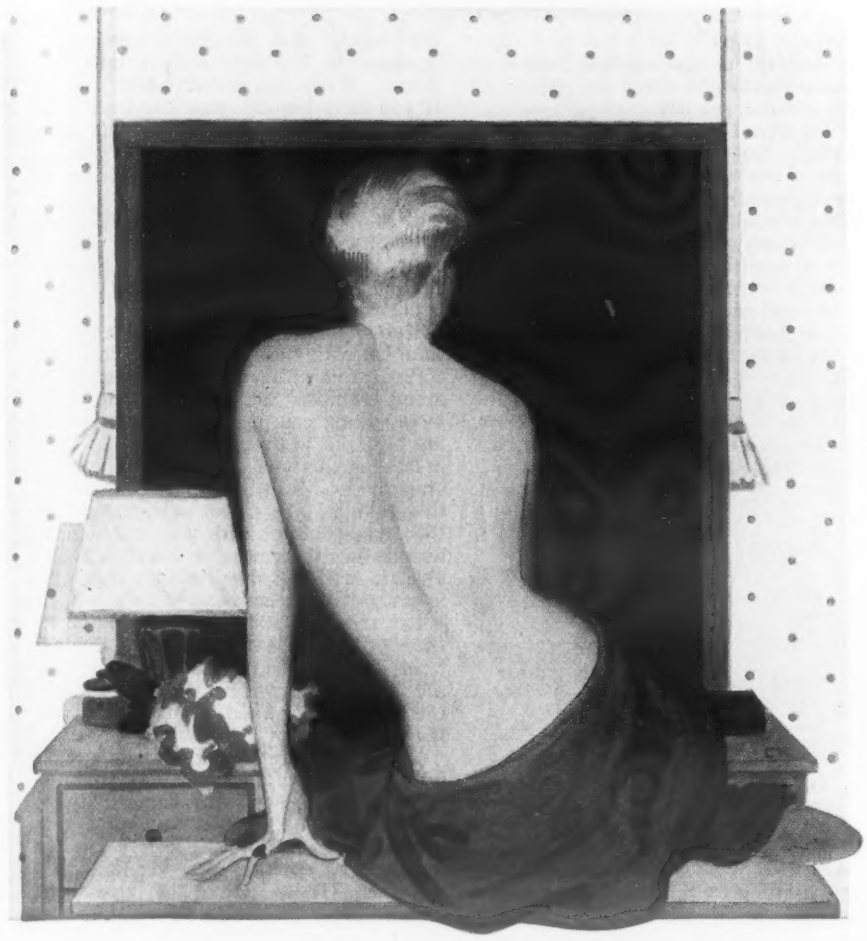
About 20 per cent of the persons having these treatments may fail to develop immunity. If this later Schick test is positive, the injections of the toxin antitoxin should be repeated.

The toxin-antitoxin treatment is very simple. Three visits to the doctor, one week apart, each taking only a few moments, are all that are required. The injections are practically painless and there are no harmful after effects.

Fifty years ago, over half of the children who contracted diphtheria died as a result. Now only six out of every one hundred cases result fatally. A considerable part of this life saving is due to the use of antitoxin in treating the disease, once it has occurred. The use of toxin antitoxin as a permanent preventive is, however, to be credited with the larger share of the life saving within recent years. Wherever the child population has been entirely immunized by toxin antitoxin, diphtheria has been eradicated.

The only obstacle to complete eradication of diphtheria lies in the failure of fathers and mothers to give this protection to their children. The universal use of antitoxin as a cure and immediate preventive of diphtheria and toxin antitoxin as a permanent preventive will eliminate this disease. Until their use is universal, we stand convicted of almost criminal neglect of the safety of our children.

IN SPITE OF EXPOSURE —OR BECAUSE OF IT . . .



EVEN your back must be radiantly beautiful! Evening frocks cut to the waistline in back . . . the mere wisps of gossamer chiffon you wear for hose . . . the abbreviated poufs called sleeves in your daytime frocks . . . throw a merciless spotlight of attention on arms, back and ankles. They must be satiny-smooth in texture—youthful—exquisite. To keep them gloriously beautiful—or to regain for them the beauty they have lost, perhaps through chapping—rub them each night with soothing, almond-scented Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Use it again as a base before powdering them. Work it into your hands and cuticle, too. Even a few days' use will make such a world of difference—do try it—we'll gladly send you a sample bottle if you will mail in the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8 p. m., Eastern time; 7 p. m., Central time.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept. 59, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after October, 1930

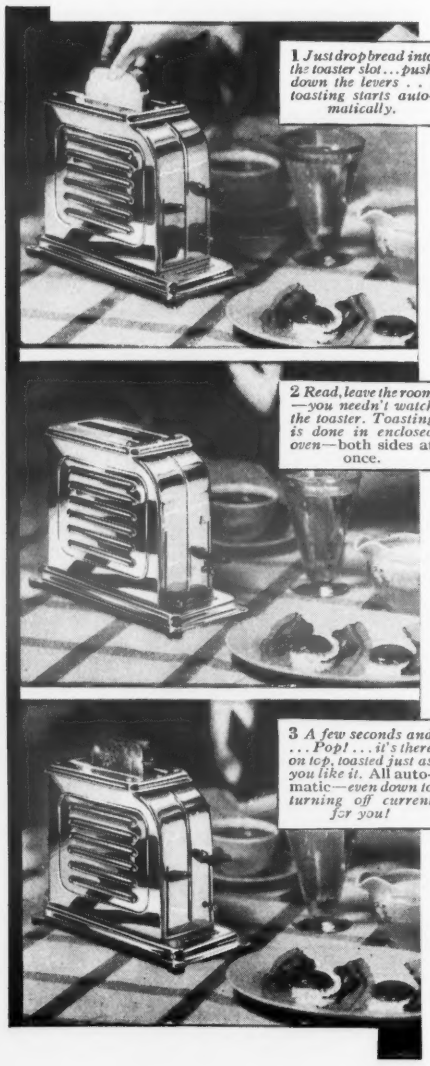
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto, 8

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

Copyright 1929 by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Have You Seen The *NEW* TOASTMASTER?

Please Do!


1 Just drop bread into the toaster slot . . . push down the levers . . . toasting starts automatically.
2 Read, leave the room—you needn't watch the toaster. Toasting is done in enclosed oven—both sides at once.
3 A few seconds and . . . Pop! . . . it's there on top, toasted just as you like it. All automatic—even down to turning off current for you!

Now Finished In Gleaming Chromium

To Banish Forever All Tarnish and Discoloration!

The World's Most Completely AUTOMATIC Toaster

TODAY, at no advance in price, you are offered the *new* chromium plate Toastmaster. To give you the finest mirror-like, permanent finish possible, on the most completely automatic toaster you can buy.

All you do is set a lever at the kind of toast you want, drop in a slice of bread—and that's all. Next thing, a *Pop!* and the toast is done, just the way you want it, and automatically discharged.

You don't *turn* the bread. And thus needn't *watch* the Toastmaster. You don't *think* about it. It does the whole job; toasts both sides at once; *automatically* discharges the toast and turns off the current when done. Gives you toast moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside . . . all the flavor is *sealed in.*

No other toaster made will do all that it does. At the rate of a slice a minute! Do you wonder, then, that this unique automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less modern toasters in thousands of homes, the last 3 years?

U. S. Patented

Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster "like" the Toastmaster. No other toaster that does what the Toastmaster does. When you buy a toaster, for yourself or for giving, in justice to yourself, *demand* a demonstration of the Toastmaster.

On sale at all stores in the United States and Canada.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 No. Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
A Division of the McGraw Electric Co. 223

No Other Toaster Does All These Things

You Don't *Turn* the Toast or Watch It

It Can't *Burn* Toast

It Automatically Discharges Toast and Turns Off Current When Through!

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

Cakes for the Bride and Bridegroom

(Continued from Page 102)

to hold it in place. Put this on a silver serving tray; or if you prefer, raise it on wooden blocks and cover the edges with trailing asparagus fern.

Then spread over it a thin layer of royal frosting. This is made by adding one pound of confectioners' sugar a little at a time to three smoothly beaten egg whites, adding a small pinch of cream of tartar, and flavoring with bitter-almond extract. With a palette knife spread this very smoothly over the surface of the cake.

The royal icing being smoothly set, and the cake being properly placed so that it may be carried without injury, make the decoration of white candy flowers and shining candy ribbons, and surround the edge with a candy ribbon tied in bows.

When you are making the cake you may, if you choose, put in the conventional emblems—the ring, thimble and button.

Recipe for Groom's Cake

- 1 Pound of Brown Sugar
- 1¼ Pounds of Flour
- 1 Pound of Butter
- 18 Eggs
- 1 Lemon, Juice and Grated Rind
- 1 Orange, Ground Skin and All
- 1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon
- ½ Teaspoonful of Mace
- 1 Teaspoonful of Grated Nutmeg
- 1 Cupful of Molasses
- 1 Cupful of Brandy—or, if not obtainable, 1 Cupful of White and Dark Grape Juice
- 2 Pounds of Figs
- 2 Pounds of Whole Cherries
- 2 Pounds of Candied Citron
- 1 Pound of Candied Orange Peel
- 2 Pounds of Candied Pineapple
- 6 Pounds of Muscatel Raisins, Seeded
- 3 Pounds of Currants

Preparations for this cake must be carefully made in advance, and every effort made to have the fruits the choicest of their kinds. Cut the citron, lemon peel, orange peel, and figs carefully into thin pieces. Wash the currants and raisins. If you have brandy, soak the fruit in it overnight. Scorch the flour in the oven till it is a light brown.

The cake is put together in the usual way: The butter creamed, and the sugar and spices added; then the liquids and flour alternately; then the eggs, beaten light. Last of all, the fruit, a little at a time, is gently lifted into the mass until it is all incorporated.

Rub the sides and bottom of a round cake tin with fresh unsalted butter, and sprinkle this with very finely sifted macaroon crumbs. Set this cake ring on a large baking pan, in which enough water has been put so that it will not evaporate in less than an hour. Set this into a moderate oven. Much time must be given to this baking. The person who has made the cake should observe it carefully, and be sure not to remove it from the oven until it is thoroughly baked. This will take about three hours.

Let the cake stand until nearly cool; then sprinkle upon it from a spray enough brandy to moisten it. Then cover it, and set it away for twenty-four hours, until the brandy is absorbed into the texture of the cake.

The best decoration for a groom's cake is made of beautiful fresh candied fruits—cherries, figs, pears. Any candied fruits are appropriate if they are perfectly fresh.

Mount this cake as the bride's cake is mounted, except that you will not need the green. Raise it from the table on a wooden block covered with white paper and a handsome lace mat.

Filling the Childrens' Cooky Jar

(Continued from Page 110)

three-quarters of a cupful of granulated sugar, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cooking sherry and whip all thoroughly. Sift a cupful of flour twice, and stir into the butter and sugar. Make into tiny balls, roll in sugar and arrange on buttered and floured tins. Press a blanched almond in the center of each and bake to a pale gold.

COCOA ORANGE COOKIES will please everyone. Sift together one cupful of pastry flour, half a cupful of granulated sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cocoa, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a dash each of salt and cinnamon. Add the grated rind of one medium-size orange, a quarter cupful of finely chopped citron and mix all well; drop in one whole egg and one white of egg, with a quarter teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix to a soft dough and drop by teaspoonfuls on buttered and floured tins. Then sprinkle with granulated sugar and put in the oven to bake in a temperature of 375 to 400 degrees.

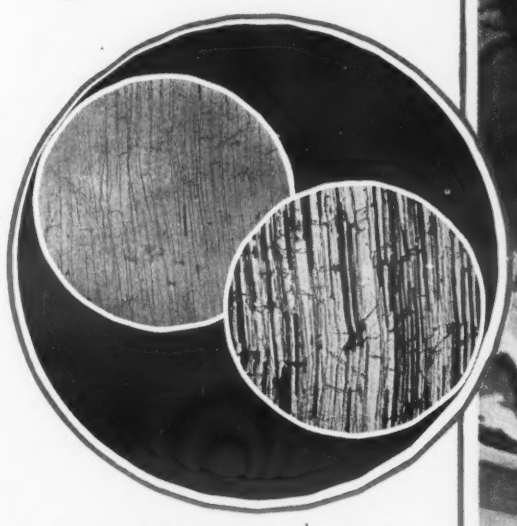
ROCK CAKES are an old-fashioned dainty, rather English in their appeal, and very satisfying. Sift two cupfuls of pastry flour with half a teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Rub in half a cupful of butter, then add half a cupful of granulated sugar, half a cupful of currants, half a tablespoonful of grated lemon rind, a quarter teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and nutmeg, and moisten with a well-beaten egg. The dough will be very stiff and a few teaspoonfuls of milk or water may be required. Do not knead it or make it overly wet. Set it away in a cold place for a few hours. Break off irregular bits about the size of hickory nuts and place two inches apart on a greased and floured baking pan. Insert bits of candied fruit, nut meats or citron in the rocks, and bake in an oven temperature of 400 degrees, from ten to fifteen minutes.

JUMBLES, another old-fashioned cooky, are still extremely popular, if a little expensive. Almond jumbles call for half a cupful of butter creamed with two cupfuls of sugar; then five well-beaten egg yolks are added, with a quarter teaspoonful of almond extract. Sift two cupfuls of flour with a quarter teaspoonful of salt and a quarter teaspoonful of baking powder, and dissolve a quarter teaspoonful of soda in three-quarters of a cupful of creamy sour milk. Add the milk and flour alternately to the egg and sugar mixture, with one cupful of finely chopped blanched almonds. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Set away to chill, then press through a pastry bag with plain or rose tube, in rings on buttered and floured pans. If necessary, add a little flour to the jumble dough, as it must be stiff enough to hold its shape, but take care to add the flour cautiously.

FRUIT-CAKE COOKIES should be served at Halloween or Thanksgiving. Sift one cupful of pastry flour with half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a quarter teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon. Melt two squares of chocolate over hot water, and chop one cupful of walnut meats, a quarter cupful of candied cherries, a quarter cupful of dates and a quarter cupful of raisins. Beat two-thirds of a cupful of sugar with two eggs, then combine all the ingredients and add a quarter cupful of melted butter. Stir thoroughly and drop from the end of a teaspoon on greased and floured sheets. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven. These cookies are delicious iced with a thin confectioners' icing.

The microscope proves what your taste has always told you

The time DEL MONTE *saves between field and can makes a tremendous difference in your enjoyment of asparagus....*



Unretouched photomicrographs of asparagus cells, as they appear (top) in fresh cut asparagus; and (bottom) if held only 48 hours. Note how quickly the cell structure has changed.

Every housewife knows how quickly green vegetables change their flavor. It happens too often in her own kitchen to arouse much surprise.

But did it ever occur to you how doubly important this change can be to the canner who wants to bring you only the finest foods? Did you ever think how the canner must fight against time—if he wants to put supreme food quality into every can he packs?

Always this is true. Always the canner must count hours. Yet never more carefully than in handling asparagus—that aristocrat of vegetable foods.

As you probably know, asparagus is a vegetable that grows under the ground. Unlike ordinary garden asparagus, the asparagus you are accustomed to buy in cans is cut just as it breaks through the soil. Up to the moment of cutting, it is protected from wind and sun by a blanket of fine, rich loam. This keeps it tender—amazingly fresh and crisp.

What the microscope shows

Under a powerful microscope, asparagus fresh cut, is a mass of tender, succulent, full-bodied cells—packed closely together.

Only a short time after cutting, a change has taken place. The cells are shrinking. Long, slender fibrous threads have made their appearance. It is this "wilting" which makes asparagus tough and stringy when you buy it too old in the market. No amount of cooking will bring it back to its original state.

What you see under the microscope is simply a picture of what has happened at the same time to its tenderness and delicacy of flavor. If cooked at once, asparagus is full-flavored, tender as butter. Each hour that goes by before cooking makes it a little less delicate and tempting.

The deterioration of all vegetables after cutting—but a change so marked in asparagus—explains why DEL MONTE goes to such great lengths to can all vegetables for you so quickly. It explains, in large measure, the outstanding quality of this brand. It explains why speed is one of the main considerations in every DEL MONTE canning operation. Speed—and the most careful, painstaking watchfulness the canning industry has ever known. Only a *few hours* go by from the time DEL MONTE Asparagus is cut until it is sealed in the can and cooked.

Economical, everyday sizes

Yet for all its goodness, DEL MONTE Asparagus is not expensive. It is packed so that you may buy just the *size* of spear you want—and just the *quantity* you need.

There are two lengths of stalks—long spears and tips. Long spears are packed in the large No. 2½ square can—shorter spears in two smaller cans. Salad points—tender morsels for salads, cocktails, etc.—come in a medium size round can, called No. 1 Tall. (See reduced illustration of cans on this page.)

Except for Salad Points, DEL MONTE Asparagus is sorted and packed according to thickness or circumference of the spears—plainly marked according to size as Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small. The smaller the spear, of course, the more spears per can.

Del Monte Asparagus, both long spears and tips, is graded according to thickness of spear as shown in reduced photograph below. Each size plainly marked on the can.

Many quality foods

And what is true of asparagus is just as true of every DEL MONTE Food Product. The best in quality—the most convenient sizes of cans to meet your needs. "Good enough" is a term DEL MONTE never uses. In testing laboratories, in fields and canneries, there is a constant search for better ways to grow and pack DEL MONTE Foods.

If you happen to want peas, DEL MONTE brings you the freshest, most tender peas—"blended as Nature blends them." In tomatoes, it offers you red-ripe fruit, packed solid in the can. In corn, both "cream style" corn and its new, distinctive "whole kernel" pack. In spinach, the finest garden "greens"—all ready to heat and serve. And there's almost no end to the many other DEL MONTE Food Products you may enjoy—vegetables, fruits, canned fish, condiments, relishes, dried fruits and other everyday staples. The experience of more than 70 years in the food canning business stands behind them all.

If your taste is keenly developed, if you appreciate the best in flavor, if you value quality assurance and uniformity above all else, you can find no better, surer guide than this well-known brand.

These booklets will help you

We don't say that all the recipes in the DEL MONTE assortment are new—that would be expecting too much. But they *are* practical! And economical. And easy to prepare. If you'd like to have the 267 different canned food recipes in this collection—write us today. We will send you the complete assortment—free! Address Dept. 136, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

The four sizes of cans, in which Del Monte Asparagus is packed, are shown below, greatly reduced. From left to right: the Picnic Can; No. 1 Tall; No. 2½ Square, and No. 1 Square. (See accompanying text.)

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

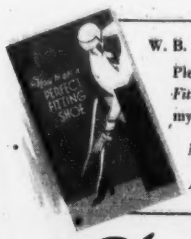
The style that comes only from 5-point fitting

No longer are women content to have their shoes fitted merely for length and width. Thousands now pride themselves on shoes with special measurements that provide support for the arch and instep, a smooth fit around the ankles, a snug fit on narrow heels. And how stylish they look! How other women envy!

These shoes with the five-point fittings are Wilbur Coon Shoes. Special Measurements make them gloriously comfortable from the very first step. They correct corns, bunions, weak arches, other foot ills. Best of all is their individual styling, their glove-like fit—no wonder so many better-dressed women wear only Wilbur Coon Shoes.

Yet prices are only $8.50 to $11.00. Dealers everywhere. Free booklet gives helpful fitting hints, shows striking new models.

Sizes 1 to 12 « » AAAA to EEEEE



W. B. Coon Co., 83 Canal St., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send your new booklet *"How to Get a Perfect Fitting Shoe,"* showing latest styles. Also send name of my nearest Wilbur Coon dealer.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

5-point fit

Reg U S Pat Off

Wilbur Coon Shoes

A Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes

What Makes a Home?

(Continued from Page 107)

to be a family until there are children. It may be a lovely and a useful home if only two are ever in it. But most people want a family, want to replace their own links in the chain of inheritance with their own contribution to the generations. If one feels thus and the other does not, fair play requires frank confession on both sides before the partnership is entered upon.

3. The question of whether or not a woman wants to marry and perhaps have children and yet keep on with some special vocational task for which she has been trained, and in which she has already attained some measure of success, is also a new one.

Until the industrial revolution gave machinery a chance to ease the household work, there was no such question.

Now there is a question of choice. Not always decided wisely and not often to be fully decided before marriage, since the economic exigencies like those of family obligations are not all on the horizon, but the desire and purpose of the woman should be fully shared with the man and his objection or concurrence in her plans should be absolutely revealed.

4. The question of the scale of living determined upon by mutual agreement is or may be bound up with the previous question of children and the house-mother's choice of work, but in all cases a part of the decision concerning the scale of living is of course not only the income but the evaluation of essentials of comfort and happiness.

There has much been written of late about parents helping their children escape the hardships they endured before reaching financial ease. There is also much written about the advantage of early hardship in the shaping of character. This is matter for other consideration. But it is of all things important that two people who are to live and work together may know what to one is an essential, and to another a negligible quantity, if any difference exists.

What do we feel we must have really to be happy in our circumstances? What do we merely desire if it can be secured without sacrifice of essentials more vital? Surely it is foolish beyond measure for a man to pretend to the woman he wants to marry that he is in such circumstances she need not be worried about expenses; and as foolish for a woman to conceal her own attitude toward the financial part of the marriage union.

A Successful Partnership

HERE as elsewhere frankness and understanding are alone honest and can alone give true bases for decisions.

5. The question of how obligations to parents may be met by a son or daughter or both and the home planned to be kept inviolate, is one of the greatest difficulty and often the answer is of a kind that brings disaster. It is not always, but has proved often, a handicap to the newly married, and still more a hindrance to the happiest and best home life where there are children, to have one of the preceding generation a constant member of the household. Almost any sacrifice is better than to have continual friction arising from different points of view brought too closely together. Almost any method of obtaining for the aged the care they should have, and holding the freedom of the new home sacred, may be hard to adopt and retain through years, but it should be sought.

In the cases where the grandfather or the grandmother is not only a beloved but an adaptable member of the household, and all ages meet in a family life more beautifully complete than any other can be, all must rejoice. In no case, however, has one of the marriage partners a right to decide what shall be done for father or mother or both. All must be a just partnership plan.

6. The last problem stated as necessary to be solved in advance of marriage by those desiring a successful partnership in a home may seem to some trivial beside those already indicated. How one likes to take one's rest or recreation may not seem important; but any careful inquiry among married people will prove that some very serious unhappiness may result from one wanting recreation alone; and the other always to go away together; one wanting teas and parties, and the other just a quiet evening at home; one wanting six symphony concerts a season, and the other a camping-out fortnight; one wanting time to read in solitude and the other excursions with all the family connections.

Probably each one of a married partnership must forgo, and will gladly learn to forgo, entire self-indulgence in even the recreative hours; but some deep agreement of mutual indulgence of idiosyncrasies is called for if the home is to be perfect in unity and happiness.

Realities, Not Dreams

THE main lesson of the present hour of frankness unprecedented, and of self-expression hitherto unknown, is that our young people have scores of choices to make never possible for youth to make before. The old social *mores* have been abandoned, often to the dangerous experimentation of youth. The old sanctions that made deep grooves of static life for old and young alike are gone or ignored.

The new mechanistic facilities of life, and the new social adjustments called for by the new inventions, have placed upon youth a burden of self-direction never known before and not yet fully matched by the wisdom needed.

The whole situation makes marriage problems more acute than ever before.

The first thing to make youth understand is that no problem, especially those that inhere in the success or failure of marriage, can be solved except on the basis of knowledge, of frank and mutual understanding. A sportsman's determination to make the marriage partnership a success is absolutely indispensable if failure is to be avoided.

All democratic forms of social adjustment are difficult to work successfully. The more intimate and vital the relationship, the more difficult. For the first time in our civilization we are trying to base marriage and the family upon truly democratic foundations. As in all movements toward a democratic order this tendency emphasizes first and most clearly the urge toward personal freedom. Not until in the family relationship, as in that of the citizen to the state, the urge toward personal freedom is balanced by the clear call toward social responsibility of the individual can the art of democratic home-making be mastered.

Our young people, and some of their elders, are loosing in many cases the urge to personal freedom to dangerous and tragic extremes. "It is liberty to be disciplined as rationally as we are fit for," said a wise observer. It is liberty for all, young and old, to choose the road most straight toward social as well as personal well-being.

Those most intimately and widely acquainted with the general tendencies of the young are least likely to be pessimistic as to what they will achieve in the art of living. Youth must, however, first of all sense the fundamental fact that freedom is a means, not an end; a power to choose, a challenge, not an assertion.

In that greatest of life adventures, the building of a home, the choices must not be blindfolded, but open-eyed and with full determination to be guided by realities and not dreams, although dreams should be encouraged to paint alluring pictures of highest satisfactions.

MAGNETISME!

This day she is irresistible!

HE has no words to describe the strangely elusive charm which sets *her* apart from all other women ... Hers is the unfathomable, captivating allure of sheer femininity. He thrills to a new fascination ... an irresistible enchantment ... to the subtle, lingering fragrance which surrounds her. Tender, poignant, bewitching ... is that haunting *magnètisme*.

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The divine Parfum Djer-Kiss—with its subtle magnetism—is the creation of that master *parfumeur*, Monsieur Kerkoff of Paris. Gloriously feminine—delightfully seductive—this same exquisite *parfum* pervades each smart Djer-Kiss toiletry ... the Face Powder ... the Parfum ... the Sachet ... the Rouge ... the Lipstick. One matchless, harmonizing fragrance ... *Magnètique!*

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Parfum Djer-Kiss—irresistibly alluring ... the parfum of magnetism!

Djer-Kiss Face Poudre—petal-smooth ... the same alluring fragrance.

Djer-Kiss Sachet—utterly lovely ... fragranced with Parfum Djer-Kiss.

New! Djer-Kiss Vanity Moderne. For loose powder and rouge. Smartly Parisian ... a stunning accessory. Only $2.50

NO SMART WOMAN TODAY OVERLOOKS THE FLATTERING BEAUTY AND CHIC OF RAYON

Curtain fabrics of Rayon rival handmade lace

"Softness in sheer curtain fabrics is the first demand of modern decorators and owners of smart homes. The continued perfecting of soft, lustrous rayon yarn has afforded fresh inspiration to designers of these materials. When woven of rayon, the delicate geometric and floral patterns so popular this season, often rival the beauty of handmade lace. And these lovely rayon curtains are manufactured at a cost that places them within the reach of the average purse."

JOHN BROMLEY
President, Quaker Lace Company

HAND in hand with the perfecting of rayon yarns has come a phenomenal popularity for rayon fabrics. This new textile is so versatile there is scarcely a fabric-use for which it is not admirably suited.

Today, when colorful clothes are predominantly smart, rayon in taffeta, moiré, transparent velvet and crepe gives the woman who wants distinguished color tones and combinations a wider choice than ever before. The greatest couturiers use it to obtain striking designs formerly impossible.

Because the production of rayon depends neither on the seasons nor crops, but is a manufactured product, it can be made and sold at a reasonable cost. The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"Rayon gives new gorgeousness to furniture fabrics"

"Since the advent of rayon, furniture fabrics have become more and more gorgeous. Decorators use them in the most luxurious homes because rayon's soft lustre accents a beautiful design—and the warm, rich colors add distinction to any room."

COLLINS & AIKMAN CORPORATION

Smart women prefer Rayon underthings for service and beauty

"To the American woman beautiful underthings are as important as smart outer apparel. That is the explanation for the almost unbelievable success of rayon undergarments. About 30% of the colossal consumption of rayon is used in the manufacture of underwear —a greater percentage than that used for any other one purpose. Throughout the country smart women prefer rayon underthings because of their beauty, good service and low price."

F. M. STOWELL
President, Munsingwear, Inc.

RAYON

The Consumer Must Decide

(Continued from Page 104)

the incredibly great variety of types, varieties and sizes which the American market affords; but when she does have specific utilitarian qualities of efficiency, of smooth operation, or durability, or fast color, or what not, in mind, she will be able to find them in the stores.

She will have, moreover, an enforceable guaranty with which to reach an adjustment with dealer or manufacturer when things go wrong, as they are bound to occasionally.

Being for the most part quite unorganized, so far as concerns her function as a consumer, she should get into personal touch with her local merchant and particularly inform him of those cases where she fails to receive those qualities she has felt justified in expecting of any sort of purchase.

Channing E. Sweitzer, managing director of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, representing an industry doing six billion dollars' business annually, said recently at the twenty-second annual meeting of the American Home Economics Association in Boston:

> We still have many problems left unsolved. . . . It is on these common problems that we solicit the coöperation of consumer organizations such as the American Home Economics Association. You will find the retailer ever willing to accept your advice and counsel in matters affecting the consumer. This is as it should be; for after all, the retailer's only reason for existence is to serve his public.

Work is now being done on standards for sheets, refrigerators, blankets and silk weighting, and correspondence with the American Home Economics Association and the Bureau of Home Economics at Washington, and with the American Standards Association in New York, will help the American homemaker to get needed things done in other fields.

Modern industrial civilization is very complex and involves the active coöperation of many agencies. On the committee now at work on sheeting, there are represented no less than seventeen specialized groups, including hospitals, university purchasing agents, the United States Bureau of Standards, home economists of government and university laboratories, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, cotton manufacturers, the department stores, mail-order houses and others.

Merchants and manufacturers will play their proper parts in such committee work in the growing national movement toward standards and specifications if they are encouraged by an expressed demand from the householder herself.

The signs are evident on the horizon that to a reasonable degree many kinds of articles will come to be protected, not by legal enactment, but by this method of joint investigation and agreement of all interested groups, with much the same results that follow the protection of eggs, meat and milk supplies, ice cream and mattresses.

It is an evident absurdity that a hundred thousand women should have discovered the same thing wrong with a washing machine or toaster and be unable in any effective way to bring their hard-won findings to bear upon the redesign or improvement of that particular appliance.

Some day time and motion studies, such as were made recently at the University of Chicago on dish-washing machines, will be a commonplace for every common kind of household utility. The teachers of home economics, chemistry and engineering in the high schools and college of your own town or region will be glad to carry on experiments of just this sort for you if you will let them know that you need their help and expert counsel.

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following from the Service Bureau, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

ANNUAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PERENNIAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PLANNING YOUR GROUNDS. Price, 5 cents.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS. Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL HOUSES (completely revised). Price, 25 cents.

NEW GARDEN HOMES (containing working details). Designed by Ernest Flagg. Price, 25 cents.

WHAT IS AN EFFICIENT KITCHEN? (With complete list of equipment.) Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUILD THE FIREPLACE. Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUY YOUR HOME. Price, 15 cents.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN BUILDING A LITTLE HOUSE. Price, 10 cents.

THE HOLIDAYS ON YOUR CALENDAR. (Special parties for all the holidays.) Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL PARTIES. Our new booklet of good times. Price, 20 cents.

WEAVING THE NEW BASKETS (new, enlarged edition, 1929). Price, 25 cents.

PRENATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* **A series of nine letters to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparations. Letters will be mailed monthly. State when the baby is expected. Price for series, 25 cents.**

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for the feeding of children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

PROFESSIONAL FINISHING METHODS. Price, 2 cents.

DRAPING. Price, 2 cents.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER'S BEST FRIEND. Price, 2 cents.

THE BRIDE'S BOOKLET. Complete information for the wedding. Price, 5 cents.

Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. All patterns 65 cents each. Canada, 65 cents.

You must order the following booklets directly from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York:

THE NEW FASHION BOOK. A fashion magazine containing all the latest American and French designs. Price, 25 cents.

SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Teaches the one-process method of smocking, and shows forty designs, with many delightful suggestions for their application. Price, 25 cents.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES. A twenty-four-page booklet of novel designs for party, play or pageant. Price, 15 cents.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York, at the following prices (refund if excess is sent):

	CENTS
Dresses	35, 45
Topcoats	45
Jackets	40
Blouses and Skirts	30, 35
Juniors' Patterns (12 to 14 Years)	35
Children's Sets	35
Children's Clothes	25, 30
Lingerie	30
Transfers	25, up

At Last! A True JET BLACK For Home Dyeing

The First Yet Discovered for Home Use

Not* "GREY BLACK" "GREEN BLACK" *or* FADED BLACK, *but the True* JET *That Marks the Most Expensive Professional Work!

AFTER years of research, the world's leading maker of home dyes now announces a true JET BLACK for home dyeing. The same TRUE BLACK heretofore found only in the most expensive materials—or in articles dyed by the most expensive dyers.

Try it on that faded but cherished dress you have been thinking of discarding. Transform it into a smart lustrous black dress—chic as any of the Parisian importations. Then contrast it with any other so-called black material you have. The difference will amaze you.

The Hardest Dye for Women to Find

Every woman who has ever attempted to dye things black at home knows how impossible it has been to find a true JET BLACK. We worked years to perfect one. Then without advertising, put it on the market. Said nothing to women about it; told them nothing. Just let them find out themselves.

Soon we received scores of letters. Women told us that never before had they seen so wonderful a black. Without advertising its use spread from one end of America to the other. We call it BLACK RIT*. And there is no other black like it. Compared with rival blacks, it shows TRUE BLACK against the discouraging "green Blacks", "blue Blacks" and faded-appearing blacks of old ways in dyeing. Please try it.

It is quick, simple and easy to use; no extra process, no bother. Get a package of BLACK RIT today. It costs but a few cents at any good drug or department store and we believe it will change your previous ideas on home tinting and dyeing. RIT Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address, 468 W. King St., Toronto.

**RIT also comes in all the season's latest and smartest Parisian colors for home tinting and dyeing hosiery, lingerie, curtains, etc. At all drug and department stores.*

WHITE RIT 167

Removes dyes from colored fabrics and takes out stains and spots from white goods. HARMLESS as plain boiling water. For professional results in home tinting or dyeing always remove old color first with WHITE RIT.

NEW IMPROVED **RIT**

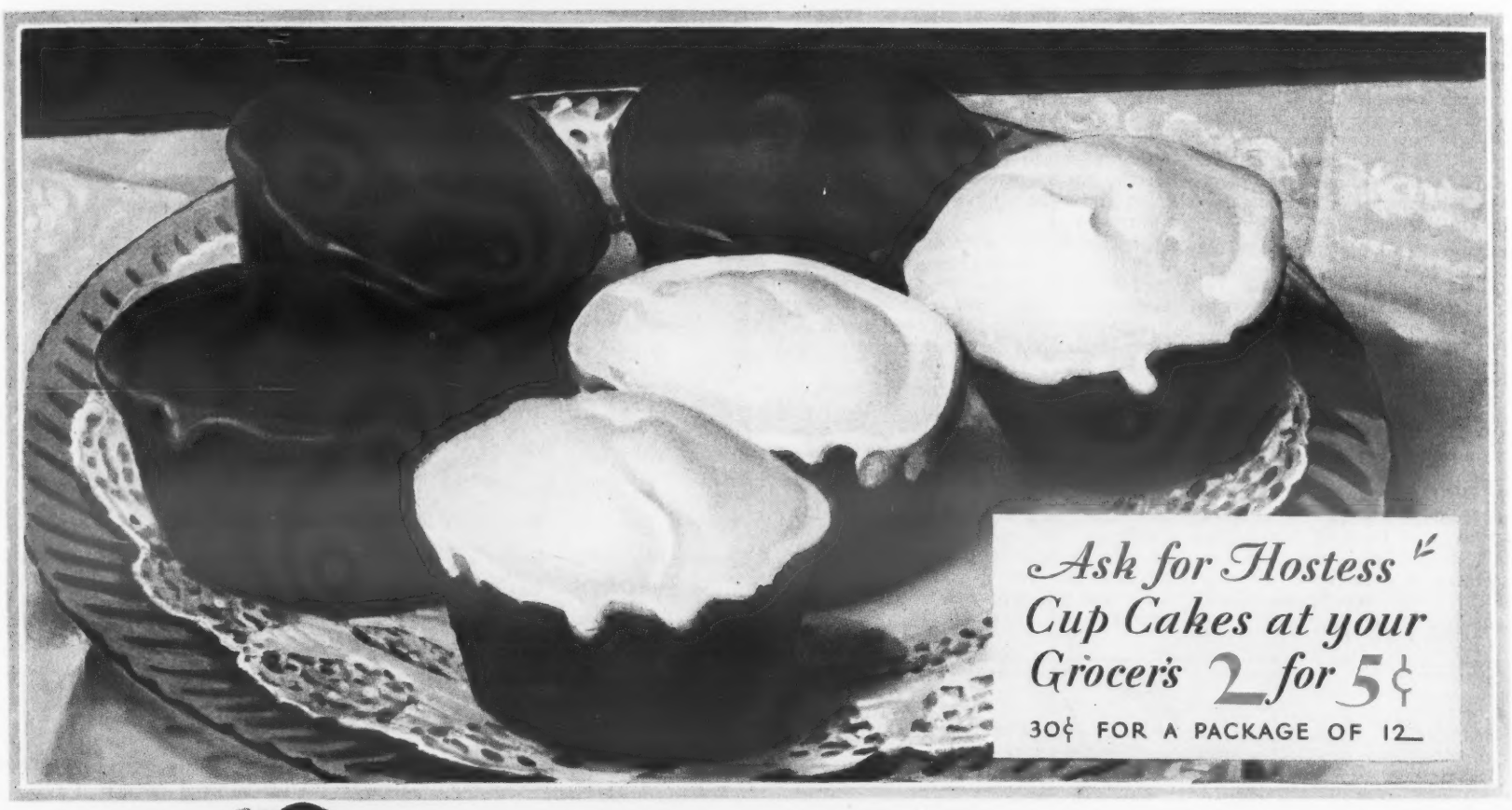
Tints or Fast Dyes All Fabrics

Never Say "Dye"—Say RIT

HAVE A CUP CAKE

says
Alice Adams Proctor

THEY'RE GOOD *for* LUNCH, PARTIES *and* IN-BETWEEN MEALS TOO



By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

HERE'S a hint to mothers of healthy —hungry children!

Let your grocer stock your larder, as mine is stocked, with dainty Hostess Cup Cakes.

Then, after school, during play, whenever youngsters want a tasty in-between-meals bite, tell them to "Have a cup cake."

Sweets they are to the children —and children require sweet things. See that your youngsters get pure, wholesome and nutritious sweets. Those that satisfy that natural childish hunger . . . and those that satisfy the desire for sweet things too . . . Hostess Cup Cakes.

For me, and I hope for you, Hostess Cup Cakes also fill many spaces in the family menu. At luncheons—at Sunday night suppers —at dignified teas . . . their constant freshness and delicious flavor and appearance make them favorites.

Baked Near Your Home

Hostess Cup Cakes are baked in an immaculate Hostess Cake Kitchen near your home. Expert bakers prepare them.

These bakers use extra-fine ingredients. Pure shortening, twice-pasteurized milk and a special blend of cake flour.

All the good things that go into these cakes are exactly the kind you'd prefer to use in your own kitchen.

Where Sold

Hostess Cup Cakes are sold in grocery and delicatessen stores throughout the entire country. Ask your favorite grocer for them today.

Once you've tried them, I know you'll want to try the other Hostess Cakes also. Pineapple Layer for instance, or that refreshing Lemon Loaf. Or Devil's Food Bar.

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY BOX. You'll find it on your grocer's counter. Only genuine Hostess Cakes are in such a box.

Booklet Yours Free

To assist you in preparing new and unusual desserts, I have recently written a new booklet, "Fifty Quick Desserts."

In it are described the cream of my dessert creations. The kind that win immediate praise whenever served.

The coupon is for your convenience.

ON THE RADIO

Every Wednesday evening the Happy Wonder Bakers are on the air. Listen to this remarkable trio. And hear Frank Black and his famous orchestra. Over WEAF and the NBC network.

MAIL FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co.
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts." (L11)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Hostess Cake

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BAKERS ALSO OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

The Greasy Spoon

(Continued from Page 5)

Joe, the best barber, and the most stylish colored man in town, was there every night, dressed up spick-and-span, and he often waited to walk home with Seraphine, although he had to be ready for work at eight o'clock in the morning and sometimes The Greasy Spoon did not close before the stars were pale. Joe was not a free-handed man with everybody, but he would have sold the shirt off his back for Seraphine. He had given her the stuff to straighten her hair and he kept it bobbed stylishly for her. He gave her the cologne which made the room smell sweet as soon as she walked in, and he begged her to try some ointment he had which would lighten her skin; but Seraphine balked at that. She said she would not enjoy a bright-skinned face while the rest of her was left black as tar. No, she would rather keep herself the same color all over, and Big Sue thought Seraphine was right.

Joe would make Seraphine a good husband, and Seraphine was smart enough to talk him into marrying her tonight if she would bother to do it. But Seraphine was queer. Whenever Big Sue talked to her about marrying and settling down, Seraphine shook her head and laughed. Too many fine men are in this world for her to promise to stick to one lone one all the rest of her life. Joe was nice enough, yes, and she thought the world of him, too, but she was not ready to marry him yet. Not yet.

Seraphine was a queer girl. She seemed to like Joe better than any of the men she ran round with, but in spite of all Big Sue's advice, she would not settle down and marry him even when he began urging her to do it.

Seraphine was a foolish little soul, letting all these good chances go by. She seemed to be all alone in the world. The first day she ever came to the back door of The Greasy Spoon she looked mighty small and dry, but Big Sue liked her and gave her work washing dishes, paying her in food. The girl hardly ate enough to keep a kitten alive, but before long she was such a big help and took such an interest in the place that Big Sue knew she could not get along without her. She could cook and sew and sing and dance, but she had no sense at all about taking care of herself, and that is the sense which matters most.

BIG SUE would never want Seraphine to marry anybody as long as The Greasy Spoon was running, but so great had the feeding business grown this past year since Seraphine came, that by another year the stocking in the trunk would be well nigh full and Big Sue ready to quit work and sit down to rest. Seraphine should look out for herself. If she didn't want Joe there was Black Jim. Black Jim was a strong young buck who had a good job firing a sawmill boiler. He came every night as soon as his work day was over and he could get himself cleaned up and his clothes changed. Jim was the best banjo picker in this part of the world, and to have Seraphine dance or sing by his music seemed to give him more pleasure than any of the victuals Big Sue served him. He might have been willing to give up the lawful wife he already had if Seraphine would say the word, but Seraphine would not do it. She liked Jim and his music, but he had better keep his wife.

Big Sue often scolded her and told her about those evil days to come when she'd be too old to laugh and sing and dance all night for a living. Then all these men would be looking at some younger girl, and pay no attention to her. What would she do then? She couldn't wash and iron a decent turn of clothes to save her life. What would she do for a living? But when Big Sue scolded her Seraphine always laughed and cut a little step and said there was time, plenty of time, to talk about being old and poor and work-bounded. She might take up with Joe some of these days, but being married to a man was a bothersome thing. Suppose she had a husband here now, what would he be doing but sitting green-eyed with jealousy, watching every smile she gave Joe or Jim or anybody else, ready to pull a razor at everybody who smiled back at her, quarreling if his clothes failed to get washed and patched or if his breakfast was not cooked by first fowl crow. All them what craved married life could have it if they wanted it. She didn't. Big Sue herself was married one time. Where was her husband? What use had he ever been to her except to fill her days with misery and worriation? Big Sue didn't argue further. She'd like to see Seraphine prosper, for the girl was a good girl, and such a fine dancer that The Greasy Spoon fed five times as many people since Seraphine had taken up with it.

On one cloudy moonless night Seraphine was late coming. Jim got restless. He took up his banjo and tuned it, plucked out a few chords and tuned it again, then put it down by his chair. His appetite lagged and he left part of his food on his plate. Something new for Jim.

JOE sat at the table nearest the kitchen door although the smoke was thickest and the air thinnest there. He ate his rice slowly with a fork instead of with a big round spoon as most of the others did. He ate nicely, taking small mouthfuls and smoking a cigarette perched up in a long green holder. He smoked a number of cigarettes, yet Seraphine had not come. He began fingering a small package which he took out of his pocket. He opened it to show Big Sue. A sudden tiny glitter sparkled up from the palm of his hand.

"Wha' dat you got duh shine so, Joe?" Big Sue asked softly.

"A di'mond ring," he answered distinctly, "and it's for Seraphine if 'e'll marry me."

"Lawdy, man, how much dat ring cost?"

Then the door opened and Seraphine came in, black eyes shining, full purple lips parted in a grin, white teeth showing, red skirt swishing about, black heels tapping. Seraphine had come in, not by the back door as she usually did, but by the front door which opened close to the river. Joe got to his feet and stood smiling to see how she caught and held the eyes of every man in the place. But in spite of all her gay-hearted airs, Joe knew her well enough to see that she was not gay, but downhearted. Her skin was ashy and her eyes hollow and sad, although her husky voice was merry as ever. "Hey, evybody," she greeted. "I'm too sorry I'm lated, but I couldn't get here no sooner. Hey, Jim, git de banjo, I got on a high head o' steam tonight. You wait a minute an' I'll show you too. Tune up you' box, Jim."

Jim stood up, tall, grave, listening, hardly moving.

"Hurry, Jim. How you feelin'?" Jim's stern look melted before her smile and he turned toward the corner where his banjo stood.

Play Hack On, Seraphine ordered.

"Wait a minute 'til I tune up."

The chords of Hack On rang bravely out, and Seraphine's low husky voice hummed the tune softly while her slim shoulders began a slow swaying and her heels and toes a gentle tapping, then with her eyes half closed her lips moved with the words.

"Hack on today, Hack on today, Hack on today, my darlin', Hack on today——"

(Continued on Page 141)

The Mother of Four Children Writes:

"Our son, 10 years old, was anaemic—never ate or slept well and was not strong enough to play with the other children until we began feeding him 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES. He is now strong and sturdy and plays like other children and is advancing rapidly in his school work. We know his improved health is due to 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES for he eats it for supper as well as breakfast. He likes it very much and prepares it himself."

Then he began to grow and thrive

Ask for a Trial Package and let your child tell the difference

JUST as you are doing this minute, the mother of four children while reading her favorite magazine, became interested in 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) because of the new and different process by which it is made.

She sent the coupon for a trial package and found it entirely different from any oats she had ever tasted. The new nut-like flavor and light flaky appearance in the dish delighted the family. Now it's a part of their daily diet. Like thousands of mothers who have written us, she says the children eat it with relish because it's so delicious and different from ordinary oats.

Vitamized by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportion that nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours

Selected, whole white oats, still in their hulls, are Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours—in their own moisture. The 3-MINUTE process brings out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor, with none of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

Fireless cooking at the mill for 12 hours dextrinizes the starches to a point where thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 Minutes—no more—no less.

Regular Package, 10¢; Family Size 25¢
(Except in Far West and Canada)

VITAMIZED BY NATURAL PROCESS

3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES

Accept a Trial Package Free

We invite you to actually try 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES in your own home. Send for your package now.
The coupon will bring you a package and our interesting booklet telling all about 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES and our distinctive process.

Three-Minute Cereals Co., 902 16th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

My Name.....
Address.....
My Grocer's Name.....
Address.....

NEYSA MC MEIN OF THE REALSILK FASHION COMMITTEE

what is *chic*?...an artist answers

This extremely sheer Realsilk stocking with Paris lace clock is chosen by smart women for both day and evening

It is important—an artist's answer to the question of *chic*. Especially if that artist be Neysa McMein, whose color work, known all over the land, has placed her in the front rank of contemporary American painters.

To her, *chic* is largely a matter of color.

"In choosing colors for Realsilk Hosiery," says this artist member of the Realsilk Fashion Committee, "we take the ensemble into consideration.

"Side by side with our smartest costume shades, we place our hosiery colors. We blend them with skin tints, changing here and there, until we have a perfect result."

Let us show you these famous stockings, in colors chosen for you by the Realsilk Fashion Committee . . . *Lady Egerton*, Paris designer. *Neysa McMein*, celebrated artist. *Lynn Fontanne*, "the best dressed woman on the American stage." *Elinor Patterson*, the debutante star of "The Miracle." *Katherine Hartford*, noted American stylist . . .

All weights, from sheer chiffons to the sturdy service weaves. Exquisite fit, with the lovely illusion of slimness. A new nicety of detail throughout.

Realsilk Hosiery is never sold in stores. If your Realsilk Representative is not calling regularly, telephone him today at your local branch office. Branch offices in 250 cities. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A. In Canada, Real Silk Hosiery Mills of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario.

The New REALSILK Hosiery

(Continued from Page 139)

Everybody in the long low-ceilinged room gazed at her and many big heavy feet began patting with little thuds, keeping time with her feet. A few deep voices began humming the tune, a few lips followed the monotonous words.

Seraphine's eyes were opened wide and sparkling, her slim hands sharply slapped each other, her red skirt swished from side to side.

Everybody in the room was with her, heart and soul, everybody but one lone soul who sat back in a dim shadowy corner, out of reach of the one lamp's light. His skin and clothes were so dark he could easily have passed for a heavy shadow himself. He hunched over the table, leaning forward, with his chin resting in a big hand. He sat very still. His plate was empty, his coffee cup dry. When Big Sue offered to fill them both he shook his head. He wanted nothing more.

"Make you'self at home den, and smoke or just set still and look at Seraphine."

Big Sue said this, then left him; and Seraphine danced down the room toward him.

"*Hack on today, Hack on today,*
Hack on today, my darlin',
Hack on today."

She held her hands out toward him, then pointed one finger at him, making everybody laugh. Then her hands fluttered together and for the length of a heart beat they clasped each other tight. By the dim light of the kerosene lamp's yellow flame, Big Sue saw the girl's eyelids waver and then shut up as a slim hand reached out and caught at a chair for something steady to hold to.

The stranger sat still. He scarcely stirred or batted an eyelash when the others all shouted at him and shuffled their feet, applauding the girl's brazenness. Almost any of them would have hopped up and grabbed her and kissed her, and maybe danced a step or two with her, but not this man. He sat still and dumb with a frown on his face, while Seraphine danced down the floor away from him.

Big Sue stared at his serious face, and wondered what ailed the man. Not a smile even for Seraphine, although she danced right up to where he sat and curtsied once more and bowed. Then she cut some of her gayest steps while Jim's box rang out in a few scolding chords.

JOE put up a clean slim hand and stroked his mustache, then grinned at the big black man's indifference. Big Sue frowned and tried to catch Seraphine's eyes. That black fellow was better left alone. Such men are sullen and are easily vexed. A policeman was always somewhere near by outside, watching and listening for any racket, ready to shut up her victual shop if anybody crooked inside it. Seraphine was being too bold. If she didn't watch out, she would start a row, for the other men did not like the stranger's ways. Everybody watched how Seraphine failed even to lift the man's gloomy eyes from his plate. Lord, he must be crazy! His plate was wiped clean, every drop of gravy sopped up with a piece of bread. He tottered to his feet, pulled his hat lower down on his head and went out with not even a good night to Big Sue.

Seraphine stopped straight in her tracks and sucked in a breath that was not so very different from a sob, then danced on a few slow steps, as if she had not heard Jim stop playing. Why would the girl care whether that roughneck black man liked her dancing or not? Seraphine was queer, for she went hurrying past them all into the kitchen. Seraphine never had looked any such way as that before.

"What de matter ail you, gal?" Big Sue called out. "Is you feel faintish, Seraphine? Set down, gal, and rest you'self."

Joe brought her a glass of water and she sipped it in a dry-lipped way. The girl was not herself.

"Take 'em home, Joe, and leave 'em. Let 'em get a good long night's sleep. Go on home, Seraphine, and go to bed, gal."

"I just want to catch some air and cool off a little bit."

Joe hurried and brought her shawl and wrapped it gently round her, then took her hand. "I wouldn' think on that fool no-manners' man, honey. 'E ain' had sense enough to know he hurt you' feelin'. Come on, le' me take you home." But Seraphine drew her hand away. "No, Joe, I want to go by myself, please le' me go by myself. I ain' scared, an' I don' want not a soul wid me."

"It's awful dark outside."

"I don' mind de dark."

"A lot a strange mens bes always prowlin' about down here by de river."

"I don' mind strange mens."

Big Sue put in a positive word. "Don' let de gal go by 'e self, Joe. You got to rule Seraphine. 'E's got queer ways, you know."

Patricia Wins

(Inspired by the cover on this issue)

By DOUGLAS CARY WENDELL

. . . For may not a person be only five
And yet have the neatest taste alive?
—Austin Dobson.

"PATRICIA, dear, we really
shouldn't
Bring along the Collie!"
"But Mother, please, please let him go;
He'll help me guard my Dolly!"

"Patricia, dear, you know I couldn't
Take him with me shopping!"
"But Mother, please, he'll watch the car
Wherever you are stopping!"

"Oh, Mother, let him ride this morning.
See! He begs you so!"
"Patricia! . . . well . . . I will this
once . . .
Come, Laddie Boy! Let's go!"

Joe smiled, "I know. But I got a fine present for Seraphine, I had aimed to gi' 'em on de way home."

He fumbled in his vest pocket and took out the naked ring and held it up, sparkling before Seraphine's eyes. But instead of laughing and snatching it out of his fingers as he expected her to do, she shook her head determinedly and turned away from it.

"Not tonight, Joe, I don' feel good. I ain' able to put on no ring, not tonight."

"It's a pure di'mond, gal. You don' see how it shines?"

Big Sue was distressed at Seraphine's behavior.

"I know it's grand, Miss Big Sue; I ain' blind. But Joe must wait to gi' it to me. I might would take it tomorrow night, or de next night, but I don' feel able to take it, not tonight."

There was no use to argue with her. Joe put the ring back in his pocket and Seraphine hurried out of the back door into the black night.

"Who you reckon dat mean-lookin' man was, Joe? De one what set yonder in de corner and acted so strange?" Big Sue asked as soon as the door had banged behind Seraphine.

"Lawd knows. I didn' pay much 'tention to 'em."

"You didn' see how he wouldn' much as look up at Seraphine when she danced up close to 'em?"

"No, I didn' specially notice 'em."

"You didn' thought he acted mighty strange?"

"Not particular so. Plenty o' hungry mens, when dey hang dey heads over a plate full o' victuals wouldn' raise 'em to look at nobody. When a man's belly is empty, catfish stew an' rice looks better'n any strange 'oman ever was."

"Not better'n Seraphine, Joe?" Big Sue laughed.

"Yes'm, to a man, fool like dat, victuals looks even better'n Seraphine."

"You might be right, son, de man might a been just plain hongry. But I don' trust his looks, anyhow. You stay here a li'l' bit. I'm gwine to walk down the alley a piece an' see if Seraphine gets home safe."

She put a shawl over her head and shoulders and went out of the back door. The alley was black, and even to her clear eyes the low dark unpainted houses were all blurred. The river splashed gently against the bank, boats tied to wharves swung softly with its quiet flowing. A few voices murmured, but the night was very still. Most people were sleeping now.

Turning the corner, she almost ran into two people who were so close together, at first she thought they were one.

"Lawd!" she cried. "Do egscuse me. I didn' mean to run into you."

"You's egscusable." Seraphine's voice answered cheerfully. "But who is you? Ain' dat Miss Big Sue?"

"For Lawd's sake, Seraphine. What is you a-doin' here in dis dark?"

SERAPHINE'S laugh rang out and it was the gayest happiest laugh Big Sue had ever heard fall from Seraphine's lips.

"Guess who dis gentleman is, Miss Big Sue?"

"Lawd knows, gal."

"Didn' you see 'em a-levelin' down on you' rice and catfish stew at de Greasy Spoon a li'l' while ago?"

"Dat ain' de gentleman what set back in de corner?"

"Sho, he is."

"Den I 'member 'em good."

"Well, he come down de river on a raft o' logs today, an' I'm gwine back home wid 'em in de mawnin'. 'E's my lawful wedded husband, but me and him had parted last year by he was so mean. I had to leave 'em befo' one time, den 'e left me and went off wid another 'oman. But when I seen 'em tonight I knowed good and well I ruther be wid him wid all his mean ways dan to be wid Joe wid his sweet-smellin hair grease and his soft talk. I don' want no di'mond ring neither."

"You don' mean you's gwine off wid dat strange man, Seraphine?"

"Sho I is. I'm done gone wid 'em now." The way Seraphine held to him, it looked as if she spoke the truth.

"I'm so happy, Miss Big Sue, I sure feels like I got religion. I hates to leave de Greasy Spoon. I thinks a lot of all o' you. You been so awful good to me, and I sho am much obliged to you, but I'll come back to see you some o' dese days. Soon as dis man gits mean an' leaves me again, I'm comin' straight back to you."

He grunted, and looked up at the sky where the gray dawn was creeping up from the east.

"De tide'll soon be turnin'. We got to go, Seraphine, hurry up and say good-by."

She loosed her hold on him and ran up to Big Sue and seized her in a great tight hug. The tears were wet on her cheeks.

"Goo'-by, Miss Big Sue. Don' work too hard and broke you'self down. Tell Joe an' Jim good-by." Gazing at the leaning old shanty she said softly, "Goo'-by, old Greasy Spoon. Don' fall down no sooner'n you can help it. If dis man ever goes off and leaves me, I'm comin straight back an' dance some more on you' rickety old floor."

Big Sue stood dumfounded as the darkness swiftly swallowed Seraphine and the big black river man, but in the distance she could hear Seraphine's low laughter gurgling, then a call, "Good-by, Miss Big Sue. Good-by, Joe. Good-by, Jim. Good-by, you old nice Greasy Spoon."

Lady Seymour tells four ways to know fine wool blankets

1. They are soft as a fluff of thistledown and fleecily light. Lady Seymour Blankets, made of specially selected wool, are at once clinging and buoyant.

2. Their protecting warmth is healthful as the glow of the sun. Lady Seymour Blankets possess highest heat-retaining, moisture-resisting qualities.

3. They wash perfectly because virgin wool is elastic and curly. Lady Seymour Blankets are pre-shrunk and retain size and shape, as well as color and fluffiness.

4. Beauty is in the texture of the wool no less than in color and design. A long, lustrous nap gives Lady Seymour Blankets distinctive luxuriousness.

IT is not sufficient to know that your blankets are all wool. You must know, too, that they are of specially selected wool. Just as a chemical test is necessary to determine the *amount* of wool in a blanket, so is a highly cultivated professional touch necessary to determine the *grade* of the wool. For three generations women have considered the Lady Seymour label the equivalent of the chemical test and the professional touch. Double and single blankets; solid colors; designs; reversible. Beautifully boxed. At leading stores.

SEYMOUR WOOLEN MILLS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA *Since 1866*

Do you know the health-protecting values of fine wool blankets? Do you know how to keep your fine wool blankets moth-free—how to wash them successfully? Write today for Lady Seymour's booklet, *"How to Choose and Care for Blankets."*

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Please send Lady Seymour's free booklet to:

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Address_____

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LHJ-I

MRS. MORGAN BELMONT

a popular member of New York's exclusive younger set, says of her Simmons equipment, "My new Simmons bed"—she chose Bed No. 1569—"fits into my room perfectly. It is beautifully executed. And my new Beautyrest Mattress is unique! The superb comfort of this mattress and of the Ace Box Spring makes it possible to equip a bed that is luxurious and in good taste in every detail."

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

leader in many important movements for women, says, "I have covered my demure little Simmons beds"—she chose Model No. 1595—"with spreads of unbleached homespun, cross-stitched in green with designs of fir trees. Under them are the most marvelous mattresses in the world, also by Simmons. Really I've never known such comfort. Once you've tried them you will never use any others."

MRS. JOSEPH LEITER

a favorite leader of Washington society, says, "My Simmons beds"—she selected No. 1581—"with their charming curved headboards and slender posts, have a delicacy of line and color that goes exquisitely with the blue brocaded walls and old blue satin hangings of my favorite guest room. And the marvelously comfortable Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs are as smart as one could wish!"

MRS. ROBERT R. MCCORMICK

a charming hostess and member of the well-known Chicago family, says, "Everything that furnishes the bedroom must be carefully chosen to give an effect of charm and restfulness—beds of individual appeal, springs and mattresses that give the utmost in comfort! My Simmons equipment is splendid on all counts. The buoyant Beautyrests and Ace Box Springs are the last word in comfort."

Among America's Distinguished Women who for their

WOMEN all over the country, whose homes are expressive of the American tradition of comfort coupled with beauty, have chosen sleeping equipment by the world's largest makers of fine beds, springs and mattresses.

In their famous products the Simmons Company have embodied the latest discoveries in comfort, yet they have not sacrificed the smart lines and good looks which the fastidious modern woman demands. Indeed they have given her smartness and beauty she never dreamed of!

The Beautyrest Mattress with its heart of finely tempered coils gives nights of deep, revitalizing rest. And its neatly tailored finish and smart damask covering, which comes in a choice of two patterns and six pastel shades, make it an asset to the most perfectly decorated bedroom.

Simmons Ace Springs—both open-coil and boxed types—are wonderfully resilient, giving proper support to the body when relaxed.

Simmons Beds come in a wide variety of beautiful designs to harmonize with your favorite style of bedroom deco-

Bedroom in the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick reflecting the elegance of the French manner, decorated in tones of rose and green. Simmons Bed, No. 1581, with pleasingly curved headboards and slender little posts, is painted a soft blue green; spread of old rose taffeta.

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III

whose keen judgment is typical of the family whose distinguished name she bears, says, "With my old mahogany, my Simmons Windsor bed is most harmonious. Its dignity is characteristic of the furniture of Colonial days. And I never knew real comfort until I got my Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection."

MRS. VANDERBILT CHURCH

of the gay younger set, says of her delightful Newport home, "Dudley Place demands the simplicity of Early American furniture. So I selected Simmons 'spool' beds"—she has No. 1850. "They harmonize with the old pieces perfectly, and are exceedingly comfortable. I'm enthusiastic about the Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs and I was glad to find them covered in damask."

MRS. JOHN SARGENT PILLSBURY

whose beauty and charm make her a leading favorite in smart circles, has Simmons equipment in both her Palm Beach and Minneapolis homes. Of her Simmons Bed, No. 1581, she says, "My Simmons bed is amazingly comfortable! The buoyant Beautyrest is exactly right with the resilient Ace Box Spring. For thoroughly restful nights there is no equipment like Simmons."

MISS ANNE MORGAN

who has Simmons equipment in her own home, applauded the choice of Simmons Beds, Springs and Mattresses for the American Woman's Association Clubhouse, New York. Miss Morgan, speaking as President of the A. W. A., says, "Simmons beds, springs and mattresses have been used throughout the Club-house and since I use them myself, I know of their comfort and reliability."

have chosen Simmons Sleeping Equipment Homes

For this bedroom in her home just outside of Philadelphia, Mrs. John Wanamaker III chose Simmons Windsor Bed No. 1590 and Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring in rose damask. This design also in light blue, lilac; medallion pattern in sea-foam green, beige, Venetian blue.

ration, from the studied simplicity of the Modern back to the charming elaboration of classic French styles, and the naïveté of Early American.

Handsomely burnished, Simmons Beds come finished to match the grain of natural wood, or painted in gay colors, charmingly decorated.

You will find them at all better furniture and department stores. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds, $10 to $60. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. B-1, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with beautiful photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and delightful ideas for home decoration.

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SIMMONS

World's largest makers of

BEDS · · SPRINGS · · MATTRESSES

The news spread swiftly—about the health value discovered in Japan Tea

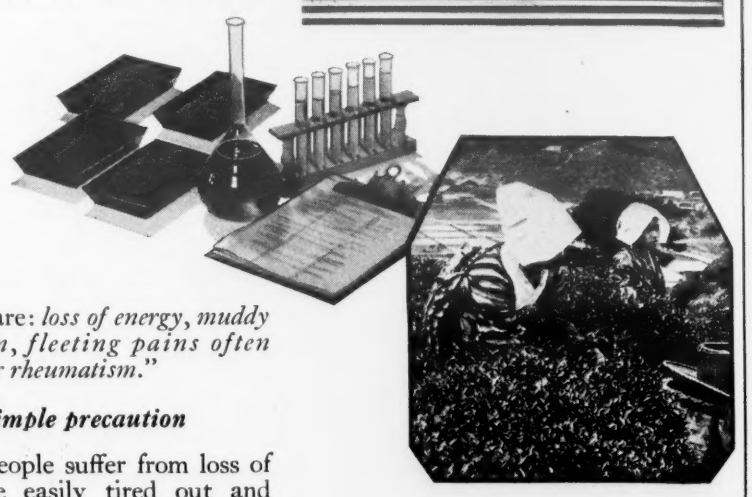
A safeguard against several common ailments—a precious food element—has been found in this familiar tea

It has come as welcome news to thousands—the discovery of this simple safeguard against several common ailments.

A precious food element, which is entirely absent from most of the foods we eat, has been found by scientists in simple Japan green tea.

It is now believed that countless men and women are falling short of full, vigorous health because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important food element. A number of minor ailments have now been traced to this one simple cause.

"It now appears," writes a distinguished scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Ill health characterized by certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. Those symptoms are: *loss of energy, muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism.*"



In simple Japan green tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of health-giving Vitamin C

A simple precaution

So many people suffer from loss of energy—are easily tired out and feel "run-down." Nervousness, sleeplessness, poor appetite, lethargy follow on lowered vitality.

Today there is a simple precaution that anyone can take. The fragrant cups of Japan green tea which we all enjoy are certainly no "cure-all." But today Japan green tea is known to be rich in Vitamin C—a safeguard against these troubles.

Rich in this all-important element

Only a small number of foods aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a few fruits and vegetables contain Vitamin C.

If you feel "run-down" and are easily tired out, if your mirror shows you a sallow skin, if you have occasional pains that seem like rheumatism, try this simple plan: Drink flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea *regularly* at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of the rich supply of Vitamin C which it contains. Try this plan for two or three weeks. See if you don't feel and look more healthy—more vitally alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it.

FREE valuable leaflet giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea, mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 740 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name.....

Address.....

Payment Deferred

(Continued from Page 9)

"Pretty old-fashioned, that's a fact," he admitted ruefully. "Don't look like the new stuff they're using nowadays, Philury, no it don't. Barclay, he meant well, I don't doubt, but—but—no, I guess likely you're right; we couldn't hardly put it up in a parlor like ours."

"Put it *up!* I should put it in the fire if I dared, and if there wasn't so much of it. Forty rolls, think of it! What will we do with it, father?"

The captain pulled at his beard.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Guess likely you'll have to stick it up attic for the present," he said. "Maybe I might sell it for a little something. I don't know."

"Sell it! No one but a born fool would buy it; even you must realize that."

"Well, the fools ain't all dead, even in Ostable County. Here, I'll take a sample along with me in case I run across one."

HE TORE a two-foot strip from the end of the roll, folded it and stuffed it into his pocket. Miss Philura summoned the hired girl and proceeded to superintend the transfer of the Barclay thank-offering to the garret, and her father strolled down to the new building on the Creek Road to inspect the work done there during his two weeks' absence.

His approval of that work was not so whole-hearted as it had been on former visits. Certain matters connected with financial and business ventures in Boston were troubling him a bit. At the banking house which handled the greater part of his money they were talking of hard times. One or two of his speculations had not flourished so well as he had hoped and expected. He was not greatly worried, but he was irritated and, consequently, was in a mood for fault-finding.

Therefore when, just as he was leaving, someone touched his sleeve and he turned to find Ephraim Bartlett standing at his elbow, his greeting was not overcordial.

"Eh?" he grunted. "Oh, hello, Bartlett! Well, what do you want?"

Ephraim shifted from one foot to the other.

"Why—why, Cap'n Joshua," he stammered, "I—I've got that money all ready for you now."

"Eh? Money? What money?"

"That five hundred you was good enough to say you'd put out at interest for me and Matilda. I heard you was expected back today so I drawed it out of the savin's bank and fetched it down. I've got it right here in my pocketbook, if you'd like to take it away with you."

Havens had forgotten all about the matter, nor was he enthusiastic when thus reminded.

THE young man dug into an inside pocket, drew forth a battered and swollen wallet and from it a bundle of bank notes tied around with a piece of fish line.

"There she is, Cap'n Josh," he said triumphantly. "You can count it if you want to, but there's just five hundred there. I know because me and Matilda have counted it four times ourselves."

Captain Havens removed the cord from the roll and thumbed the bills.

"Five hundred is right," he said. "Well, I'll do the best I can for you, but it's your responsibility, not mine, remember. Here, hold on! Don't you want a receipt?"

"Hey? Lord sakes, no! Don't need no receipts when I'm dealin' with anybody like you, Cap'n Joshua."

The captain regarded him with mingled irritation, contempt and pity.

"Young fellow," he observed, "you may be a good-enough carpenter, but you're a darned poor business man. If you take my advice you'll never pay money to a living soul without getting a receipt for it. Sho, I probably haven't got a mite of paper in my pocket. Eh? Yes, I have too. This'll do as well as anything else."

The folded paper he took from his pocket was the sample of Mr. Barclay's wall paper, that which had aroused the scornful contempt of Miss Philura. He tore off a liberal strip and wrote with a pencil upon the reverse side.

"There!" he said. "'Received from Ephraim Bartlett $500.' That'll do, I guess. Kind of a rough-and-ready receipt, but," with a grin at his own joke, "I guess likely it's worth the paper it's written on. Take it and hang onto it. That's my word to you."

Ephraim carefully folded the strip and placed it in the battered wallet.

"By godfreys, cap'n," he said feelingly, "I can't tell you how much obliged Matilda and I be. We'll never forget it, and if we ever do get—er—rich or—or anything like that, we'll know 'twas you started us off."

"Humph!" grunted Joshua Havens, and walked away.

During the next twelve months Ephraim Bartlett and his bride-to-be spent many happy hours figuring the interest on five hundred dollars at five and six and even seven and eight per cent. And meanwhile the hard times became harder, banks failed, companies and partnerships went to smash and the country as a whole grew poorer and poorer. And one day announcement was made that the Boston firm of bankers handling Capt. Joshua Havens' speculations and investments had gone down in complete ruin. A month or two later Captain Joshua died of pneumonia, a broken-hearted bankrupt.

NEARLY another year passed before his tangled estate was settled. The creditors—there were many of them—got very little. And so it happened that, late one day in the following March, young Ephraim, now a married man, came home pushing a wheelbarrow.

"What on earth you got in there?" Mrs. Bartlett asked. Her husband sighed.

"All you and me will ever have to show for our five hundred dollars, I'm afraid, Matilda," he replied. "I've spent three more mortal hours with Lawyer Simpkins, and he couldn't give me no encouragement. About everything really worth while is in Philury's name, and she's goin' out of town to live; the story is she's going to be married to a New York man named Cutter—or Carver—or somethin' like that. Finally Mr. Simpkins showed me this mess of wall paper. 'It's a match to that piece your receipt is wrote on, Eph,' he says, 'and though I ain't got any authority to do it, I'll let you have the whole forty rolls if you'll take it now and call everything square. You better,' says he, grinnin'; 'it's all you'll ever get—and more'n most of 'em are gettin', at that.' So—well, I took it, and here 'tis."

He unrolled a section of the paper. "When Cap'n Josh give me that receipt," he added, "I remember his tellin' me he guessed 'twas worth the paper 'twas written on. It was, too—just about."

Matilda's pretty nose lifted. "And that's worth nothin'," she vowed in disgust. "I never saw such terrible-lookin' stuff in my life. What did you expect I was likely to do with it, Eph Bartlett?"

Ephraim scratched his head.

"I don't know," he confessed.

"Neither do I. Well, well, carry it up garret or somewhere out of my sight."

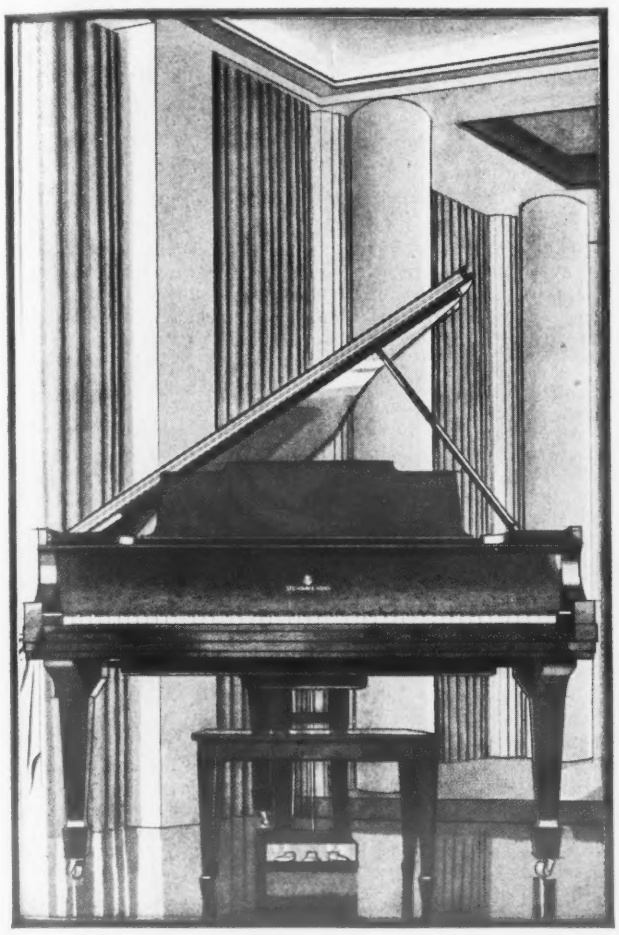
II.

(From the column of Denboro Notes in the Harniss Eagle, September 14, 1927.)

The boom in shore property in our flourishing and growing community continues to

(Continued on Page 146)

The Steinway *ebonized baby grand in a modern interior designed by Allen Saalburg. A Steinway of this size and power —at $1475—is an extraordinary value. It is the ideal instrument for the majority of homes. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any plan of interior decoration, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.*



"The Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla," *painted for the Steinway collection by Rockwell Kent. It is in "Das Rheingold" that many critics feel that Wagner first realized his full powers as the master "musical scene-painter." Certainly the sublime Valhalla theme, with its tranquil majesty and its stirring note of victory, bespeaks all the glory of the ancient gods.*

In 1878 Wagner wrote of the Steinway piano: "Our great tone masters, when writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal instrument, as now attained by yourselves. . . . I find your grand piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of art."

Rubinstein himself would have placed your child before a Steinway

YOUR CHILD—talented and ambitious—you would give him every possible advantage. In another day you might have taken him to the great Rubinstein . . . today perhaps to Hofmann. Each would have placed him before a Steinway. Years have only strengthened its authority.

Teachers with vision and understanding recognize tone as the paramount consideration in winning a child to music. For children are quick to sense tonal superiority. They instinctively respond to it. And it is the inimitably rich and brilliant tone quality of the Steinway which has made it the acknowledged standard for pianofortes among the musically informed, wherever good music is known.

The fact that virtually every musician of note from Wagner to Rachmaninoff has preferred the Steinway for personal as well as concert use testifies to both its mechanical and tonal leadership. Unfortunately this reputation has caused many people to believe that such an instrument must necessarily be too costly for those of moderate means. In reality, it is well within their reach.

With only a 10% first payment you can have a Steinway in your home at once and the balance may be distributed over a period of two years. Then you will have a piano which not only commands a tone of supreme beauty, but one which will continue to command it long after an ordinary instrument has outlived its usefulness. And *there* is the index of the true economy of a Steinway. *You need never buy another piano.*

You may select your Steinway from many different sizes and models, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway. That is the best.

A new Steinway upright piano can be bought for **$875**

GRANDS $1475 ***and up***

10% down *balance in two years*

Any Steinway piano may be purchased with a cash deposit of 10% and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY *THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

NEW SMARTLY TAILORED SLIP COVERS

add new Beauty to the Comfort only this Bedspring gives

THE newest thing in luxurious sleeping equipment! The beauty of a trimly tailored De Luxe Slip Cover *plus* the sounder, more refreshing comfort of the Rome De Luxe bedspring.

Look for the De Luxe label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring

The De Luxe Slip Cover—made in a variety of colors exclusively for the Rome De Luxe bedspring—is entirely new, entirely practical. It fits snugly, like the slip covers on fine furniture. To make handling easier, there's just one Talon "Hookless Fastener." One zip . . . it's on!

Although enclosing all visible parts of the bedspring, the new De Luxe Slip Cover leaves unhampered the exclusive De Luxe free coil construction under the mattress—*a comfort feature impossible if the spring were completely enclosed.* Each coil moves with absolute freedom—yielding here to the pressure of hips and shoulders, rising here to support the vital organs between. Your body lies straight, relaxed.

Arrange with your furniture or department store for a trial. Demand Rome De Luxe, and ask to see the new De Luxe Slip Covers, available at slight additional cost.

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BEDSPRINGS • ROME METAL BEDS • DAY BEDS • COUCH HAMMOCKS

(Continued from Page 144)

go on at a gratifying rate. Mr. Cornelius Matthews, our enterprising real-estate dealer, reports having completed another important trade last week. The old Fairbanks property on the Bay Boulevard has been sold and, after extensive renovating and adding onto, is destined to take its place among Denboro's fine summer estates. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Carver of New York City, who for the past summer have been guests of mine host Stephens at Salt Water Lodge, have bought the property and, so rumor hath it, will spend a lot of money fixing it up. All work on grounds and buildings will be done by local talent and completion is looked for about the first of next June. Your correspondent congratulates Mr. Matthews on his business enterprise and Denboro on its good fortune in adding Mr. and Mrs. Carver to the list of distinguished summer residents in its midst.

The Fairbanks property is one of Denboro's landmarks. Its situation, away from the hurry and hustle of our main streets and fronting directly on the bay, is certainly fine and reflects credit upon the judgment of the original builder. The main body of the house is about a hundred years old and was designed and put up, so we have been able to learn, by one of Denboro's old captains of square-rigged ships some time in the eighteen-thirties.

THE renovating and enlarging and restoring began promptly and progressed during the winter at the usual rate of—Denboro—speed. Consequently on the first of June, 1928—the date originally set for completion—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Carver were moderately hopeful of moving in by the middle of August. Mrs. Carver came to Salt Water Lodge on May twentieth, and her husband journeyed over from New York for the week-ends. She spent a part of each day at their new property, watching and talking with the workmen there, and in consequence of one of these talks, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Bradd, who resided in a tiny story-and-a-half cottage on the Back Road at Denboro Neck, were, on a Saturday evening early in July, expecting callers.

Josiah Bradd was a wizened, nervous little man of sixty-three. He was a house painter and employed by Elmer Edwards, who had the contract for painting the Carver house inside and out.

"I snum I don't believe they're comin' at all," said Mrs. Bradd with a sigh. "Did that Mrs. Carver say they really would, or only that they might?"

"Wan't no 'might' about it, Sarah. It's just as I told you. She's been after me much as half a dozen times to know if you and me hadn't any old furniture or lookin'-glasses or dishes or any old thing we was willin' to sell. Yesterday, after you had decided that we might sell the chair, I told her about it. She was all excited in a jiffy. 'Mr. Carver will be here in the mornin',' says she, 'and he and I will come down to your house tomorrow evenin' and look at it.' Well, tonight's tomorrow evenin', ain't it? They'll come, Sarah, don't you fret."

MRS. BRADD sighed again. "I do hate to part with that chair," she said. "If it wasn't that we need money so! With that big doctor's bill and the rest ——"

"I know, Sarah, I know."

"Josiah, do you think likely they will buy it? Do you suppose it's the kind of thing they want?"

"It's old, ain't it?"

"Well, it was one of our weddin' presents. That ain't so terrible old."

"We've been married forty-one year, Sarah. We ain't exactly spring chickens, and that chair ain't neither. I cal'late they'll buy it all right. Don't see why they wouldn't; you don't see a chair like that one very often."

"Josiah, are you goin' to say anything about that other stuff you found up attic? There's a piece of it over on the whatnot now. It's old, too, you know—a sight older than the chair."

Her husband shook his head. "Nobody would use that kind of stuff nowadays—if they ever did, which I doubt. You agreed with me that it was uglier than sin."

"Yes, so 'tis. I presume likely that's why it never was used or never sold. Where do you suppose it ever came from?"

"Mercy knows! It was in that loft of your father's store when he took it over from your grandfather; I remember seein' it there when I was a little shaver, playin' hide and hoot."

"Sh-h-h! I heard an automobile. Yes, it's them; they're comin'! Fix your neck-tie, Josiah; it's slipped off the button. Why didn't you tell me that elastic was all stretched out?"

FUMBLING frantically at the tie, Mr. Bradd hastened to answer the knock at the front door. A moment later he reappeared ushering in Mr. and Mrs. Tom Carver and a third person, a dapper, middle-aged man whose name, it appeared, was Francis Faverly. He was, as Carver explained, a friend who had come over with him from New York for the week-end.

Josiah introduced the trio to his wife.

"Well," went on Sarah who, as hostess, evidently felt that it was her duty to open the conversation, "we've been havin' real nice weather lately, ain't we? Josiah—my husband, I mean—says it's been fine for paintin'. I hope you like the work he's doin' on your new place, Mrs. Carver. He's a wonderful hand with a brush, if I do say so. I don't know as you'll believe it, but he done those oil pictures up there every one his ownself."

The conversation wandered to the prospects of the fall cranberry crop, the unusual price of eggs and finally drifted to the subject of Mrs. Bradd's ill health.

"Sarah, she ain't been up to time since we moved over from Ostable a couple of year ago," said Josiah, regarding his helpmate anxiously. "Things have been runnin' kind of against the wind for her and me for quite a spell. You see, Mr. Carver, we lived in Ostable most of our lives. I kept store there, one of them general stores 'twas. Took over the business from Sarah's father, who had had it from his father. He was a Denboro man, come to think of it, in the beginnin'. Was a carpenter or somethin' when he was young, but ——"

"Josiah—there, there! They don't want to hear all that."

"HEY? No, I presume likely they don't. You see, the doctor thinks she'd be a whole lot better if she could go somewheres for a change and rest. Stay a month, he says she ought to, and just do nothin' but look at new scenery. He seems to cal'late the White Mountains would be pretty fine."

"I've always been crazy to go to the White Mountains," observed Sarah longingly. "They—they've always sounded about like heaven to me. I guess you'll think that sounds funny, Mrs. Carver, but I've never seen a real live mountain. There! Now I know you'll laugh!"

Mrs. Carver did not laugh. "But the White Mountains are not so very far away," she said.

The Bradds looked at each other. It was Josiah who spoke. "Not by miles—no," he admitted. "But measured by dollars it's a long, long ways for us just now. If she'd go without me, why, maybe ——"

Faverly broke into the conversation. "Let me see," he observed, "wasn't there a—er—chair or something that you were interested in, Tom?"

Josiah sprang to his feet. "Yes, yes, of course," he exclaimed. "Sartin sure there was! That's what you cruised way down here for, wasn't it; not to hear me string along my troubles? It's out in the back room; I'll go fetch it."

He hastened out. Mabel Carver took the chair he had just vacated and entered into a low-toned conversation with Sarah Bradd. Tom Carver shifted his position

(Continued on Page 148)

BOUDOIR CREATIONS by DANIEL GREEN

ARE very much more than mere boudoir slippers. They are superbly styled accessories for all the indoor occasions when a modern woman demands that her footwear be as interesting and as individualized as her costumes.

They include slim silken trifles, feather-trimmed, delicately embroidered, coquettishly feminine, for wear with lingerie and negligees. And they also include bright-tinted leathers to repeat the challenging note of lounging pyjamas. And there are a myriad of semi-formal styles for leisurely teatimes, for intimate entertaining, for evenings of cards at home, for the innumerable occasions when street shoes are too tailored and evening slippers too pretentious.

This season, more than ever before, the woman who interprets the trend of fashion as a background for her individual taste, will not plan her intimate clothes until she has inspected the new Daniel Green Fashions in her favorite store. Many times these new creations suggest negligee ensembles of striking originality and effectiveness.

ABOVE—flame-colored satin "Bridge Slippers" with the flattering modified vamp.

Center: Strap mule of embroidered satin with lining of contrasting silk crepe. The strap and heel seat are of gold.

Left: Pyjama boot of crepe de Chine with maribou trimming. Pastel colorings.

Right: Leather D'Orsay in brilliant tints with contrasting satin lining.

LEADING merchants everywhere sell Daniel Green Slippers. If your local dealer hasn't them in stock write us and we will refer you to the nearest one who has.

Daniel Green Slippers are priced from $2.50 to $6.50 and up to $15.00.

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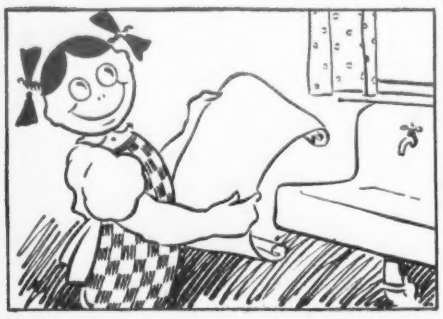
47 Years of Making Fine Slippers for Men, Women and Children

CHORE GIRL WINS IN PARIS

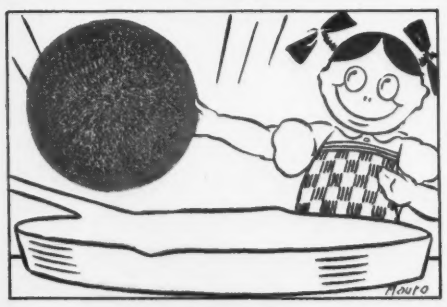


An invitation to compete at Paris in the year's biggest exposition—wonderful? Yes indeedy!

And now it's my turn—the others set an awful pace . . . . . but I'll clean up!

I've won—they say they never saw such work: I love the way they give prizes in France!

My prizes. The Grand Prix with Gold Medal —for time saving, labor saving and efficiency. (Above are photos of actual honors the Chore Girl won at the recent International Housewares Exposition at Paris in competition with the World's leading pot cleaners.)



Home again—ready for work—invite me in and see how I won the prize in Paris!

The CHORE GIRL 10¢

A knit copper sponge ball that cleans pots and pans like magic. Special construction cuts grease and burned-on black. Made of soft copper so can't injure hands or pans. Like an extra maid in the kitchen; only costs 10¢.

At Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', McCrory's, Murphy's and all other 5 and 10's, at Department and Hardware Stores.

(Continued from Page 146)

on the haircloth sofa in the vain attempt to find comfort where there was none. Mr. Faverly strolled over to the whatnot in the corner and began examining the articles upon it.

Sounds of bumping and smothered exclamations heralded Josiah's approach from the back room. He appeared, bearing a huge misshapen object covered with a sheet.

"There she is!" he proclaimed. "And she ain't no hollow sham neither. There's wood in that piece of furniture—hardwood and plenty of it."

His wife regarded him with trouble in her eyes. "You rest yourself now, Josiah Bradd," she commanded.

"Sh-h-h, old lady! I'm all right. Now, Mr. Carver, afore you or your wife look at this chair I want to tell you just a word about it. That chair was one of our weddin' presents forty-two year ago come next March. I was keepin' store over to Ostable, same as I told you, and some of the fellows that used to hang around there evenin's they made up their minds to give Sarah and me a present. So they turned to, the whole lot of 'em, and made this chair. And 'twas some present, too; you'll say so when you see it. That's so, ain't it, Sarah?"

MRS. BRADD nodded. "I—I can't tell you how we hate to part with it, Mrs. Carver," she said with a tremble in her voice. "If it wasn't so big that we haven't any fittin' place for it, I don't believe we ever would. You see ——"

Faverly, who was still standing by the whatnot, broke in with a question.

"I say, Mr.—er—Bradd," he inquired suddenly, "what is this?"

Everyone turned to look at him. He held a partially opened roll of paper in his hand. The back of the roll was white, but on the other side were pictures, a castle, a cascade, trees and two or three figures in old-fashioned costumes.

Josiah recognized it. "Oh," he said with a laugh, "that's nothin' but some old wall paper I found up garret when I was after this chair. There's a whole passel of it; must have been stored up in the loft of the store in Ostable, been there since Sarah's grandfather's time, I guess likely. Homelier than a bob-tailed pullet, ain't it, Mr. Faverly. I fetched that piece down to show my wife. Now, Mr. Carver ——"

But Faverly asked another question: "There is more of it, you say? How much more?"

"Hey? Oh, I don't know. Thirty-odd rolls anyhow—maybe forty."

Mabel Carver's impatience could be restrained no longer.

"The chair!" she cried. "Oh, do let us see the chair, Mr. Bradd!"

Josiah laid hold of the corner of the sheet with the air of a conjuror about to perform the trick of the evening. "Stand by!" he ordered with enthusiasm. "One—two—three! And there she is! What do you say to that for a piece of furniture? Eh?"

NO ONE said anything immediately. Tom Carver stared at the monstrosity revealed by the snatching away of the sheet, stared, choked and then turned toward his wife. Mabel Carver stared, caught her breath, and for a moment looked as if she were going to cry. Mr. Faverly looked, made a peculiar sound in his throat, and turning his back resumed examination of the roll of wall paper.

As for the Bradds, they were bending forward, regarding the chair with reverent affection. Sarah furtively wiped her eyes with her handkerchief before venturing to speak.

"Oh, Josiah," she breathed, "I didn't realize how wonderful it was! I—I'd forgot, I guess."

Her husband nodded. "Well, you see now what I meant, Mr. Carver," he said. "Don't believe you ever see a chair just like that afore, now did you? You can understand why we hate to sell it."

Mrs. Carver hoped she saw an opportunity.

"You shouldn't sell it," she declared hastily. "You really mustn't. We couldn't think of depriving you of it."

"No depravity, as the fellow said," insisted Josiah. "Long as somebody's got to have it, Sarah and me are glad it's goin' to you. Glad you like it, that's the main thing."

Again the Carvers looked at each other. They seemed to prefer that to looking at the chair. At last Tom made another desperate attempt to avert the inevitable.

"I'm afraid it may be too expensive for us," he ventured. "How much—er—do you consider it worth, Mr. Bradd?"

JOSIAH rubbed his chin. "Well, I—I, well, Sarah and me didn't know just what to say. It's old—and old things fetch big prices nowadays. Do you cal'late fifty dollars would be too much?"

Mabel, quite as desperate as her husband, sprang to the rescue.

"Why, yes, I am afraid it is," she said. "Not for the chair itself, you understand; but—well, we really don't need another large chair; do we, Tom?"

"No. I'm sorry, Mr. Bradd, but that's a fact, we don't."

The Bradds were disappointed, very much so. The disappointment showed in their faces; but Sarah's smile was brave and her tone cheerful.

"Well now, that's all right," she observed. "If you don't need it you surely hadn't ought to take it. Perhaps," with a doubtful glance at her husband, "we might shade that price just a little, mightn't we, Josiah? Five dollars, say?"

Mr. Faverly interrupted once more, thereby earning the profound gratitude of the Carver family.

"Er—Mr. Bradd," he said, "did I understand you to say there were forty rolls of this paper in your garret?"

"Hey? Why, yes, that or thereabouts. Oh, you ain't goin' so soon, are you, Mrs. Carver? Don't hurry. Never mind about the chair, that's all right; stay and visit with us a little longer, won't you? Well, if you must you must, I suppose. Come again sometime. Good night."

THE Carver car was standing in the road by the gate and its owners and Faverly were about to enter it, when Mrs. Carver remembered she had left her fur neckpiece in the Bradd front room. She sprang out and hurried back. As she passed the window by the door she heard a voice within. It was Josiah speaking earnestly.

"There, there, Sarah," she heard him say, "you mustn't cry. 'Tain't worth cryin' over. We'll get along all right."

"But oh, Josiah, I'm so disappointed. I thought a way had been provided for us to pay that doctor's bill, and now ——"

"Sh-h-h—sh-h-h! We'll pay it yet, don't you fret."

When Mrs. Carver returned to the automobile with the neckpiece she was silent. It was not until the car had drawn up before the door of the hotel that she spoke:

"Tom."

"Yes, my dear."

"I bought it."

"Bought it? Bought what? Eh? Good lord! Not that horrible chair?"

"Yes. I paid fifty dollars for it, and it is to be delivered Monday morning. Stop! Don't either of you ask me a single question. I won't answer if you do. I don't want to talk to anybody."

Tom Carver's week-end stay was a day longer than usual this time. He was to remain in Denboro until Monday night. Francis Faverly, however, took the train, that connected with the Fall River boat, on Sunday afternoon. He seemed to his hosts rather absent-minded and noncommunicative all that forenoon and went out

(Continued on Page 151)

Marjorie Mondell, daughter of former Representative and Mrs. F. W. Mondell of Wyoming, is noted for her appealing chic and beauty.

Blanche Wingo, charming daughter of Representative and Mrs. Otis Wingo of Arkansas, is a leading member of the associate branch of the Congressional Club.

Mrs. Amy Gronna Cowing, daughter of A. J. Gronna, former Senator from North Dakota, and Mrs. Gronna, is one of the loveliest and most popular young matrons in Washington's social set.

Photos by Harris & Ewing.

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The loveliest women in Washington's exclusive society use MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It is so dependable! Stays on longer! Keeps you from having a shiny nose!

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Each box contains a descriptive booklet on the new wonderful French Beauty Treatment—Mello-Glo.

"DON'T BE A 'FRAID-CAT, MOTHER. THERE'S NO DANGER"

LIFE is so much more fun when one is not afraid. It is her happy courage—the zest with which she welcomes every new delightful freedom—which is the charm of the modern girl. What mother can bear to stay in the drab shadows of middle life when such a daughter beckons back to youth?

Youth—which will not tolerate senseless drudgery, the slavery of old-fashioned ways. It is to this demand of youth for the best that Modess owes its remarkable success.

For Modess is convincingly finer—softer, more comfortable. This superiority is chiefly due to a new filler invented by Johnson & Johnson, world's leading makers of surgical dressings. This filler is a fluffy mass like cotton, so yielding and conforming that irritation is impossible. Amazingly absorbent—truly disposable. For still greater comfort, the gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton, and the sides are smoothly rounded and shaped to prevent bulkiness.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be superior in this respect.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

We are positive its gracious ease will convince you. Since it costs no more than you usually pay, why not try it?

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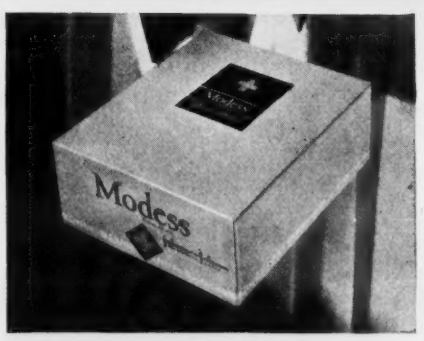
MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Eight*

Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess′)



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The largest selling ketchup in the world . .

It's rich . . . and thick . . . and full of the delicate flavor of garden-fresh tomatoes! No wonder Heinz Tomato Ketchup outsells all other ketchups regardless of price.

It can't help being good. For Heinz Tomato Ketchup is just the simmered down goodness of ripe, sound, juicy tomatoes. No dilution of any kind. That's what makes it so appetizing—that's what gives it its thick, slow-pouring richness.

The tomatoes are grown from Heinz own seed and come fresh from the garden into Heinz spotless kitchens. Only pure granulated sugar is added—and the seasoning of rare spices (specially selected in the Orient by Heinz own representatives) to give it tang and savor.

You can buy Heinz Tomato Ketchup at a surprisingly reasonable price. And it gives you so much more flavor—its thick goodness makes it go so much farther—that you always, decidedly, get your money's worth.

Your grocer will tell you that Heinz quality offers the same value in Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Heinz Rice Flakes or any of the 57 Varieties. This is one of the reasons why millions of women always look for the Heinz label · *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

60 YEARS OF
QUALITY
FOOD MAKING

57

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

(Continued from Page 148)

for a walk about ten, apparently not having heard Tom's offer to accompany him.

Monday, just before lunch, the local express truck drove up to the back platform of Salt Water Lodge. Mrs. Carver saw the huge, sheet-swathed bulk in the wagon and groaned.

"Oh, dear," she wailed. "They have brought it here, of all places! What shall we ever do with it! I—I almost wish I hadn't been so soft-hearted. No, I don't either," defiantly; "I'm glad."

"Telephone call for you, Mr. Carver," announced the porter, putting his head in at the door. "Long distance."

CARVER hastened downstairs to the telephone booth. The call was from New York, and the conversation over the wire detained him for fifteen minutes. When he rushed upstairs and into his wife's room he was very much excited.

"That was Frank Faverly," he announced. "And say, by George, what do you suppose he told me? Oh!" as he saw the object in the middle of the floor. "They have parked the white elephant, I see."

Mabel was reading a letter. It had been pinned to the sheet covering the chair. She looked up from her reading and her expression was peculiar.

"White elephants seem to travel in droves," she said. "We bought one and we have been presented with another. For goodness sake, read that!"

Carver took the letter she handed him. It ran as follows:

Dear Mrs. Carver: Here is the chair. Ever since you came back here Saturday night and said you had decided to buy it Josiah and me have been a little mite worried. You see, we can't help thinking you did not really care much for it, but just took it because you was afraid we would be disappointed if you did not. If that is so, please, please do not keep it. Send it right back and everything will be all right. We are sending something else along with it and we should like for you and your husband to take it as a present from us. It is that old wall-paper stuff, the forty rolls that was up in our attic. We should never have thought of giving you nor anybody else such homely, old-fashioned trash, but your friend Mr. Faverly came down to see us yesterday and he seemed to take quite a shine to it. He wanted us to give him what he called an option on it until the end of the week. Said it might be worth a dollar or two maybe, and if he found out it was he would send us a check. We did not promise him anything and me and Josiah talked it over and, guessing as we do how you really feel about our chair, we have packed the forty rolls in under the sheet and are sending it to you. If it is worth a couple of dollars to Mr. Faverly perhaps it may be worth that much to you and Mr. Carver. If it is, keep it with our good wishes and compliments. If it is not just throw it away. And anyhow, thank you both ever and ever so much.

Thankfully yours,
SARAH M. BRADD.

Mrs. Carver watched her husband as he read. Then she laughed.

"So you see what I mean by another white elephant," she said. "Why—why, Tom! Why do you look so queer?"

TOM CARVER breathed heavily. "White elephant!" he gasped. "Faverly just called me up from New York. You remember he seemed interested in that roll of paper he found on the Bradd's whatnot? Yes; well, he was evidently very much interested. We didn't know it, and I presume the Bradds didn't, but he tore off a piece of that paper and took it to New York with him. He has just phoned me to buy all of it for him at the best bargain I can make. He says it is one of the rarest specimens of early American wall paper known. The roll he examined has the maker's name—Barclay, I believe it is—printed on the back. He says forty rolls of that paper, unused and in such condition, is almost priceless. He ordered me to offer the Bradds five dollars for the lot, but to keep on bidding to even as high as five hundred."

Mrs. Carver's cheeks were pale. She and her husband looked at each other.

"Tom," she said, almost in a whisper, "they—they have given it to you and me."

"What! By George, so they have!"

"But they—they haven't any idea of its worth. And if it is worth five hundred dollars ——"

"We can't take it from them, you mean? Of course we can't."

"But—but, Tom; if it is as wonderful as Frank Faverly says ——"

"It is a lot more wonderful, if he says so. I know him."

"Then—then why wouldn't it be just the thing for our new living room? It would"—her eyes were shining—"it would make that room a perfect marvel. Oh, Tom!"

Her husband was thinking. He nodded emphatically.

"Why—why—well now, see here: Just because Faverly is next door to a crook when it comes to antiques that's no reason why we should be. If it's worth five hundred to him, it is to us—yes, and to those Bradd people, by George! If we keep it we'll pay the price for it. I should feel like a robber if I did anything else."

Mrs. Carver threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried rapturously, "you are a dear! And now—oh, don't you see!—they can go to the White Mountains, can't they!"

III.

From Denboro Notes in the Harniss Eagle, August 20, 1928.)

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carver will move into their new summer home some time next week. The house, both inside and out, is one of the finest specimens of Colonial architecture and furnishings in Ostable County. Ye scribe, on behalf of Denboro in general, congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Carver. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Bradd, who reside on the Neck Road in East Denboro, are leaving Monday for a sojourn in the White Mountains.

THE Carvers were standing in the center of their new living room surveying it and its furnishings. Mabel Carver was rapturously delighted with her old furniture and glass and ancient ornaments and knick-knacks, and Tom Carver was delighted because she was. Particularly were they enthusiastic concerning the wall paper.

"It is wonderful!" cried Mrs. Carver. "Perfectly wonderful. I knew it was bound to be perfect, but I didn't realize until now, when I see it on the walls, how absolutely right it is. Why—why, Tom, dear, it looks as if it was made for this very house and this room, as if it were intended to be here and nowhere else."

Josiah Bradd had returned from the railroad station, whither he had gone to buy tickets for Maple Hill, New Hampshire. He found his wife even more excited than when he went out.

"Josiah," she cried, as soon as he opened the door, "just see what I've found. I was up attic, huntin' through all the old trunks and chests up there, and ——"

Mr. Bradd interrupted.

"It's a mighty good thing I'm goin' to get you out of this house, Sarah," he observed with conviction. "Why do you keep racin' to that attic? Didn't the doctor say that climbin' stairs was just about the very worst thing you could possibly do?"

"I know, I know, Josiah; but ever since we found that wall paper up there I couldn't help wonderin' if there mightn't be some other wonderful antique hid around that we didn't know about. Well, I didn't find any, of course, but in an old trunk I found a whole passel of old letters and papers tied up with string. And amongst 'em was this."

(Continued on Page 153)

Have You a 'Milk Rebel' in your Home?

***—change her stubborn "I Won't" to an eager "I Want" with* "DOUBLE MALTED"**

Of course, you know how important milk is to the growth and health of your child. You know, too, that the *flavor* of milk becomes monotonous—even distasteful—to children. Now if you could make the taste of plain milk *irresistibly good* and at the same time actually *double* its nourishment you wouldn't hesitate a second to do so—would you? That is exactly what thousands of mothers are doing today. They simply add two spoonfuls of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" to plain milk, mix and serve. Every child loves this creamy Chocolate Malted Milk. And the goodness it brings to their taste isn't half as great as the goodness it brings to their little bodies. Unlike ordinary malted milk, Thompson's is "DOUBLE MALTED." It actually doubles the food value of the plain milk to which it is added. Helps to build normal weight and to eliminate nervousness and other underweight handicaps. Helps also to strengthen teeth, bones and muscles.

Make It at Home 30 Servings to Pound

Your druggist or grocer has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Mixed easily and quickly—economical too. 30 servings to every pound.

Special Shaker Offer

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Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 10c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name.....
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. . . each mellow bite so *easily* DIGESTED

easily DIGESTED

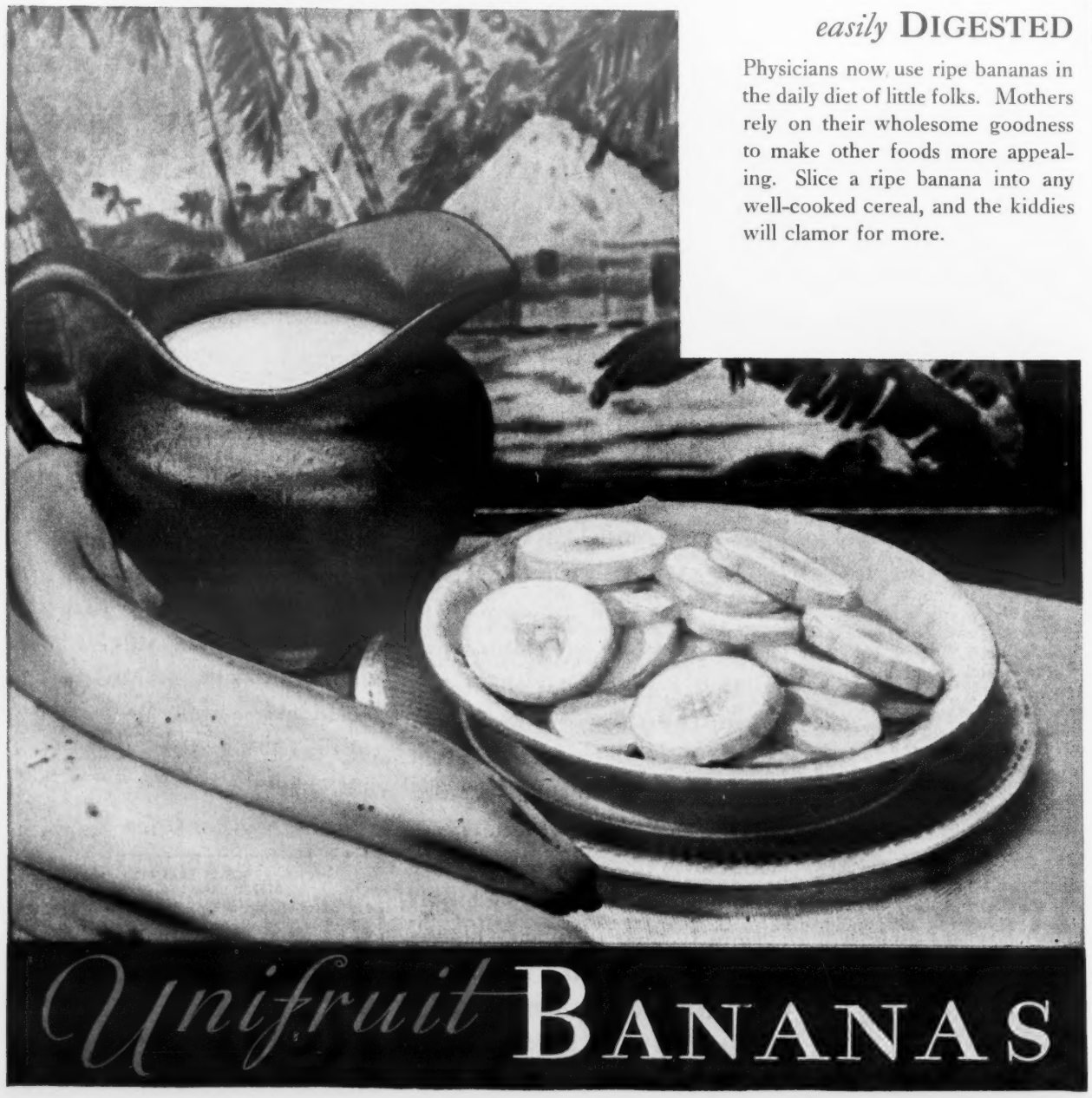
Food authorities say that the digestibility of bananas—like all fruits—is simply a matter of ripeness. Kept in the fruit bowl until the yellow skins are flecked with brown, they are easily assimilated by every member of the family.

easily DIGESTED

Bananas carry health-building properties in each luscious bite. Vitamins for protection and growth. Carbohydrates for bounding energy. Minerals for sound bones and teeth. No wonder bananas are especially valuable for growing children.

easily DIGESTED

Physicians now use ripe bananas in the daily diet of little folks. Mothers rely on their wholesome goodness to make other foods more appealing. Slice a ripe banana into any well-cooked cereal, and the kiddies will clamor for more.



Let Bananas tell you when to eat them

PARTLY RIPE. *Tipped with green. Cook or ripen* before eating.*

YELLOW RIPE. *All yellow. Ready to eat, cooked or uncooked.*

FULL-RIPE. *Yellow, brown flecked. Best flavor and food value.*

*Ripen bananas at room temperature—not in ice box.

Handy to Buy and Handy to Use

Why not include bananas in your regular diet? You can always buy them at your dealers'—when other fruits are scarce. And they are equally delicious, with meals or between meals. Slice and serve with milk or cereals; bake or fry them as a vegetable; fold the mellow slices into delicious tarts or banana pie; use them freely in fruit salad. For picnics, school lunches or hurry-up dainties you'll find bananas one of the handiest fruits to prepare.

Free—Interesting Booklet of Recipes

Wouldn't you like to know some delightfully unusual ways to serve bananas? The coupon below will bring our booklet, "From the Tropics to Your Table," absolutely free. It contains eighty-three tested recipes and the most enticing list of menus. Get out the scissors now—and send the coupon today.

UNIFRUIT BANANAS

A United Fruit Company Product imported and distributed by

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send booklet, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

Name.....

Address.....

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LHJ-10-29

(Continued from Page 151)

Josiah took the paper she handed him. He adjusted his spectacles and read aloud.

"'Received from Ephraim Bartlett $500.'" he read. "'Signed, Joshua Havens.' No date and wrote in pencil. Well, what of it. It's about a thousand year old more or less, by the look of it."

"Yes, but turn it over. Look at the back. The back is the queer thing about it."

Her husband turned the paper over.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why, good land! This looks—I vow it looks like a piece of that very wall paper we sold to the Carvers. It looks like it."

"It is like it—just like it. It's a piece of that very paper. Isn't that strange, Josiah!"

"Humph! Strange enough, that's a fact. Well, who was Joshua Havens, I wonder?"

"I don't know. Somebody that died long afore your day and mine, of course. But Ephraim Bartlett was my own grandfather. And five hundred dollars—just five hundred! That's the oddest part of it all. Just the very amount we got for the rest of that very paper."

Josiah chuckled. "Say," he observed, "you'd be speakin' pretty close to the truth if you said this receipt thing was worth the paper 'twas written on. Ha-ha! Eh, Sarah?"

"Yes," absently. "Oh, dear! I wish you and I might know the whole story, don't you? There *is* a story, I'm sure of it."

The Prodigal Guest

(Continued from Page 14)

The main lines of his plan were conventional enough—dinner, the theater, a night club—but everything must have that smoothness of pace, those little added touches that make a party an event. Viola was staying with the Kents for a few days—Viola, the Kents and he—that made four of them and four were quite enough. Tommy Kent and his wife were still newly enough married to look with sympathetic eyes upon even the most painful phenomena of young love. Ostensibly, the party would be given for the Kents. Oliver felt very crafty as he thought about that. He grinned and moved toward the telephone.

It was then that the first hitch occurred. The Kents were delighted to come. So was Viola. But Tommy Kent's young sister was down from college ——

Oliver sighed and invited the sister. There was nothing else he could do. But that meant another man. He ran over the list of his unattached friends and acquaintances with a jaundiced eye. There were plenty of them and many of them knew Viola. But Oliver, in his present state, could not imagine anyone knowing Viola without being dangerously in love with her. He fell back at last on George Brackett. George had his faults. He was managing, he was bustling, his voice was persuasive and his shirts were too well starched. But George, as far as he knew, had never met Viola—and George's relative bustlingness might even set off to advantage the suavity of the perfect host.

The dinner itself was to take place in Oliver's own apartment. He was intimately known at the small French restaurant around the corner. It had only been open three months, it was run by the members of one large family, and Paulette's sole Marguery was a gustatory vision.

He went there a week before to make his arrangements. He explained his wishes.

"Monsieur need not disquiet himself," Paulette said calmly. "He will have such a dinner as even I have never created."

"And I will serve it myself, my little white wolf!" cried Auguste, her husband.

HALF an hour before his guests were to arrive Oliver stood before his living-room mirror, tense but calm. Tie right . . . money right . . . tickets on mantelpiece . . . flowers . . . coats to be rushed at once to bedroom . . . remember to sit in the weak chair . . . Small appetizers to go with refreshing draught prepared and ready—room looked strangely overstuffed with dining table there but couldn't help that. Auguste oddly taciturn this evening, also busy—open door yourself . . . informal touch—*well!*

He coughed, rearranged his tie four times, took up a fork, put it down and looked at his watch. Exactly one minute had passed. He rearranged his tie again.

"Viola, I love you—Mrs. Kent, this is Mr. Brackett—just a little place I know about—do have a few more tickets, Miss Kent, they're just coming into season—and Tommy, if you'll pass the chairs around while Auguste pours out the salad—*oh, Lord!*"

The fact could be no longer concealed, even from Oliver. He knew all about the theory of parties. He could have written a book on it. But there is a great gulf fixed between theory and practice. And just at the moment he was suffering from an acute attack of guest fever.

"Won't you come right in and put your coats in the ice box?" said Oliver heartily.

Mrs. Kent laughed. "It is a hot night," she said. "Why, Oliver, you're blushing!"

OLIVER no longer blushed. He turned brilliant mauve. "I mean bedroom," he said. "I mean—I mean—I mean ——"

"Hello, Oliver!" said Viola's cool voice. "Are we terribly late and ——"

"Yes. No," said Oliver. "Have you seen George Brackett? I mean it's a hot night. Come in."

"We would," said Tommy Kent, "if you'd let us get by."

"Oh!" said Oliver and leaped ungracefully backward. He heard a crash. "It's nothing," he said. "Absolutely nothing. Absolutely coats," as he tried to pick up the broken fragments of the rose bowl.

It was at this moment that George Brackett arrived.

George Brackett was large, George Brackett was bland. Whenever an inferiority complex saw George Brackett coming, it fled with a wailing cry—and George Brackett's favorite motto was "Now is the time for a good man to come to the aid of the party." Within five minutes of his arrival, the coat problem had been solved, the rose bowl collected and Oliver found himself standing in front of Viola with a glass in his hand.

The room seemed incredibly full of furniture and people. He stared at the glass owlishly. Something clicked in his mind. "Hey!" he said loudly, "I forgot the ——" Then he subsided. George Brackett, having poured and distributed the refreshing draught, was now skillfully passing the appetizers.

"How do you make it, Oliver?" said Viola, appreciatively.

"Why," said Oliver, beginning to expand for the first time, "you just ——"

A smooth voice interrupted him. It was not particularly loud nor particularly sonorous, but it was unmistakably the voice of a host.

"The pineapple juice is the trick, if you really want to know," said George Brackett hospitably. "Sometimes I put in a flutter of lemon, too—I'll give you the receipt ——"

"*Monsieur est servi!*" said Auguste, in tones that were strangely grim.

They moved toward the table in that hesitating fashion of a party whom no one strong will compels. Oliver tried dizzily

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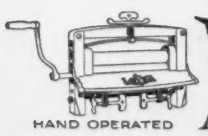
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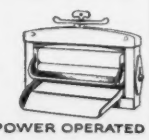
WRINGERS AND WRINGER ROLLS


POWER OPERATED

to remember his seating arrangements. But before he could get a word out, George Brackett did.

"You're here, aren't you, old man?" he said in tones of casual dominance. "And Mrs. Kent at your right, of course—with Miss Marsh on my other side ——"

Oliver struggled bravely for an instant. But the ingrown habit of years of guestship was too much for him. He nodded weakly. As in a dream he saw Viola ensconced between Tommy and George, already under the spell of the latter's voice. As in a dream he noted that Miss Kent, that athletic pride of her college hockey team, was sitting in the weak chair. Then he tasted the soup and knew all was lost.

Among the members of a Southern convict camp it might have been considered a good soup. But—either Paulette had gone crazy, or he was dreaming.

The sole came. Let us draw a veil over the sole. Besides, it was just at that moment that Miss Kent's chair gave way.

Somehow, Oliver found himself in the kitchenette, waving both hands in Auguste's face. "The dinner!" he was saying. "My dinner! The dinner your wife promised! But where is that dinner—where ——"

AUGUSTE regarded him with the eyes of a stricken deer. "Your dinner, monsieur?" he moaned. "But what of my wife?"

"Your wife?"

"My wife—my Paulette—my little, white wolf! Ah, monsieur—that dinner—I know. I bleed for you, but you must bleed for me! My Paulette—she is no more!"

"No more?" gasped Oliver. "But she always looked so healthy ——"

"She is mine no more!" said Auguste, extending the salad bowl to the ceiling as if it were a memorial urn. "It is only yesterday that she left me—left me with that pig of an Adolphe Maurac for Chicago! That dinner you eat was cooked in tears—the tears of a ruined family!"

It is unnecessary to describe the rest of the dinner. Or how George Brackett thoughtfully produced the forgotten theater tickets while Oliver was making noises like an alarm clock in the theater lobby. "Thought I saw 'em on the mantelpiece, old boy—so I just dragged 'em along, in case." By the time they reached the night club, Oliver was no longer, even technically, a host. Nor was he the sprightly guest of yore. He was just one of those little men in corners that parties forget.

Oliver staggered to bed in the early morning, sick at heart. His pocketbook was flattened, his poise shattered, he had danced for hours with a female hockey player—and, worst of all, he had accepted an invitation for a long week-end at George Brackett's "little place" on Long Island. Viola was to be there. He would have such a nice time, watching Viola and George.

HE REACHED the "little place" early Saturday afternoon. Monday was a holiday—he had two full days and another half day ahead of him.

It was not, after all, such a "little" place. In fact, at first sight, it seemed to take up most of Long Island. There were tennis courts and stables, there were guest houses and gardens. There was a private golf course, a private bathing beach and Oliver suspected a private cemetery where guests who sank under the burden and heat of George's hospitality could be quietly interred without disturbing the program for the day. There was everything that the most finicky guest could possibly ask to do. And there was somebody around to see that he did it.

That somebody was George. George was not one of those lazy hosts who let their guests remain mere spectators of life. Far from it. To George a guest was not a guest unless he or she were in motion—violent physical motion preferred. But George had also his intellectual side.

Oliver gritted his teeth, changed into white flannels and began. The afternoon was devoted to a tennis tournament on a system of George's devising. There were enough courts so that every guest could play practically all the time. If they preferred golf, of course it was there for their choosing. Miss Kent, the hockey expert, was in charge of the golf squad and she saw to it that no faint-hearted creature fell out before the thirty-sixth hole.

The evening was turned over to feats of strength and agility. Oliver pushed pennies across the floor with his nose, he extracted pins from the backs of chairs, in horribly gymnastic posture. At last, after a jolly pillow fight in the best traditions of English manorial life, he was allowed to gain the privacy of his room. Every muscle creaked when he fell into bed.

He had seen Viola to speak to exactly twice.

AT SEVEN, George in person roused him for a brisk before-breakfast swim. Then after a little half-mile run on the sands to warm up, the real day began.

Only one girl sprained her ankle seriously in the field sports of the morning. The water sports of the afternoon might have added notably to the bag—but the private life guard of the private bathing beach was fortunately on hand for the canoe tilting, and brought up both the Robinsons as they sank for the third time.

The evening was devoted to the milder exercises of the mind, including charades.

The last dawn found the party somewhat diminished. It was odd how many guests had received unexpected telegrams calling them home. But those who remained were just the right number for a treasure hunt, said George.

It was to be a rather special sort of treasure hunt. None of this indolent chasing about in automobiles. Sometimes trees were to be climbed, sometimes holes were to be excavated—it might even be necessary to swim for some of the clews. Old clothes were advisable—and, just as an added fillip, only those who stayed the course would know where the picnic supper was to be held. George beamed as he described it all. His guests beamed less.

They dispersed after lunch to dress for the event. Three was the zero hour when they would be given their first clews.

OLIVER sat down in a wide, wing chair. The chair was very pleasant; not as comfortable as bed but—comfortable.

He woke with a jerk and glared at the clock on the mantel. Four-fifteen! He leaped from the chair and dashed down stairs. He almost ran into Viola.

"Hello," she said feebly. "Did you go to sleep too?"

"I thought I'd give them a fair start," said Oliver with dignity.

"So did I," she said, with unexpected humor in her eyes. "It's the first real rest I've had since I came. Where are the silly clews?"

"They were going to be in the big bowl in the hall—yeah, there they are." He tore open an envelope, read a doggerel rime and passed it over to her. "Any sparks on the subject?" he queried.

She looked at it indifferently for a moment. "It's an acrostic," she said. "I've got it. It's the old, abandoned lighthouse at Headlam's Point."

"Far?" asked Oliver briefly.

"Three miles. Over sand dunes mostly. The sand gets in your shoes."

Oliver looked at her for a moment, a queer expression on his face.

"Listen," he said abruptly. "Are the servants still around?"

She stared at him a moment surprisedly. "Why—most of them must be off fixing the picnic supper," she said. "You know how George runs things on a time table—they left the—the same time we were supposed to—just like George—but if you're thinking of sneaking a car, I know it's no use because ——"

(Continued on Page 157)

"... FLASHED ALL THE CHARM OF SOCIAL ENGLAND"

"It was a sweltering day in Malta. She drove around the corner in a rakish Sunbeam and pulled up beside me while I was buying blossoms from 'My Rita.' And as she turned, her clear fresh beauty flashed all the charm of social England. Then she brushed past me and I caught the cool fragrance of that lavender of Yardley's with which we all are so familiar."—*from the letters of an Englishman abroad.*

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Even the first time you use Yardley's English Lavender Soap you will notice a cool freshness which you have known before . . . on crisp spring mornings in the country or near high cliffs by the sea. . . . But the freshness of Yardley's is lasting—caught in the soft texture of your skin. Here is the secret of this famous soap which has enhanced the fair beauty of English women for eight generations.

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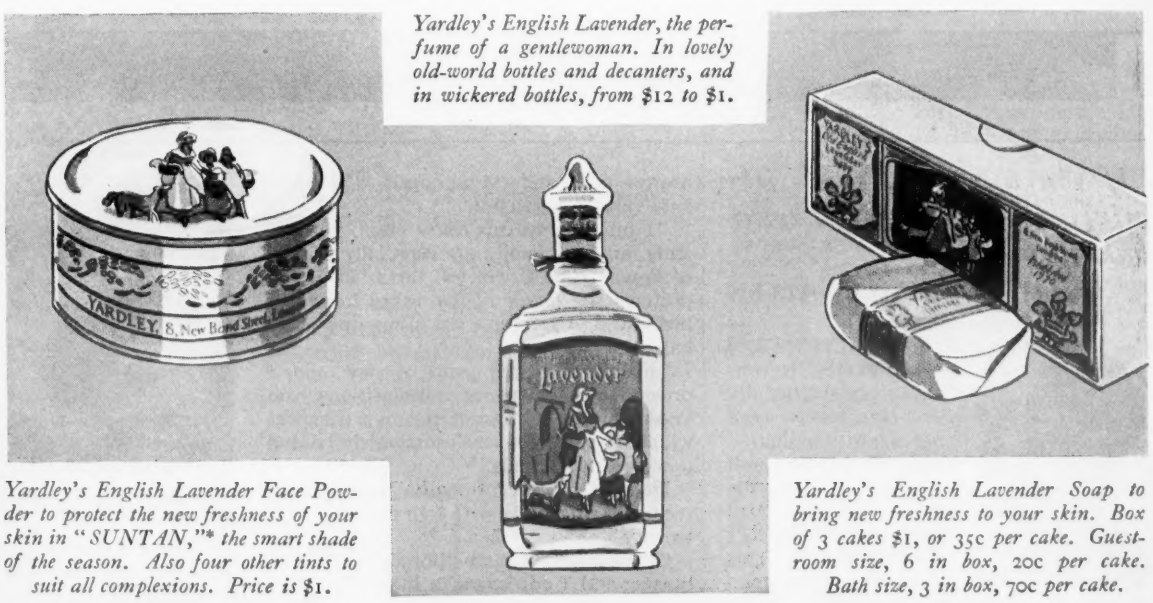

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ROYAL *isn't just a different brand of baking powder– it's a different kind–it's Cream of Tartar baking powder*

ROYAL IS THE ONLY NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED BAKING POWDER THAT IS MADE WITH CREAM OF TARTAR

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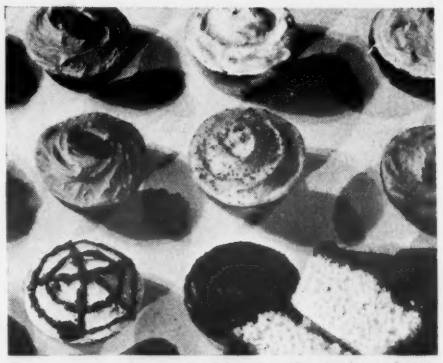
"I often serve cup cakes plain, without icing, and my family are especially critical of flavor. The Cream of Tartar in Royal protects the flavor of my cakes from any bitterness. I wouldn't risk using any other baking powder.

"From the health point of view, too, I prefer Royal. Doctors and dietitians, you know, say that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made."

Here is an exceptionally good master recipe for cup cakes, with four enticing ways to vary it:

CUP CAKES. Cream thoroughly ⅓ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs and beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture 1 cup milk a little at a time alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in greased cup cake tins or in paper baking cups in moderate oven at 375° F. for 25 minutes.

PLAIN CUP CAKES WITH CHOCOLATE FROSTING. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract to cup cake batter just before adding the egg whites. Cover tops only with a thick, fluffy Chocolate Seven-Minute Frosting.



One master recipe made this attractive variety of cup cakes. But you will want to serve some warm from the oven, lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. The frosting recipes are in the new Royal Cook Book.

ORANGE CUP CAKES. Add to cup cake batter ½ teaspoon orange extract and grated rind of 1 orange. Cover with orange frosting and sprinkle with grated orange rind, before frosting sets.

CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES. Omit ⅓ cup flour in the cup cake recipe and sift with the dry ingredients ⅓ cup cocoa. Cover with a coffee frosting and garnish each with a half pecan nut.

SPICED CUP CAKES. Sift ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg with the dry ingredients. Flour 1 cup raisins. After the batter has been put into greased cup cake tins, drop a few raisins into each. Cover with a fluffy white boiled frosting which may be colored a delicate pink if desired. Decorate with a fine cobweb design in chocolate icing.

Free—New Royal Cook Book, with 125 entirely new recipes for cakes, cookies, shortcakes, hot breads and salads. 360 tested recipes in all, with complete up-to-date directions and correct cooking temperatures, delightful luncheon and supper menus, suggestions for appetizing sandwich fillings, and other new features.

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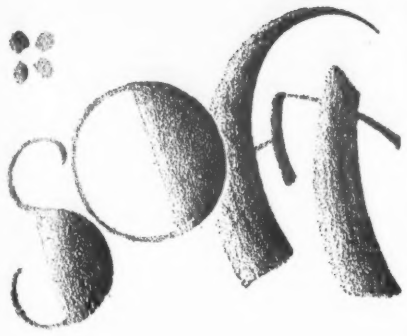

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In this invisible glove of relaxed beauty, tired hands will meet the playtime world unashamed . . . their calm loveliness challenging the lustrous ivory satin of your gown.

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HAND CREAM
FOR YOUTHFUL HANDS
4 oz. jar $1.00 1¾ oz. tube 50¢
Introductory jar 10¢
ALSO MAKERS OF PACQUIN'S COLD AND VANISHING CREAMS

(Continued from Page 154)

"It isn't the garage but the pantry I'm going to rob," said Oliver, with a glitter in his eye. "I want food."

"Food? But you know what George's idea of a picnic will be ——"

"Uh-huh," said Oliver. "And I know these paper chases. Are you with me?"

"Lead on!" said Viola.

They tiptoed together through an enormous kitchen where an undercook slept peacefully with a newspaper over her face—found such provision as they wished in the huge pantry and tiptoed back. It was Viola who insisted upon annexing the jar of bacon and the small vacuum flask of coffee that somebody had apparently forgotten.

"Well?" said Viola. "I suppose we ought to start. Got your bathing suit?"

"UH-HUH. Under the rest of my clothes," said Oliver wearily. "George pointed out only too clearly that this treasure might be ten feet under water."

"Sensible," said Viola. "So have I. Well, let's go."

They started out. The sun was hot. It got hotter. By the time that they finally reached the abandoned lighthouse, they were very glad to sit down.

"The others must have been and gone—hours ago," said Oliver, staring at tracks in the sand.

"Let them," said Viola laconically. "I'm going to take off my shoes."

"I suppose," said Oliver wearily, "we ought to rustle the next clew."

"It'll be in the tin box over the fireplace," said Viola unexpectedly. "And the next one is at the top of a tree two miles from here. Through a bog. The next is back in the subcellar of the house and the last is over on the island. You have to go in a canoe. It's an hour's stiff paddle. That's where supper is. And the treasure. I know. And it may be the Koh-i-noor for all I care. Because I'm going for a swim and the last man in's a wooden Indian!" and with that, having already removed her shoes and stockings, she limped into the lighthouse and shut the creaky door. Oliver stared after her for a moment, bereft of speech. Then he began rapidly reducing himself to his bathing suit. But a green bathing costume had flashed by him and a white arm cloven the water while he was still struggling with a refractory shoe.

"Wooden Indian!" she yelped to him joyously. "Wooden Indian!"

"YOU wait till I get you, young lady!" he called back, with the first free-heartedness he had known for weeks.

They swam and floated, they splashed each other with water and were silly. When they were tired of swimming, they lay on the beach, pleasantly drowsy under the westing sun. Then they nerved themselves for a final plunge and raced each other afterward to get dry. It was carefree and unpremeditated; it was exercise, but it was singularly unlike the grim sports of the last two days.

"I'll dress as fast as I can," called Viola as she disappeared into the lighthouse. "And am I glad we brought that bacon? *Am* I glad?"

They broiled the bacon on sticks, over a driftwood fire. They ate their other provisions and drank the coffee, turn and turn about from the top of the flask. At last they lit cigarettes and stared at the first pale stars in the twilight sky. "What price special suppers with butlers?" said Viola dreamily. "What price treasure hunts?"

"Nectar and ambrosia," said Oliver inconsecutively, but she knew what he meant.

There was a pause. Then he spoke in a different voice.

"Did you really mean that—about knowing the clews and everything?"

"Of course," said Viola placidly. "George told me. That was one reason I hid."

"Hid?"

"In one of the maids' rooms. When the rest of them started off. I didn't think any of 'em would find me there—and I wanted my nap. I knew George would think I'd gone with some of the others. Anyhow he'd be sure I'd be there at the finish. He's always so sure. But I don't see how you ——"

"Oh," said Oliver, with something of a trace of bitterness. "I just got mislaid. That's all. But I wonder who will find the treasure."

"Flora Kent," said Viola promptly. "Wouldn't she?"

"She would!"

"Yes," said Viola. "I thought from the minute I saw them that they were made for each other ——"

"Made for each other? Viola!"

THEN Oliver did the wisest thing he had ever done in his life, for he kissed her. And curiously enough, and in spite of all her gypsiness, she did not seem averse.

A while later they were discussing certain matters with the bellicose joy of the newly engaged. "But, darling," Viola was saying, "how could you ever have dreamt—oh, George is nice enough if you could put him on a leash and turn him over to a trainer to exercise. But marry him—and his house ——"

"It's quite a house, all the same," said Oliver justly.

"It isn't a house," said Viola violently. "It's a country club. And so is George. And, oh, if you only knew how tired I was visiting around in houses like that—I've done it all my life, Oliver—we both have—you and me—and—and now I want *our* house."

"Well," said Oliver grimly, "you've seen the kind of party I'll probably give in our house. And if you can stand that—because it's the only party I ever gave ——"

"It was a darling party," said Viola firmly. "There was only one thing the matter with it."

"I."

"George."

"Well," said Oliver, still dubiously, "but don't say I didn't warn you."

"I FELL in love with you," said Viola, "from the minute that evening when things began to go wrong. Oh, darling, anybody can *give* parties. But it takes brains to be a guest. And when two natural guests get together——"

"They live happily ever after," said Oliver in notes of rapturous conviction.

"They're going to," said Viola. "And, anyhow, dear, you're forgetting ——"

"What?"

"Why, the party we gave this evening," said Viola, gesturing first at the empty bacon jar and then at the stars. "It was only a very small, select dinner, darling—but wasn't it a success?"

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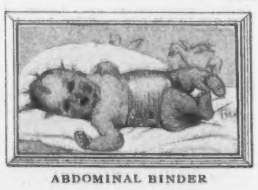
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"When he came to see us, he had just returned from a trip to Europe that had brought him into touch with a whole world of notables. We wanted so much to hear him talk. But it seemed impossible to break through his reserve. His manner was almost as stiff as the straight-backed chair he had chosen to sit in.

"I saw our whole evening vanishing in the most formal chit-chat. Then he became quite enthusiastic about the rhythmic lines of my lovely modernistic chair, and I suddenly had one of my rare brilliant moments!

"'It's my husband's birthday present,' I told him, inwardly smiling at his surprise, 'and I know he won't be satisfied until you try his favorite chair.'

"Two minutes after he sank into the depths of that chair, he began to thaw. In no time he was a fountain of brilliant anecdotes. What a wonderful evening it was—and it would all have come to nothing except for that chair."

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The C. F. Streit Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Since 1871, makers of fine upholstered furniture.*

This man strives for comfort by trying to make his body fit his chair

Notice how seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body

The Beautiful Streit "Slumber" Chair

Walls and Floors as Backgrounds

(Continued from Page 28)

lustrous quality, from so much dullness as occurred in rough walls and the coarse wood of the furniture.

Thus we realize how essential it is to have a definite plan before making any purchases. Haphazard buying when furnishing and decorating is just as costly and inefficient as it is when planning meals—you wouldn't think of putting pickles on your list to be served with ice cream, would you? Yet that would be no more ridiculous than to use satin cushions on a denim-covered sofa. Either procedure would also mean unnecessary expenditure. And when fall comes, or any refurbishing time, you will be surprised to find how easy it is to make your plans fit the budget, if you look first to the backgrounds—that is, the walls and the floor.

Let us suppose that you are going to do over only one room this season—the living room; and that you are dissatisfied with its general appearance, in addition to wanting new upholstery on an old but good chair and a sofa; another little table, to place beside the big armchair, and a new side chair. But you have less than a hundred dollars to spend. How should you go about improving the room's general appearance? Which one of the things you want shall you buy now, so as to effect the greatest improvement?

Would it not be wise to plan all the changes, just as if you were going to make them at once, and then decide which items are going to effect the greatest revolution now, with the idea that as you can afford to, from time to time, you will make the other purchases, and finally see your cherished scheme completed?

PHOTOS. OF INTERIORS BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Note how pleasingly the rough-plastered walls and carved chest harmonize with the tile floor and ornamental iron table base.

Backgrounds

LET us assume that this living room is in an old house, built in the days when floors were much lighter than they are now. How much better the floor would look if you darkened it; you can do that, and still have something left out of your budget—enough, probably, for the new upholstery which you have been wanting, with still a few dollars which may be used to have the walls cleaned and freshened.

Unless you have tried it, you may find it difficult to imagine how much better your living room will look after you have changed the backgrounds—the walls and the floor—by these simple methods, and with nothing new but a few cushions or possibly the upholstery on a chair and sofa. You have only to compare a dark floor with a very light one, to realize how much better a background it makes for the furniture placed on it, and as a contrast to the walls. And freshening up the walls will go far toward making the room more cheerful and more inviting. If you have any doubt of this, just think of how your new upholstery, a new table, another chair would look against unattractive walls and an unsuitable floor. To start with anything but the backgrounds—the walls and the floor—is much the same as putting the cart before the horse.

If the backgrounds are not right, nothing is going to look so well as it should.

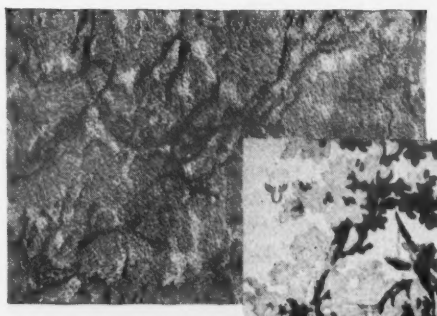
But in choosing our backgrounds we must have a very definite idea of what we want to put against them. If, for instance, this living room about which we have been talking is large and light but not sunny, we shall want to bring sunshine into it by means of sunshiny materials. We can use pale-gold paper or paint on our walls, or possibly delicate peach or apricot; in fact, we may decide that that is even more desirable than to get the new upholstery out of this season's budget.

If we like the warm tones of walnut furniture, we can put it against a rug or carpet in which is plenty of rich orange or gold and with the floor painted, if you prefer to darken it that way instead of with oil. A floor covered with the best quality of paint can be waxed and polished and kept looking just as well as an ordinary floor. Since there is orange or gold in the rug, we can use blue and gold tones in upholstery, for contrast with it and with the walnut—covering cushions in contrasting blue.

Or, if this is a warm, sunny room, we'll plan to have cool greens, perhaps, for the walls and woodwork; with the floor very dark green or black around a tawny yellow rug, to contrast pleasantly with plain blue upholstery and cushions covered with purple-and-green figured cretonne. If, on the other hand, we feel sure that we are going to want green upholstery and, say, a blue rug, we shall need creamy walls and woodwork, for that part of the background, with the floor around the blue rug colored a very dark blue.

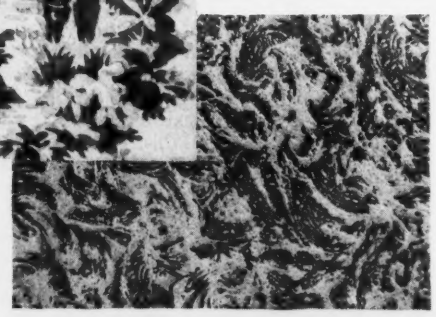
The less contrast you have between the floor and the color of its rug, the larger the room will seem, and the better background the floor will make, because of not having a broken effect. Let one melt into the other, as coffee blends with cream, to secure the most pleasing and effective background. If you were going to put pink roses on a beige hat, you'd not want that part of the hat directly back of the roses broken by some other color, such as green, would you? You would want either beige or pink, to blend with the hat or with the roses.

The principle is the same. And, furthermore, if you have the hat, the background, you can put any kind of trimming on it you want, when you want to; without the background, or with an unsuitable background, the trimming would not do you much good, would it? Yet how can you buy one without first knowing what the other is going to be? You have to know whether the hat is felt or velours or straw, when you buy the trimming.



Mottled and stippled effects may be had in either papered or painted walls nowadays.

Landscape or pictorial paper is suitable for dining room or hall, and must always dominate.



Compare the texture of this Jacquard velours with that of the wool tapestry shown on next page.

Pattern

BUDGETING also enters in here; you have a certain amount to spend, and you decide how much to spend for one part before you know whether or not you can afford the other, don't you? It is the same way with furnishing and decorating. Thus balance is achieved and new programs undertaken in a sensible, convenient manner.

Pattern becomes very important in considering backgrounds. Haven't you at some time or other been enthusiastic about a piece of upholstery with a very large design, which you would have loved to put on a sofa or a pair of chairs, yet hesitated about buying because you were afraid it might be too much of a good thing?

It is often possible to start with the walls in planning a room's furnishings. An entire color scheme was built up from one of the wall papers shown on page 28—yet when she first saw it that homemaker hesitated about buying it because, she said, "I think perhaps I ought to wait until I see what my other furnishings are going to be, so as to be sure that they look well with that paper; and if they don't, I can select another paper." In a way she

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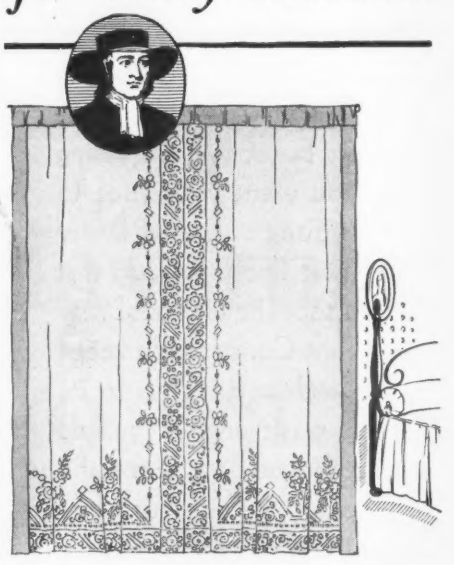
transparent net
CURTAINS
for every window



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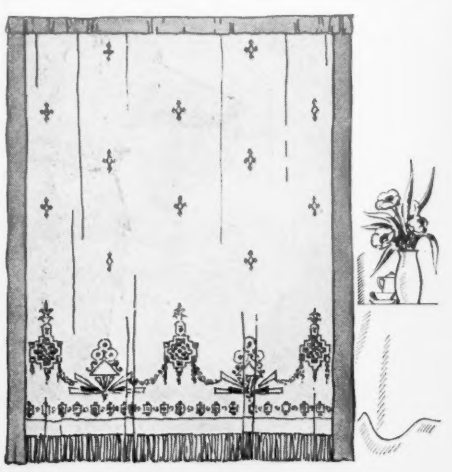

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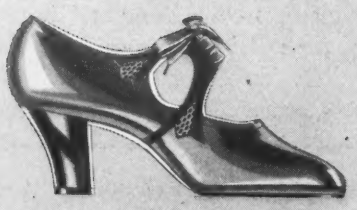

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DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

Here again coarse-textured harmony is sought. Contrast it with fine-textured harmony of room in center of Page 28.

did that, but not until she had first decided definitely that she wanted the paper and would work from it as a background, rather than from any other part of her furnishings. She matched the warm silver-gray ground of the paper in grayish paint for the woodwork—the room was well-lighted—and the apricot, green, lavender and black of the figure led her to choose:

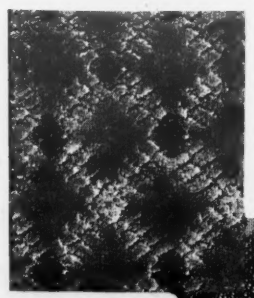
1. Plum-color rug—perfectly plain—on floor painted dark purple.
2. Green-and-apricot-striped upholstery for a sofa and one chair, with a pair of chairs covered with plain green, and all the cushions apricot.
3. Hangings of plain green, bound and tied back with silver.
4. Sheer apricot glass curtains.
5. Black-oak furniture.
6. Lamp shades—one pair, apricot-color pleated paper; one, for the bridge light, sheer gray over heavy apricot, edges bound with plum-color ribbon.

It was three years before the room was actually complete, but by knowing in advance what she wanted to accomplish, this woman found that she not only saved money, but had a very good time watching and working to make the room blossom. Her interest in completion of the room made it even more pointedly her own than if she had achieved it all overnight.

Value of Contrasts

WITH the hangings and all the upholstery perfectly plain, a figured rug could be used when walls are also patterned, without fear of resulting tiresomeness in the backgrounds, though it is usually much safer to have one plain when the other is not. With striped wall paper, however, it is possible to use figured material for the hangings, as well as the floor, but in that case we must be careful to choose plain upholstery. Or, if we want figured upholstery, let us choose either a plain floor or plain hangings.

It is in this way, through the contrast of the furnishings with their backgrounds, that a room manages to remain colorful and attractive, at the same time losing none of the quality of restfulness, which is so desirable. If you are in any doubt about this, just go over in your mind's eye all the rooms you have seen where figured walls, patterned carpets and upholstery of however undecided design combined to distress your eyes, no matter in which direction you looked. This does not mean, however, that it is not in good taste to use paper with a pattern on the background, the walls, and a figured rug or carpet on the floor, in the same room, provided our upholstery is plain; but let us remember that when we do this, the floor will be more likely to look as if it were friendly toward the other items of decoration if its pattern is a small all-over one, rather than large or bold; or, the other way round, with the design of the floor covering very striking, though the pattern of the walls is modest and subdued.



Jacquard velours.

Wool tapestry.

Background Variations

A PLEASING way to vary the plainness of a background, whether the walls are painted or papered, is to hang a width of damask or brocade against one side of the room; this may be narrow and within a panel if the walls are paneled; or it may be wide, as on one side of a large room where windows and doors cut into the other wall spaces. Almost always such a piece of material is allowed to hang to within a few inches of the top of the piece of furniture above which it is placed, though sometimes it may extend a little below.

There are several things to be considered before treating your background in this way; for example, if you place a table against a wall facing a window, and the room is either small or not very light, you can materially increase its seeming size, or create the illusion of light, by placing a mirror against a width of fabric above the table.

If there are flowers in the window, so much the better—the mirror will reflect them and you will have two pictures, so to speak, the lovely growing things themselves, and their images opposite.

On the other hand, if your room is large and light, you may neither need nor want a mirror, but will find the hanging interesting enough of itself, with possibly an ornamental candlestick or vase against it. We once found a remnant of eighty-five-cents-a-yard cretonne, a picturesque pattern of gondola with gondolier, floating along what we imagined to be the canals of Venice, with lanterns, mysterious blue and black shadows and patches of yellow moonlight, which delighted for many a day, fastened with thumb tacks to an otherwise bare plaster wall.

Sometimes in a room where period furniture is used, a portrait of the era will enhance the value of the room.

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Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon.

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It clings to teeth so stubbornly that brushing alone will not remove it successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film and make teeth "off color" and dingy.

This film hardens into tartar. Germs breed in it by the millions. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and other serious disorders.

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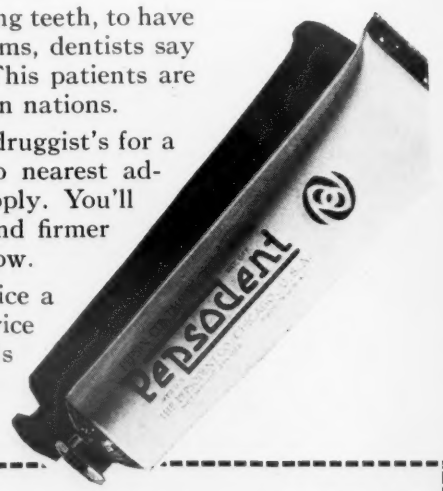
See your dentist twice a year. Use Pepsodent twice every day. There is nothing more that science knows to do.



Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

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GENUINE SEAL SKIN
FOUKE
ST LOUIS
DRESSING & DYE

The Personality of a House

(Continued from Page 27)

packed close against it, or it is placed on the middle level with a lower wing on the higher, and a smaller but steeper wing—or possibly a tower—on the lower. The roof of the largest unit is slightly higher than those that are smaller. But its general outline follows the contour of the hill or mountainside against which it is placed. Such houses are sometimes built of stucco or half timber, but their finest examples are usually built of stone that is natural to the location. They include replicas or adaptations suggestive of the Feudal French, the Tudor, or our own American rendering of moss and lichen-covered gray stone. Although especially suited to mountain or wooded-hill surroundings, these houses may quite perfectly be placed on level ground, and are for that reason far more adaptable than the inflexibly regular house which must never be thrust upon stilts on one side, with chin dug into the earth on the other.

THE IRREGULAR PICTURESQUE includes every low uneven building, which can literally perch or huddle or ramble at will, almost anywhere; in a meadow, or on a hillside, on a sand dune or in the woods. Its type includes Norman peasant, English cottage, Hill Towns, Italian, Dutch, Spanish or any irregular house of styleless category. Or such a house can be composed of a multiple collection of log cabins in the woods, or of a series of little farm buildings grouped together or connected by galleries or colonnades.

THE BLANK FACE means a house that discloses nothing of its appearance to the passer-by. This style includes every house that turns its back to the street or that surrounds itself in Spanish, Chinese or other Far East fashion with closed gates set in blank walls.

From the unlimited styles of houses that these five general types illustrate, you naturally choose one that is suitable to your site and to your taste. Next, the important thing to do is to decide upon your requirements; it is well to make a list of them. If you are so situated financially that you can have everything you want you merely make one list. But if your financial situation is that of most of us, you make a list of the things you must have, and a second list of the things that you would like to have—especially of those that you hope some day to be able to have.

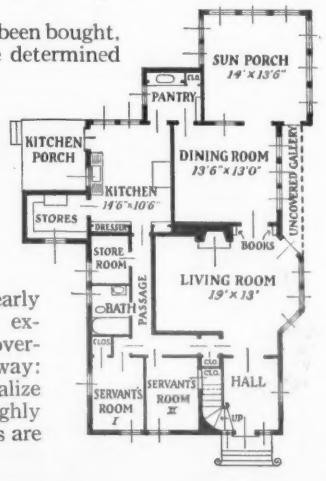
Planning for "some day" is one of the best and soundest building methods possible. For instance, if you are newly married and in moderate or not much more than moderate financial circumstances, it is far better to build a first unit of the house that is your ultimate ideal than to build at once a completed little house that is not at all what you really like, and that can never be made into anything different.

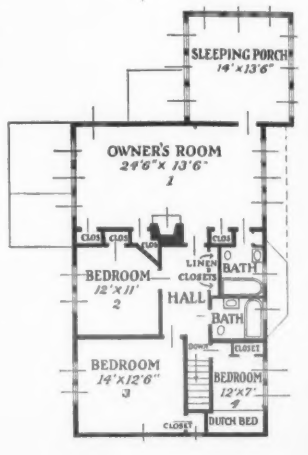
When the site has been bought, the size of the house determined and its style and material chosen, the architect will submit a plan of each floor and draw or paint a picture of the house as it is to be.

The additional charges because of "extras," which nearly every house owner experiences, can be overcome in but one way: Study the plans, visualize the details thoroughly before the contracts are let and then make no changes. It is the endless changing of this or that; the unsuspected cost of extra footage—"While we are about it, let's make the house two feet longer! Two feet can't be much!" Multiply the cubic feet and see!—worst of all, tearing something out and substituting something else—that runs up the bills like boiling-over coffee! If you make no changes the builder cannot charge more than the amount specified in his signed contract.

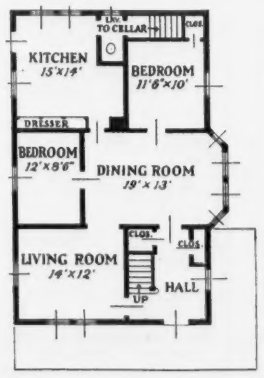
Personally I have known of but two owners who made no changes. The first accepted the architect's plans for the house including its interior decoration, much of its furnishing and all of its domestic equipment, the bids of the contractor, and the landscape architect, and then sailed for Europe and never even wrote a letter about it.

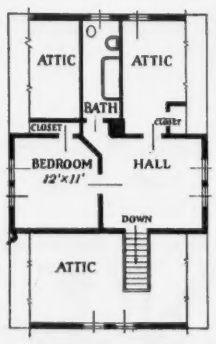
When he returned, the entire place was completed except to unpack and place the few items of furniture which had been collected in Europe. The other client stayed in the neighborhood but made only one minor change, for which a clause in writing was added to the contract. In both cases the final bills were necessarily identical with the amounts agreed upon in the contracts.





GOTTSCHO





Mrs. Post has just finished remodeling a neighbor's house, as shown in the large photograph and the plans above. The insert and the plans at the left indicate the original structure.

The House That You Remodel

TO A GENUINE house and garden and home lover, there is nothing more fascinating than seeing possibilities in an ugly or apparently tumble-down building and making of it a dwelling of captivating charm. Moreover, few new houses can compete with the charm of a done-over old one. Important houses of definite style are less adaptable than informal little ones. You can't tag runways and lean-tos and odd inclosures to mansions of brick or stone or marble. But you can take a barn and a chicken house and almost any odd farm buildings, and move them about and put them together in whichever grouping a perceiving eye directs, and achieve a pleasing irregularity that lends itself to delightful planting of equal unconventionality. Hundreds of insignificant, unpleasing or downright ugly houses can be turned into dwellings of delectability—if their proportions are possible or can be made to seem possible.

Most ugly houses are ugly because of ugly front doors, heavy ugly overtrimmed

(Continued on Page 165)

Picture-takers that reflect the Rainbow

THE introduction of Kodaks Petite adds greatly to the pleasure of picture-taking. You treasure them not only for what they do but for what they are... exquisite little costume accessories that are whole-heartedly welcomed by women of the most exacting taste. You carry them with the same pride and appreciation that you would bestow on something picked up in the Rue de la Paix.

>>> KODAKS PETITE <<<

Above is the lavender Kodak Petite. There is also the blue, the green, the gray, and the old rose. In each the bellows and lens mount form part of the color scheme. Picture size, 1⅝ x 2½. Cost, $6.50 without case; $7.50 with case.

>>> POCKET KODAKS <<<

In four colors—blue, as above, and green, brown and gray. No. 1 takes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ and No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼. They cost $18 and $20 respectively, including an attractive case of the same color.

POCKET Kodaks, too, are brighter and more attractive than ever before. Still as sturdy and reliable as always, still as efficient photographically, still the handy companion of sportsman, traveler and parent, they now have acquired a smart and colorful freshness and novelty.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

CONSPICUOUS in this color renaissance are the Brownies. Not to be outshone by their higher-priced companions, they now appear in five radiant hues. And clever craftsmen have made a few slight changes in the Brownie design which have left it just as simple, but have increased its appeal a hundredfold. The Brownie's capacity for taking first-class snapshots remains undiminished.

>>>> BROWNIES <<<<

Models 2 and 2A come in red, brown, green, gray and blue —each in the most approved shade. Picture sizes, 2¼ x 3¼ and 2½ x 4¼ respectively. Prices, $3 and $4; handy carrying case (in color) with shoulder strap, $2 extra.

There's the testing

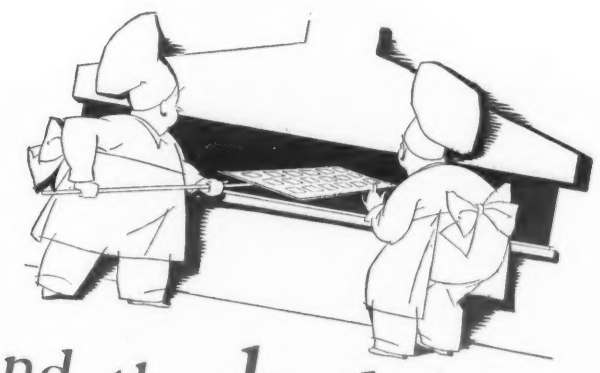
All ingredients that are ambitious to become Sunshine crackers or cookies must face a battery of microscopes and test tubes . . . Only members of "the quality" get by.

. . . . and the making

Add to quality ingredients . . . twenty-five year-fuls of Sunshine baking lore . . . many headfuls of Sunshine care and accuracy—not even one half teaspoonful of guesswork . . . and you have a Sunshine recipe.

. . . . and the tending

Bakers stand with tender solicitude before stern-faced dials . . . The dough is "setting" . . . It must have "fair weather" . . . Temperature and humidity are both under their command.



. . . . and the baking!!

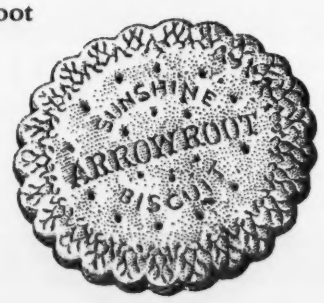
An exact amount of heat . . . for an exact amount of time . . . and out come beaming pans of biscuits bursting with health and flavor . . . and now quickly, *quickly* they are tucked into packages, with the oven bloom still fresh upon them!

Sunshine Krispy Crackers

. . . but the proof is in the eating!

More and more these glorious crackers and cookies are finding their way onto the tables of those who love good-things-to-eat . . . It's a pity if all our baking care hasn't yet had the opportunity to bless your palate, too . . . If, by chance, you still think that one cracker is as good as another, just try this magic sentence on your grocer, "A package of *Sunshine Krispy Crackers*, please" . . . You will get the daintiest, *flakiest* salted cracker that ever crossed your table.

Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuits . . . healthful, dainty cookies . . . made from fine arrowroot flour . . . easily digested. For Baby's first solid food, for invalids, or for all robust folk who delight in a tasty, delicate cookie-flavor.



Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES *of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.*

Sunshine Hydrox Biscuits . . . these popular cream-filled chocolate cookies were originated by Sunshine Bakers back in 1908—a true English style biscuit . . . To be sure you get them . . . always mention their full name . . . Sunshine Hydrox.

(Continued from Page 162)

cornices and poisonously ugly porches. Usually very ugly houses are surrounded with ugly plots of ground. A house must indeed be hideous to seem still hideous when surrounded by a lovely garden. Sometimes a house is not ugly at all—except in the color of its paint and in the discomfort of its plan.

The first thing to do before thinking of buying an old house that must be remodeled to any great extent is to lay out the plan on paper. It is easiest if you have a six-foot steel rule or a fifty-foot surveyor's tape measure. (In the latter case get someone to hold the other end.) Measure every wall length and put it down on any sort of cross-barred paper. Count each square as a foot, and mark each foot of wall length as so many squares. Ten and a quarter feet is of course measured as ten and a quarter squares. Put down the measures of each wall in each room, and the positions of windows and doors. It is not necessary to allow for thickness of walls, but it is necessary to measure all irregularities in shape and to put the rooms next to one another as they are, so that with the plan of each floor in front of you, which is automatically accurate, you can see exactly how much space there is. If it lays itself out nicely it may be unnecessary to consult an architect. If you are merely going to make necessary repairs and put in a moderate amount of plumbing, any local builder of good repute will advise you as to the general condition of the house and the approximate cost of its repair.

When You Remodel

IF YOU are going to remodel on a general scale, especially if you are going to change it on the outside, an architect should be consulted, because if the house is a beautiful one it is important that nothing be done to spoil its beauty; or if it is an ugly one a bungling alteration may quite easily make it uglier. Roof lines especially should be placarded with warning to amateurs to "keep off," since nothing is more important to the beauty of a house than its roof detail and nothing is more exacting of skill. The right height, the right pitch, the right width of eave, the right cornice, the right roofing and the perfect adjustment of one angle to another are not within the knowledge of the unexpert.

The principal object in remodeling is to get a satisfactory house at a comparatively moderate outlay. But you must be prepared to accentuate the qualification "comparatively" and leave a quite wide margin of safety between the builder's estimate and the probability of final cost. No builder will give you a contract price on an alteration that involves much rebuilding. He can't, because he cannot tell exactly what the condition of the hidden structure of the house really is until he begins to tear down.

In accompanying illustrations are shown two houses: The snapshots show both houses as they were, and the photographs by Mr. Gottscho show them as they are. The interior changes to both can be seen by the floor plans. We used to pass by this house of ours—I am writing in it now—and we used to look at it and talk about it, and say how sweet it could be if it were half as appealing inside as it was out! But its uncomfortable floor plan for our requirements ended each discussion with the fixed decision to "give it up."

Finally, however, I got some cross-bar paper, and laid out its plan, which proved to be much better than we had supposed—especially the possibility of putting on a full second story by raising the roof only four feet. Enthusiastic at last, my son solved the honeycomb floor plan by taking away the front door and putting it at the side. He designed a beautiful door and stairway, attended to the roof raising, and then left me to do the rest—which was merely to fit three bedrooms and two baths into the new upstairs space, make a few changes in the kitchen, build a chimney, and riddle the walls with windows. It also added an upstairs porch and captain's walk, and he added the bungalow, tool shed and ironing room.

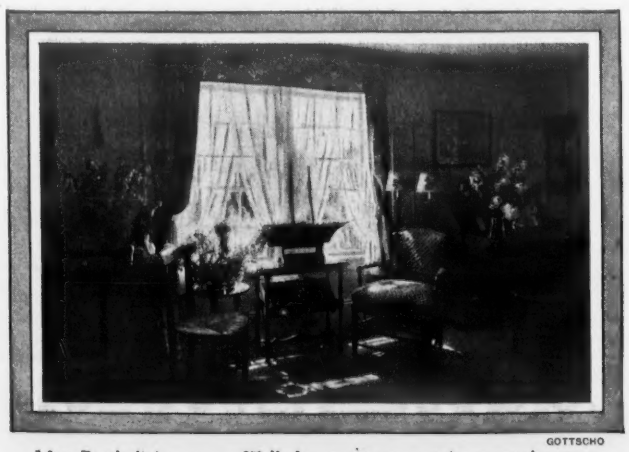
The second house illustrated has just been remodeled for a friend client, by myself alone. The two main objects were to leave as much of the construction untouched as possible—particularly the gables, which contained the only finished part of the second floor—and to use every inch of space to full value. The roof was furthermore handicapped by the economy of leaving the gables and the necessity of carrying the new dormers all the way to the corners in order to include bedroom No. 4. As it was, I had to contrive the bed by building a "Dutch" one, and thrusting the foot of it three inches into a closet space. The cut-out wood trimming disguises this recess, and the closet does not know the difference.

The size of this house was 25 by 40 feet, into which it was necessary to get four master bedrooms (the owner's of double size) and two baths; two servants' bedrooms and one bath, as well as living room, dining room and ample closet room. The biggest room with bay window looking toward the water—the "water view" is at the upper and right corner of the plan—was chosen for the living room. The dining room obviously belonged at the "view" corner, instead of on the street-front side. The kitchen was left unchanged. The only place possible for the servants' rooms was in the old parlor space. Necessity to get from kitchen to the front door made an elbow hall in this instance a necessity that I could not overcome. Even so, I think its space is pretty solidly packed.

If You Buy Ready-Made

AN ESSENTIAL preparation that a prospective home owner should make before even so much as looking at new built-to-sell houses is a personally compiled "buying guide" on a sheet or two of paper or in a little blank book. You should put down all the items necessary

(Continued on Page 167)



GOTTSCHO

Mrs. Post's living room. Walls lemon-cream, curtains turquoise green, floor covering Scotch wool in sand color.

Science knows that ALL teeth are set in one of three curves . . . U V ⊔

Which is Yours?

U..? V..? ⊔..?

WHEN a dentist's professional eye peeps inside your mouth he can tell in a jiffy whether your teeth are set in a curve like a U . . . or in a V . . . or in a Square shape.

More—he will tell you that you need a brush built for *your* particular type of dental curve in order to do a complete job of cleaning your teeth.

That's why *Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers three new brushes . . . scientifically designed to clean, as no other brushes can clean, the three types of dental curve . . . U . . . V . . . Square.

Look in your mirror. If you have a round face, you're a U type; your teeth need the famous Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. The slender-faced folks belong to the V type; they need the Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval. Squarish jaws can best be cleaned with the lively new Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso.

Pick your type. Go to your druggists. Pick YOUR Pro-phy-lac-tic today! It may save you years of tooth trouble. It will do the most thrilling job of cleaning ever done inside your mouth!

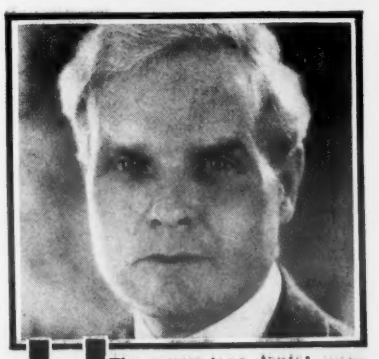
*"*Guarding or preserving against disease"*
WEBSTER'S NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY

U

U-type dental curves can best be cleaned with the **Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.**

V

Here's a perfect V-type dental curve—she needs the **Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.**



⊔

The square-type dental curve needs the **Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.**

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

50¢ Tooth Brushes 50¢

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASS.

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR
LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
Bewitching Mint Leaf Flavor
J 35

(Continued from Page 165)

to your comfort and to your mode of life. For example, under the subject "bedrooms" put down the number you must have and the size they must be. A room that is to have twin beds with a night table between will require a minimum wall space of 7½ feet over all; bed length usually 7 feet. Twin beds close together with a night table on either side, 9 feet. Double bed is 5 feet wide, usual single bed 3 feet wide. Now, measure the closet room for own clothes. Hanging space 18 inches wide will turn coats or dresses sideways and mar them at the shoulders. List all other necessary closets: Closets for husband's clothes, also for husband's fishing or hunting or any other old ought-to-be-kept-apart clothes. Coat closet, linen closet, broom closet. If no attic, is there a store closet? And trunk room? Kitchen stores closet? Are the kitchen closet and dresser provision ample? Is the refrigerator—or refrigerator space—big enough? Is kitchen light and convenient? Pantry? How much room for china? How many drawers? Is there a housemaid's closet? Are there open fires? How many? If it is an apartment, look up chimney for size, or light a piece of paper and notice draft. Is there a place for firewood in the living room or can it be provided for near by?

What sort of kitchen stove? Note size and make. Is there a hood over it to carry off smell of cooking? What sort of heating system? What make and grade? How do the windows open and shut? Do they stick or rattle or slide easily? Does the pantry door knock and rock and bump, or does it swing smoothly? Are there fly screens? Are there mantels? Do you like them? What sort of hearth and finish? Are there electric fixtures? Do you like them? Base plugs? Count them. Light to see to dress by? and so on.

'Ware Glib Salesmen

MOST important of all are points concerned with construction, such as: How thick are the foundations? Measure them through a door or window casing. Is the cellar dry? What is the cellar floor? Look overhead and look at the size and number of the floor beams. Is the concrete smooth, fine, well laid and dry? Or is it wavy or coarse or starting to crack or stain? Can you see stones in the surface, or streaks across cement construction? Is brick or stone neatly and evenly mortised? Is mortar smooth and hard-grained, or crumbly and rough? Is the boiler copper or iron? Are plumbing fixtures porcelain or enameled iron: first-rate or third? If they are likely to be upsetting to judgment because of bewildering color, at all events notice the size of the piping, and whether it is brass or painted over. Does the tiling fit snugly against the trim or is there a quarter of an inch left for a roach promenade?

Notice all joinings through the house. Are they beautifully fitted? Is the lumber smooth, hard, high grade, or does it look spongy or rough? Does the center of the grain look as though it might lift like a hangnail? Can you see any wood, or is it all hidden beneath enamel paint?

At all events armed with some such list to be used as a weapon of sales resistance, you should be able to hold your own against any salesman—even against the building company's agent on the premises, who will display the new houses, or cooperative apartments with all the skill of a conjurer taking rabbits and rose trees out of a hat before your bewildered eyes. There is only one thing to keep you from believing in the magic of the roses and the rabbits, and that is clinging tightly to your own list of requirements and questions put down in your notebook and carried with you.

Another sales-resistance point to remember is that hundreds of houses have been sold because of little tricked effects and appealing or brain-paralyzing color of paint.

So to your sense-saving list of questions you might add one more: If you are tempted to buy, why are you tempted? Because there is a trick little stairway or a sweetly romantic grill of wrought iron? Or a French hooded mantel, or a paper with matching green woodwork that is simply too darling for words? Or was the impulse to buy induced by an electric refrigerator free with the house?

But let me not be misunderstood: There are plenty of absolutely honest and conscientious building companies who, buying up a large block of land, and putting up houses or apartments in quantity, are able (and willing) to build to advantage to the buyers as well as to themselves. But on the other hand there are more building companies than there should be that are quite the contrary. And that these latter are the very ones who employ the most highly skilled salesman is obvious; third-grade value can be sold at first-grade prices only by rabbit and rose-bush leger-de-langue salesmanship of the most conscienceless character—which in turn can be most easily paid for by profiteers whose returns soar far above the moderate profits of the conscientious building company which gives its customers 100 per cent of the value that it claims to do.

Owning Your Home

A BUILDING company of this latter type has no objection whatsoever to your calling in whatever expert advice you select. In fact, the more expert it is, the more they welcome it. A company of the first type will not welcome expert examination, nor will its sales magician take tranquilly your proposal to "think it over." Meaning to let you go home (as you should) and compare your list of requirements with those you checked, and to compare the building details with those you know to be sound or standard. He will at once begin taking other things out of the hat: the increased value of the property; the fashionable, or the rich, or the influential people who have bought next door, and whose friends are going to buy the very house you are looking at, the instant your back is turned. He will also produce from the hat an answer to every objection that you can possibly find.

One last word: Under normal circumstances the remodeled house costs least, the house that you build costs more, the house ready-built costs more still, and the house bought on the installment plan costs most.

It is obvious that a house built ready to sell must cost more than bare cost of land and labor, because it must pay a profit—and a good one—to the promoters who risked their money to build it, and who must be paid for their risk, their loss of interest, the cost of advertising, and the sales department, including the skillful gentleman with the magic hat.

In other words, you ought to be able to build your own house for less—even plus the building-loan and interest loss—than you can possibly buy it from a company which built it to sell at a profit. And quality for quality you can—in fact, you very much more than can—if you know what you want and go straight ahead and build it according to unchanged contract.

The house bought on the installment plan costs most in actual cash, but it is a boon to thousands upon thousands who by this method are enabled to own their homes—who would otherwise be rent payers all their lives. So that even if it costs a little more than the house that is remodeled or built, it costs infinitely less than the permanent outgo of rent spent throughout a lifetime for the transient expenses of gone-by yesterdays, with neither a floor board nor a shingle set up for still homeless tomorrows.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mrs. Post on The Personality of a House. The seventh, to discuss the house of charm at least expense, will appear in the November Journal.

THE DOCTOR
speaks as a friend

"INDIGESTION?" What most people call indigestion is nothing more than acidosis. And that isn't nearly so serious as it sounds. Acidosis is merely the medical term for any excess acid in the system. This condition is common, but readily corrected. It requires only an anti-acid to alkalinize the stomach.

When your doctor tells you to take Phillips Milk of Magnesia, he has given you a very simple thing to do. But back of this advice is the fifty-year record of a prescriptional preparation plus the wisdom derived from his professional practice.

Food will ferment. Almost anything we eat can sour in the stomach. Neglected, this condition brings on gastric disturbances which affect the proper assimilation and elimination of what we eat—affects our very appetites. It is wrong to resort to soda at such time. Magnesia is what the system needs. You get it in its most helpful form in Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Because of the way we live today, there is constant need for this universal sweetener. Remember it when too rich a diet or any over-indulgence has caused pain or discomfort. Remember, too, that it's *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians endorse. They like the way it is made. They like the way it acts. The public should not expect the same results from a less perfect product.

One tube of Phillips Dental Magnesia—the perfect toothpaste—will soon convince anybody of its remarkable whitening action. Any dentist will tell you how much it helps the gums, especially in all cases of acid-mouth.

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia

Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Edith J. Tilton, R.F.D. 2, Box 34, Ashton, Ill., manages her nine-room house, tends 300 chickens, bakes for a big family. But she finds time to write.

"Since sending my previous assignment (the fifth in my course) I received an acceptance of an article, which I submitted to *Hoard's Dairyman*. So far this month I have had checks for $50.65, which includes $12.75 for my writing as correspondent for the weekly paper."

Another of our student members who tried is Mr. L. A. Emerton, Jackson Street, Hanover, Pa. He writes:

"My first big thrill came last month. An acceptance slip! The check that followed was not large, but I got a real kick out of it just the same, for it proved that I can write printable stuff."

You, too, can learn to write! How? By WRITING!

The Newspaper Institute of America offers an intimate course in practical writing—a course as free from academic "isms" and "ologies" as a newspaper office—a course as *modern* as the latest edition of this morning's paper.

Week by week, you receive actual assignments—just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short-stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instincts, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy this test. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
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Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Ladies' Home Journal—Oct.

Mr.)
Mrs. } .....
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(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 93J269

COURTESY MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

A living room should express hospitality, and intelligent grouping is the first step in this direction.

Three Suggestions for Home Decorators

Achieving a Good Effect

THE charm of antiques, together with comfort and good taste in color and arrangement, is the ideal many of us hope to attain in our homes. The prevailing high cost of antiques and the increasing scarcity of genuine pieces prevent many from realizing this ideal.

Equally adaptable to apartment or house, in city or country, are the many excellent types of Early American furniture which one can get for a modest outlay. It is difficult to improve upon the early maple and cherry furniture and the accessories which one associates with this era.

In the living room as shown, the woodwork and low wainscot were painted to resemble old pine and the walls were covered with an inexpensive copy of an old rural scenic paper of small design. The predominating color in the paper is a tan, which blends with the woodwork. An interesting color scheme for the room was suggested by the soft blue, green and touch of red in the pattern. This last color is repeated in the red glazed chintz overcurtains at the windows, and all of the colors are to be found in the large woven rag rugs which cover most of the floor. The chintz curtains are unlined and simply made with a shirred ruche on two sides and across the bottom. The glass curtains are made of deep cream organdie with wide hems.

A living room should express hospitality, and intelligent grouping is the first step in this direction. In this room the fireside is given the dominant importance it should have. The sofa and coffee table are placed on one side opposite two high-backed chairs and a table holding a pewter lamp and magazines. A pair of cupboards occupy the corners at each side of the mantel. Back of the sofa is a flat-top desk on which is a pair of small lamps. In this part of the room is a smaller group consisting of two comfortable chairs and two small tables with conveniently placed lamps. The piano at the other end of the room is placed near one of the windows. A small armchair and a butterfly table are near the curve of the piano. On either side of double French doors which face the fireplace are built-in bookcases.

Appropriate upholstery fabrics for a room of this type are cretonnes, glazed chintz, hand-blocked linens and homespuns.

Accessories play a very important part in the finish and repose of a room and can easily mar it. In the living room illustrated, copies of old prints, engravings and a mirror were used. On the shelves of the corner cupboards are reproductions of antique Staffordshire, Chelsea and pewter. Lamps of pewter and glass of good design and simple shades harmonize with such surroundings.

—By Katharine R. P. Taylor,
Interior Decorator for Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

Rule One in Placement

WHAT is the first law of furniture arrangement? Condensed into one word we would say comfort. If we attain this, a room cannot fail to have good arrangement.

First and foremost, we decide what function the room is to perform. Is it a living room, a gathering place for the entire family? And of what does the family consist? This determined, we give a thought to where the different members can sit most comfortably and happily to read, write or sew, both at night and by day. Immediately we place easy-chairs by sources of light—windows and lamps—with accompanying tables to hold books, ash trays and other small articles. Then we must think of the guest, and see that there is a place that invites the friendly visitor to sit where conversation may be easy and natural. This means a grouping of two or more seats. If there is a fireplace it makes a focal point; a sofa may be drawn up at one side, with chairs and a small table opposite. This provides a pleasant group for afternoon tea, and with convenient lamps is ideal for evening reading. The large pieces of furniture, such as bookcases, desk and piano, will naturally find their home against the walls, and their position is usually decided by the architectural plan. Furniture is always placed parallel to the walls, as are the rugs. There may be some compromise in small pieces, or in individual pieces in a grouping.

Study the use to which each room must be put, then place your furniture where its obvious task can be performed most happily and with the least strain on the part of the user—and your room must have a satisfactory arrangement.

—By Mary Coggeshall,
Member of the Decorators' Club, New York City.

Complements for Blue

THE surest way to win compliments for home decorating is to remember to select complements for the color which predominates in a room. For example, if your hangings show more blue than any other color, you will want plenty of yellow, or possibly peach or red—or one of their tints and shades—to bring out the beauty of the blue. To use more blue, even plain blue, with figured blue hangings would only be to offer them competition.

In a bedroom, complementary colors are often used in the accessories, such as lamp shades, bureau scarfs, and boudoir pillows. If you are using blue figured hangings you can make them more important and attractive by choosing pink lamp shades—made with pink over yellow or cream—a pair of pink-covered boudoir pillows with one rose-covered one, and rose crash covers on dresser and chiffonier. Peach could be used instead of pink; or you may prefer soft red and candy pink, or orchid and pink.

Very often, especially in city homes, it is most practical from the laundress' point of view to make the bedcover of the same material that is used for hangings; or, striped material is selected for hangings and the bedcover is made of plain goods of the same tint or shade as that which predominates in the hangings—so that the accessories will be complementary to both but still easy to launder.

A complement is something which serves to complete, and by using complementary colors, we complete the harmony of our color scheme.

In the same way, we look to the tint of our walls, and the color of our woodwork and furniture. If the room is bright and light, as it must be if we dare use blue, a not cheerful color, at the windows, the walls can stand a stronger color than if the room were badly lighted. So that with blue hangings, cream or yellow or peach color walls are most acceptable; the ceiling and woodwork may be the same tone, or the ceiling may be slightly lighter and the woodwork somewhat darker. The size of the room governs that, too, of course, because if you use one color throughout, your room is going to appear to be much larger than if you break up the spaces by using another distinct tone.

—By Lois Palmer,
Author of Your House, a Workable Book for the Home Decorator.

"No, Betsy dear, the Bon Ami Chick will never grow up—nor ever scratch!"

Bon Ami

THE MAGIC WAY TO BATHROOM CLEANLINESS

BATHROOMS—what a seemingly endless task to keep them clean! But there *is* a simple way. Just bring Bon Ami *Powder* or Bon Ami *Cake* to the rescue.

This soft, scratchless cleanser and polisher absorbs . . . blots up . . . all the dirt, all the smudgy stains and impurities—doesn't scour or scrape them off. That's why there's never a streak or a scratch on the Bon Ami cleaned surface. And the task is so easy, so quick and so pleasant—almost before you know the whole bathroom shines with cleanliness.

Bon Ami is a "good friend," indeed, as its name tells you, to bathtubs, basins and tiling, enameled cabinets, glass shelves, windows, mirrors, floors of tile, marble and Congoleum—and dozens of other things *throughout the house.*

Made in two forms, a soft, snowy-white *Powder* and a handy, compact *Cake.* Neither form reddens or roughens the hands. Why not keep Bon Ami in your bathroom, as well as on your kitchen shelf?

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Powder and Cake

EVERY HOME NEEDS BOTH

A Fairy Book for the Children

THE adventures of the funny Bunny Knights and their beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which are sure to be enjoyed by any youngster. Send 4 cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy of this captivating book.

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Now.. *in smart shops*
Finer Frocks

Crepe Satins by Skinner! A lovely, heavy, distinctive quality, woven for finer frocks . . . by the mills that stand supreme in silks and satins.

Exquisite evening tints or daytime shades await you. The reds of cardinals . . the purples of kings . . sportsman's green and autumn browns . . or dainty pastel pinks and blues . . all with Skinner *wearing quality.*

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Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Phila. San Francisco
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Skinner's
Crepe Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Good Wife

(Continued from Page 31)

"A divorce!" gasped Joan and began rocking back and forth. "Michael Light, what are you talking about?" She stood up and went toward him almost timidly, wanting to touch him and not daring. "Michael ——"

He looked at her and his mouth twitched uncontrollably. But his voice was quiet. "You'll be all right, Joan. There's some money in the bank. I shan't touch any of it. And you can get your old job back; in fact, I think you can have mine—I spoke to Carter."

"You spoke to Carter!" Somehow that broke her down. Tears streamed from her eyes and she clutched his arms with her fingers and tried vainly to shake him. "Michael, you don't know what you're saying! You're out of your head! Michael, I love you! Michael, don't you love me?"

The sense of apartness was terrible; clutching him, her upturned face close to his, he seemed as remote as the moon.

"I love you, Joan," he stated quite slowly, as though he had thought a great deal about it and formed a conclusion. "It's because of that, because I don't want to hate you entirely, that I'm going."

Hate her—entirely! Hate her! She was crying hysterically now and he made no movement to check or to comfort her.

"I'm going in the house and pack up a few things, Joan," he said. "I'll have to take the six o'clock train back to town."

IT HAD the quality of dreams, an utter lack of reality. She sat on the bed and watched him pack, the bed where she had waked that morning with Michael sleeping at her side. She had to crush her handkerchief against her mouth to keep from screaming.

"Michael, you can't go away like this without telling me why!" she cried out. Suddenly her body grew rigid. "Michael, are you in love with someone?"

He laughed. "No," he said shortly. "And I don't expect to be. I'm going with John Doty on his expedition to North Africa. He's paying my expenses."

She didn't understand. It seemed as though she must at any moment awaken from this nightmare. At any moment Michael must say that it wasn't so. He went on packing, tight-lipped, quietly, efficiently, and Joan couldn't bear it.

"Oh, Michael, you'll come back? You'll come back to me? You've got to! I couldn't live without you! I love you so!" She was imploring, beseeching; she slipped to the floor and hitched herself on her knees across to him, clutched his legs with her arms and pressed her cheek against them.

He stood awkwardly holding an armful of shirts, looking down at her. "Get up, Joan," he said very gently.

She didn't move, only clutched him more fiercely, and he tossed the shirts to the bed, picked her up in his arms and set her down in a chair. He stood there before her, his young face stiff with agony, and his voice shook when he spoke.

"JOAN dear, it's no use. It isn't easy for me, either. I've tried to make you see, but you can't. Maybe it's my fault. Maybe I'm just not fitted for marriage." He looked away, out the window, where the sky was deepening with the sunset. "Sometimes I've almost hated you, Joan," he said slowly. "When you treat me ——"

He paused and she spoke eagerly: "Treat you how, Michael? If you'll only tell me ——"

He hesitated; then shook his head. "I can't. It sounds too silly. Little things—so little. Oh, it's unquestionably my fault, Joan. Another man wouldn't have minded. But—I simply can't go on."

"If you'd only tell me!" Joan repeated monotonously, and stared at him. Then, "Michael Light, you're not well!" she cried. "You can't be! You ——"

He wheeled about fiercely. "Not well!" he repeated. "God! Whenever I think a thought that's my own—whenever I don't fall in with any mood of yours—you say I'm not well!" His eyes blazed at her, like an infuriated animal's.

Joan cowered in the chair. He was strapping his suitcase, wrenching the leather savagely. She sat and stared. So easily could a man, could Michael, pack up his possessions and go! If it were she who was going . . . she marveled at the sudden realization of how little Michael really owned of all this that had been their home. Even the house was in her name! A few books, fishing rods, a tennis racket.

HE WAS going away! Michael, Michael Light, her husband, was going away! She felt shriveled, dried up, huddled there in the chair watching him prepare to go.

"What—what shall I tell people?" she asked in a flat, small voice.

He shrugged. "Anything you like, Joan. You can make me out any sort of rotter if it's easier for you."

"Don't, Michael!" That hurt; she could still be hurt, still feel fresh pain in spite of this pervading ache. "But—can't you tell me—when you'll come back?"

He went over and took her hand. "Joan, my dear, I don't think I'm coming back."

She looked up at him, her eyes clinging to his face, holding him as desperately as though her arms were clutching him to her.

"And all that's been—counts for nothing, Michael?"

She watched a lump travel upward along his brown throat and disappear beneath his collar.

"I'll write you," he repeated, his voice racked and tortured. "On the boat. I think I'll go now. I can walk to the station."

Joan burst into tears like a small girl.

"Take the station wagon! Please, Michael! Please, I can send someone after it! Take it—please, Michael!" As though it were tremendously, immeasurably important, overshadowing everything else. The thought of Michael trudging off on foot, with his heavy bags, disappearing up the road through the sunset——

"All right," said Michael. Tears blurred his own eyes. He bent over and kissed her tensely. "Good-by, Joan."

"MICHAEL!" Her hands met behind his head and she laced her fingers tightly together, trying to draw him closer, never to let him go, but inexorably he straightened his back and her arms fell and she dropped back limply into the chair.

As soon as she heard the outer door close, she rushed, breathing heavily, to the window. Young Mike was still in his pen, and his father, a bag in either hand, had paused and was looking at him. Standing, staring, not making any movement toward him. . . . Then he straightened his shoulders and moved forward to the car.

Joan flung herself on the bed and sobbed, the entire length of her slender body shaken and racked by the passion of her weeping.

"Madame? Madame?" Yvonne's chirping voice, uncertain, apologetic, at the open door. "Pardon, madame ——"

Joan looked up, her face swollen and wet. "What do you want?" she asked.

Fright and sympathy were mingled almost ludicrously in the French girl's

(Continued on Page 172)

Does it *really* capture more music *out of the air?*

DOES THE NEW PHILCO really reproduce tone colors which are generally lost? . . . Does it really pick up *every* instrument in the orchestra? . . . Does it *really* bring in stations thousands of miles away?

There's a way to settle these questions beyond doubt or quibble. *Hear* the new Philco. If then you do not consider it immeasurably superior to any other radio, our dealers will not ask you to buy.

So much finer than all the rest is this new radio which Philco has achieved that *everyone* can instantly *hear* and *see* the difference.

That is why *each day* Philco sales are leaping higher, and HIGHER, and HIGHER.

That is why radio stores—whose sidewalk loudspeakers ceased long ago to interest passersby—now find that when the new Philco is switched on its magnificent tone immediately causes *crowds* to linger and listen . . . That is why dealers report that whenever radios are sent out on free demonstration, the Philco brings back three times as many orders as any other set.

Yes, the new Philco *actually does capture more music out of the air* . . . More music because of Philco's *tone* which reproduces overtones too high or too low for other sets to catch, and thus preserves the *true personality* of voice or instrument . . . More music because of Philco's *selectivity* which brings in many stations too close in wave-length for ordinary sets to separate . . .

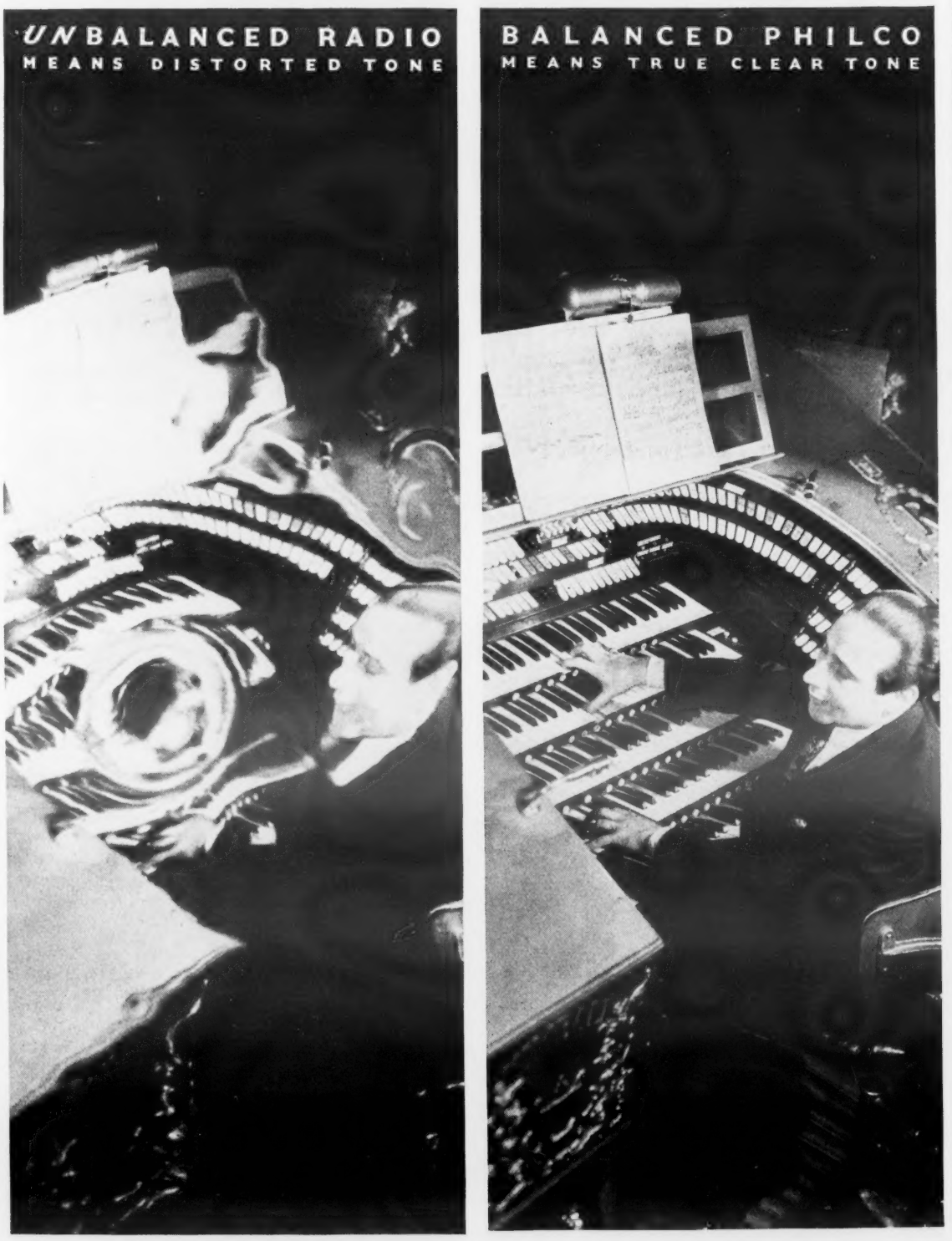
PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT LOWBOY

NEUTRODYNE-PLUS $129.50 SCREEN GRID-PLUS $119.50

Other models ranging from $67.00 to $205.00. Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Every Philco model, regardless of price, uses a Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO of the extra powered 245 tubes, push-pull.

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO



A spectacular organist, like Lewis White of the Roxy Theatre, conjures forth so many different croonings and warblings and fancy sounds that the ordinary radio can't pick them all up. By super-precise balancing of electrical units, Philco has achieved a radio which *exactly* reproduces each tone-color of the organ—also of every other instrument, of the human voice, and of the full orchestra.

"...AND THEN THEY GOT A PHILCO"

More music because of Philco's magic ability to reach out for far-off stations that offer novel and fascinating programs. Even in locations which are only average, the new Philco sweeps out thousands of miles in every direction. And when location is really good, the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus often brings in California, Mexico, Cuba, Japan and Australia.

But *hear* the new Philco—hear it *today*—and you'll realize that this wonderful new radio *actually does* pluck more music out of the air—that it really *is* far ahead of any other set. Your dealer will gladly arrange a free demonstration in your own home—easy terms if you decide to buy.

Announcement Extraordinary

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and the famous Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra will broadcast for the first time, on Sunday, October 6, from 5:30 to 6:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over Red Network . . . This special hour, the most important and enjoyable radio event of the year, will be sponsored by Philco.

Two other symphonic broadcastings will follow on November 3 and December 8 . . . The regular Friday night Philco hour will continue.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers also of the famous Philco Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

Quick and Easy Gingerbread *new simplified way—*

MEN Love It. Actual Mixing Time 6 Minutes. Only 2 of 272 Women Trying It Failed In Getting Perfect Results First Time—A New-Type Flour, "KITCHEN-TESTED"

HAVING the cakes and hot breads men like without the bother and disappointments of old-time baking days is now the rule in scores of homes. A new and far easier way has been found.

By the development of an utterly new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Tested for cakes, pastry, biscuits and bread by a number of experts under the direction of the noted Cooking Authority, Betty Crocker, before it goes to you.

Thus GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the *same way* with your recipes every time you use it. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

"Kitchen-tested" Flour, being unvaryingly uniform, eliminates that chance—eliminates "Good Luck" and "Bad Luck", guesswork and uncertainty, from home baking. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Marshmallow Gingerbread, illustrated below, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking, from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries. *905*

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

"Kitchen-tested" Recipe For Marshmallow Gingerbread and 11 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

All 12 of these simplified *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months

Copyr. General Mills, Inc., 1929

(Continued from Page 172)

He patted her hand, in an encouraging, medical manner. "Why don't you stay in town this evening and we'll go to a show?"

She hesitated. It might be nice to stay in town; she had come rather to dread the return home and her mother's daily recounting of household events.

"All right," she agreed.

They talked business at dinner, but after the theater, at a night club, Freddy leaned toward her intently.

"Joan, are you going to divorce Michael?" he asked.

She felt all her muscles stiffen. "I don't see why I should," she replied.

"You're young," he told her. "You have all your life before you. Young and beautiful and gifted. You can't let one man's selfishness ruin it all for you!"

"Michael isn't selfish!" Joan flared, and flushed. Michael wasn't selfish?

Freddy shook his head indulgently. "My dear, are you still in love with him?" he asked.

Joan's cheeks burned hotter. "In love? In love?" she repeated irritably. "Certainly I'm not in love with anyone else!"

HE SHOOK his head again. "Think of yourself, dear girl! Are you going to waste your youth thinking about a man who—forgive me, Joan, but I must say it—who doesn't care enough about you to ——"

"That's not true!" she interrupted passionately. "Michael does care! He ——" I hope you and the kid are well, he had written.

"Where's your pride, little Joan?" asked Freddy, almost in a whisper.

She stared past him at the waxed floor where a group of girls in pink ostrich feathers were dancing assiduously, emitting silly, piercing screams now and again. The orchestra quickened crazily. Her pride?

"I hate to talk to you like this, Joan, but someone should! His voice was soft, his eyes gentle, alert. "He isn't worthy of your love."

"Oh, don't be silly!" cried Joan impatiently. "What do you know about it? Michael—Mike's all right."

"All right!" said Freddy. "Do you think it's all right for a man to go off and leave his wife and child alone and unprotected for no reason at all but a whim?"

She wanted to defend Michael. He was worth a thousand Freddies.

"How do you know that he didn't have a reason?" was all that she could counter.

"What possible reason could there be?" he said, looking at her.

She was silent. What reason could there be? If only she knew that! Night after night, she had asked herself that question.

Freddy answered his own question. "The only reason," he said, "is that Michael is incapable of real feeling. Mind, I'm not saying anything against Michael, Joan. But ——"

She laughed. "Oh, no!" she mocked. "Let's not talk any more about it, Freddy. Do you want to dance once more before I go? I'm taking the one o'clock train."

THE wheels sang on the tracks, as the train moved out of the station, throbbing of metal upon metal and a carload of sleepy, depressing humans. What was Michael's reason? What was there that she couldn't understand? If she knew that, she wouldn't be afraid of anything!

She was tired, in the morning when Yvonne waked her. When Joan entered the dining room, her mother was already seated at the table, frowning to herself. She looked up quickly.

"Oh, Joan! I wish you'd look at the electric engine before you go. Last night the lights flickered all evening, and ——"

"Oh, telephone Hanson!" retorted Joan irritably. "Good Lord, mother ——"

Mrs. Winthrop sighed. "What's his number, dear?"

Joan set down her coffee cup with a bang. "How do I know?" she cried. "Look it up in the book!"

Her mother's lips set patiently. "You're so cross, these days, Joan!"

Joan said nothing.

There was just time to make the train. She felt harassed, pursued by details. As she started toward the garage, her mother called her.

"Darling, will you bring home a vegetable for dinner? They are so much fresher in town, and ——"

Why couldn't people attend to their own business? Hers was to earn money and her mother's was to run the house!

THE station wagon scraped the flagpole as she backed it out, adding a new scratch, and she saw her mother's pained eyes watching from the doorway.

Old Douglas Peabody wanted to see her. The Carrington Company were going to start a new campaign and Joan, listening attentively to their outline, reflected that she would infinitely have preferred working with the devil to Roland Carrington. All day, except for fifteen minutes at lunch, she was closeted with this person and that, in small offices that reeked of cigar smoke. Freddy Carter's lyric glances increased her irritation. She missed her usual train and had to board the local. Its tortuous progress, the interminable waits at small stations, set all her nerves throbbing.

"Dinner is cold," her mother greeted her. So was Mrs. Winthrop's manner.

"I don't care," said Joan. "I don't want any!"

Her mother regarded her with displeasure. "Go and get washed and I'll see what I can find," she sighed. "Did you forget the vegetable or did you leave it in the car?"

"I forgot it!" Joan snapped. "What do you think of that?"

Nerves, fatigue . . . she was quivering when she came again downstairs, in a fresh dress, her fair hair smoothed about her head.

"I've asked the Carewes for dinner tomorrow night," said Mrs. Winthrop.

"Oh, why did you do that?" wailed Joan. "Oh, mother ——"

Her mother flushed. "Really, Joan, you're terribly unreasonable! I thought you'd like it. We could have a game of bridge. You don't seem to appreciate how lonely it is for me, sitting here alone evening after evening ——"

"Alone!" Joan interrupted. "I'm here!"

MRS. WINTHROP sniffed. "Fine company you are! You either read, or sit and look as if you'd lost your last friend! I suppose you're going to work tonight."

Joan's anger was like a cold blast; her hands felt clammy. "How do you expect the bills to get paid if I don't work?" she retorted brutally.

In the morning her lids were so heavy that she could scarcely lift them. Her mother waked her, kissing her gently.

"Darling, I'm sorry I was so cross last night!" She patted Joan's cheek. "Poor, brave little girl!"

Joan wriggled and pulled away from her.

At breakfast she was profoundly conscious of her mother's affectionate scrutiny, and profoundly irritated by it.

"Joanie, you look pale! Do you feel all right?" Tender, loving.

"Oh, yes!" said Joan impatiently.

Her mother looked doubtful. "Poor baby! Joanie, let mother see your tongue."

Joan trembled, her whole being incensed, outraged, and as she trembled, memory stirred within her. "Michael Light, let me look at your tongue!" She blushed.

"I'm all right," she answered awkwardly, embarrassed.

(Continued on Page 177)

"WHILE PREPARING DINNER I splashed hot fat all over my right hand," a woman writes. "My whole hand was a mass of burns. My husband applied Unguentine liberally, at once. Today my hand is entirely well."

• ° •

Even slight burns, neglected, can lead to deadliest infections. Be prepared. Unguentine is the standard antiseptic dressing for burns and cuts in 8 out of 10 hospitals.

Its soothing oils stop pain • • its powerful antiseptics combat infection of burns

Treat burns as hospitals do, with a dressing that meets the **government** *standard for antiseptic strength*

"I was working in a candy factory," a man writes us, "when a vat of hot candy used for making candied apples was spilled over my hands and arms. I was treated with Unguentine—applied heavily. The terrible pain left me. Today, not even a scar remains."

• • •

Keep a tube of Unguentine in every danger zone—in kitchen, bathroom, office or shop, and in your automobile. More than ten million families now keep it on hand for all burns, cuts and bruises.

Another woman writes: "My little niece's face was terribly scalded when a chafing dish overturned. But thanks to Unguentine it didn't leave a scar."

• • •

An appalling number of children are terribly burned every year in homes just as safe as yours. Don't let *your* child pay a penalty of life-long disfigurement! Keep Unguentine on hand. Its soothing oils sink deep into the burned tissues. The pain stops. Rapid, normal healing starts at once. Almost always no ugly scar is left.

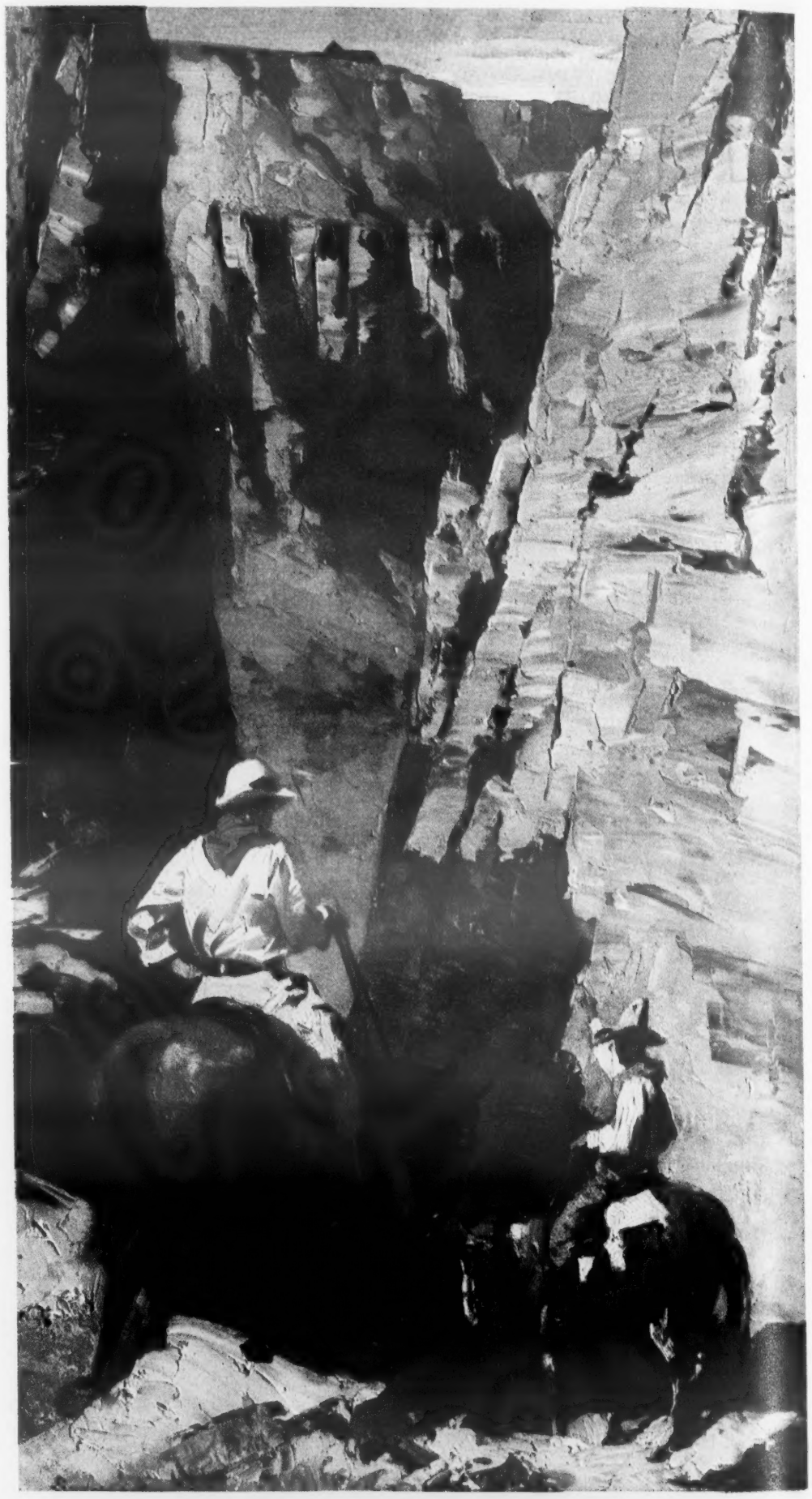
Unguentine comes in a generous sized tube. 50¢ at your druggist's. Send for free first aid booklet by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Now . . . Unguentine Soap, too. Bland and soothing, it rapidly clears up the blemished complexion — particularly when burns, cuts or bruises have left the skin irritated or sensitive.

Norwich

Unguentine

Even Bright Angel Trail leads to a soda fountain and *the pause that refreshes*



On the rim of the Grand Canyon, in a wing of El Tovar hotel, the little red Coca-Cola sign flashes its invitation to a cool and cheerful fountain—telling you how, when and where to pause and refresh yourself.

A BIGHORN sheep might venture within easy sight. A drouth can bring a herd of deer into the open for food. Bold hunters win bounties for mountain lions. Far away, vast, untamable—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Yet Bright Angel Trail, mountain-side path into the heart of this wild beauty, like the busy, paved streets of cities and towns, leads to a soda fountain and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Many thousands of tourists recall the day they climbed this trail on a pony or a mule. Then at El Tovar fountain learned what the pause that refreshes really means—and learned why Coca-Cola, with its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, is ready around the corner from anywhere.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

It had to be good to get where it is

(Continued from Page 175)

The days became a confusion of hard work and hours on trains. She knew every mile of the country between the Pennsylvania Station and her own. Sometimes it seemed to her that she couldn't keep on. It wasn't the work; she didn't mind that. But little things—Freddy Carter's yearning glances, her mother's chatter. Simple questions from Madame Jubelin would make her retort sharply. And over it all hung the dark cloud of Michael's absence.

November came and she had made no attempt to find an apartment in the city. They were comfortable enough where they were, and she seemed to have no energy to do more than her routine. The Carrington Company were delighted with her work; when the final copy was completed and approved, she sank back in her desk chair and closed her eyes. The firm had given her a bonus, and she sat fingering the check thoughtfully. If only she could go away! She'd like, more than anything else, to creep into a hole in some remote forest where no one could bother her! She wanted peace and serenity.

It was Friday and she need not return to the office until Monday. She caught an early train and fairly tumbled into the waiting station wagon. She didn't even put it in the garage, but left it standing at the gates. Her mother was out with little Mike, and Joan dropped on the living-room couch, not even removing her coat. She yanked off her hat and hurled it across the room, dropped gloves and bag to the floor. She wasn't sleepy; she was too tired for sleep. Yet she must have closed her eyes, for she opened them with a start at the sound of her mother's voice.

"Why, Joan, darling! Home so early! What's the matter? You're not ill?"

Again! Joan laughed, a disagreeable, nasty little laugh. "No."

Young Michael managed his fat legs carefully, placing one chunky foot before the other, and achieved the couch. Joan kissed him absently.

"Michael has a little rash on his arm," Mrs. Winthrop murmured. "I think you ought to take him to the doctor, Joan. You haven't put the car up—why don't you run over now?"

JOAN sat up so quickly that her son lost his always precarious balance and tumbled to the floor. More in anger than in pain, he lay, not trying to move, bellowing. His mother's voice rose inexorably above his clamor.

"Would you mind telling me why you couldn't have taken him yourself while you were out?" she demanded, her voice trembling with fury.

Mrs. Winthrop dropped into a chair and commenced to cry. "—— never say anything without . . . always cross . . . every morning." Choked, incoherent phrases.

Joan looked at her coldly. She picked up Michael and sat him down at the foot of the couch so hard that he stopped howling and stared at her with his mouth still open and his blue eyes amazed. Mrs. Winthrop, however, continued to cry.

"—— try to be a help . . . run your house for you . . ." her voice continued. She looked up pitifully. "You're a selfish girl, Joan Winthrop! Here I give up my nice apartment and come to live with you—everyone says I'm a good mother, and ——"

Michael wailed suddenly, an inquiring, experimental sort of wail which ceased as he paused to observe its effect upon the women of his household. Mrs. Winthrop sniffed. Joan's sudden laughter rose hysterically.

"Good mother! Good husband! Good wife!" she cried wildly.

Her mother stopped crying and looked at her apprehensively. "Joan ——" she commenced firmly.

"Don't say it!" shouted Joan, laughing, with tears streaming down her face. "If you say I'm not well again, I'll kill you! If—oh, Michael, Michael, don't I know! Don't I understand!"

"JOAN!" Her mother's tears were quite gone. "Joan, dearest, if you'll just lie down and ——"

Joan's laughter rocked her like a gale. She pushed back the fine gold hair from her forehead and stared at her mother through unusually bright, wide-open blue eyes.

"Good wife!" sang Joan boisterously. "Good, good, *good*, GOOD ——"

"Stop it!" said her mother. sharply "You're ——"

"I'm not hysterical!" Joan contradicted, and grew calmer. "Honest, I'm not. It's really funny. It's really more than that. It——" She looked about wildly, snatched the newspaper from the table and tore it open. "Listen to me, mother," she said. "The Carrington account's finished. Old Peabody gave me a bonus. Here—look at this!" She seized her bag from the floor and offered her mother the check. Flushed, with eyes bright and lips parted, yet with a certain steadiness and resolve——

"Oh, Joan!" said her mother, looking at the check and flushing with pleasure.

"And I'm going to Paris," announced Joan, looking at the newspaper. "There's a boat tomorrow morning. You can manage all right without me. You ——"

"Joan Winthrop, you're not!" said her mother. "To Paris? To Michael, you mean!"

"To Michael, I mean," agreed Joan.

Mrs. Winthrop stared at her. "And I thought you were getting over that!" she murmured. "Joan—Joan! Haven't you any pride?"

"None!" replied Joan—proudly.

She ran into her study, seized a block of yellow copy paper and commenced writing, scribbling extravagantly:

MIKE DARLING: MOTHER HAS BEEN A GOOD WIFE TO ME ALL THESE MONTHS AND I'M LEAVING HOME JUST LIKE YOU. SHE IS STILL IN DOUBT ABOUT STATE OF MY TONGUE. SAILING PARIS TOMORROW WILL YOU MEET ME HAVRE? I LOVE YOU.
JOAN.

She didn't show her mother the cable, so when, the next day after she had gone, a blue envelope arrived for her, Mrs. Winthrop read it in utter bewilderment.

MEETING BOAT HAVRE. DON'T FORGET THE CASTOR OIL. MIKE.

Mrs. Winthrop shook her head. They, Michael and Joan, were both of them crazy.

Rebellion on a Small Scale

By MARGARET FISHBACK

MY DARLING is a
help to me,
He regularly lets me see
His preferences, so I'll be
Completely satisfactory.

Sometimes I think it rather
mean
Of him to stipulate the green
Georgette when I'm inclined
to lean
To polka-dotted crêpe de
chine.

And periodically my
Desire to please his lordly eye
Astonishes me faintly, I
Am nothing loth to testify.

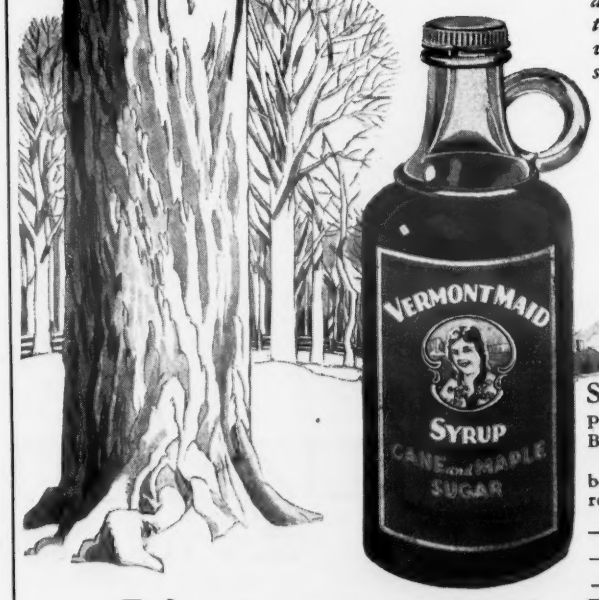
That deeper, richer, true Maple flavor . . .

MADE from Vermont maple sugar . . . and the world produces no finer . . . blended with sparkling cane sugar to bring out the flavor . . . Vermont Maid Syrup recaptures that good old maple taste you remember so well from childhood.

Try this famous syrup on your pancakes or your waffles. Its deeper, richer, true maple flavor will haunt your memory. Try it, too, over ice cream and custard; over biscuit, corn bread or mush. It makes a real treat of these familiar foods.

Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup, in attractive glass jugs, ready for the table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vt.

Try Vermont Maid Syrup on your waffles or your pancakes and judge its deep, rich, maple tang for yourself. For ten cents we will send you a generous sample of this famous syrup.



Send 10¢ for generous sample

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. K-1
Burlington, Vermont

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

_____

_____

_____

VERMONT MAID SYRUP

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

ELIZABETH ARDEN IS REAL!

And her preparations are personally planned for you

THE name of Elizabeth Arden is a symbol of loveliness to more than ten million women. But Elizabeth Arden is so much more than a name. She is a real woman, an exciting personality, whose enthusiasm for Beauty has placed the priceless gift of charm within reach of every woman.

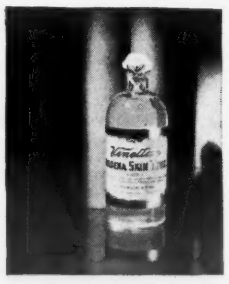
Miss Arden understands the exquisite care of the skin, and knows that faces do not just stay in shape, but must be held in shape by good strong muscles and firm healthy tissues. This means regular care and exercise—to strengthen the muscles and quicken the circulation so that the blood comes dancing to the cheeks to invigorate the tissues and clear the skin.

Elizabeth Arden's Treatments and Preparations keep muscles vigorous, tissues toned up, and your skin smooth and tight so that your face simply does not get a chance to droop. Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6



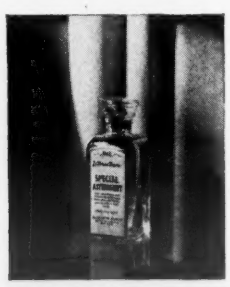
VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.

85c, $2, $3.75, $9

POUDRE D'ILLUSION

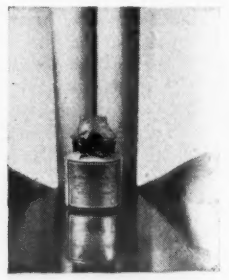
A pure, vaguely scented powder made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In eight lovely shades. $3



VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin.

$2.25, $4



VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM

Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. $2, $3.50

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

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CHICAGO: 70 East Walton Place PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue DETROIT: Book Building

BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block

BIARRITZ: Arcades du Grand Hôtel, Place Clémenceau CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries MADRID: 71 Calle Alcalá ROME: Via Condotti 65

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

LAMP AND MIRROR COURTESY JOHN WANAMAKER

FALL has crept up on us so fast that it is hard to realize summer is already a month behind us, and that the Sub-Deb and her young crowd are back at school once more. This means, too, that her outside interests now must be adjusted to fit either the all-too-short afternoon hours when school is over, or the doubly prized week-ends.

So I have tried to plan as wide a variety of articles as possible for the coming months to meet these new requirements. If any of you have ideas of your own on the subject, remember that we are all interested in hearing from you.

—MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

For Halloween

SOME of you are doubtless tired of the usual Halloween stunts; or you would like at least to give a Halloween party that will present some new and original features.

Try an evening of progressive stunts for a change; and be sure to request all your guests to come in costumes in which pumpkins are somehow featured. Pumpkin hats, scarfs with pumpkin designs, and so on, make amusing accessories.

The room into which your guests are first ushered should be lighted entirely by grinning jack-o'-lanterns. Some of these may, of course, be real pumpkins, hollowed out, and having nose, eyes and mouth cut in the rind, through which the lighted candle inside shines out faintly. To supplement this rather dim illumination, the electric light bulbs may be covered with jack-o'-lanterns made of orange tissue paper, silk or cotton crêpe, on which expressive goblin features have been painted in black.

Several tables, each seating four, are prepared beforehand, and the guests rotate among these in turn. One table should have a pot of black paint, four small paint brushes, and an assortment of orange balloons ready to be inflated and painted with jack-o'-lantern faces by the guests. First and second high scores at each table are awarded by affixing blue and red seals, respectively, to the pumpkin-shaped orange cards the competitors are given on their arrival.

The second table should have a supply of yellow and green plasteline. This is a substance used by sculptors for modeling, and looks and feels much like putty. It comes in a variety of colors, and is easily worked. Seals at this table are offered for the two most cleverly modeled miniature pumpkins your guests' fingers can produce in a given time.

The third table has a big basket of apples and raw potatoes, four sharp knives, some black and orange paint and a supply of brushes. Each competing guest must make a wee jack-o'-lantern out of a scooped-out apple; and a second jack by painting a specially knobby potato orange and black—of course the more absurd results the better.

Naturally the guest whose card shows the highest score after competing at all tables wins the prize of the evening. (In scoring, each blue seal counts ten, each red one five.)

Next comes the judging of costumes. The guests stand in a big circle around the room, and all are given wee orange-colored pencils and slips of paper. Each scribbles the name of the boy or girl whose costume seems cleverest in the writer's opinion, and folding the ballot drops it into a hollowed-out pumpkin which the hostess passes down the line. Of course all votes are strictly anonymous, so the guests should try to disguise their handwriting as much as possible. One, two or even three prizes may be awarded.

Supper is served at one long table, set with an orange-and-black paper cloth in Halloween design, and with a hollowed-out pumpkin centerpiece holding big orange chrysanthemums, one for each girl present to wear home later. Gay confetti streamers running to each place add an extra note of festivity.

After supper everyone will probably be in a mood to try some of the more familiar stunts, such as bobbing for apples, telling fortunes by putting nuts and apple pips in the fire, roasting apples and looking into a mirror in a dark room to see the face of one's future wife or husband.

1242

Two Paris Frocks

THIS month we are featuring in our illustration two new, smart dresses designed in Paris especially for the Sub-Deb. Every girl who is planning her fall and winter wardrobe will be sure to want to include both.

They are simple—as of course they should be for a young girl—but their Paris origin speaks authentically from every line and fold of their simplicity.

"Méditerranée," the dark, daytime frock (Design No. 1234), a Nicole Groult creation, was shown originally in dark blue satin, but green, brown, beige or a warm wine red would be equally charming. The skirt is made with godets on the left, giving becoming fullness, except on the left back. Buttons run from the left shoulder to the waistline, where a flat bow is tied, securing the narrow belt. Buttons trim the tight sleeves, too, and a flat bow of satin is shown on the right shoulder. The dress is designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

"Antique," the graceful little evening frock which the left-hand girl in the illustration is wearing, is from Paul Poiret (Design No. 1242). Nothing could be more suitable and becoming for school dances, or holiday parties at home, than this dress in satin-back crêpe or a flowered chiffon. The skirt is fairly long, the hemline scalloped, dipping to the back. The gathers around the hips fit under the tight, scalloped line of the basquelike waist, and tiny cap sleeves just cover the shoulders. The cowl-like neck gives a graceful line.

1234

For a Girl's Room

TWO of the most important accessories for any girl's room are, as you will doubtless agree, mirrors and lamps. And as so many of you ask us questions about new furnishing suggestions for your bedrooms, we have collected for you some of the latest fads in both these lines.

Mirror screens, instead of the more familiar pier glasses, are just coming into fashion. The triple mirror screen, arranged in steps, which we are showing this month with our fashion sketch, is as smart and novel as it is useful. The step motif which plays so large a part in modernistic furniture is very pronounced in this particular piece; and think how satisfactorily you can see your frocks in it, from all angles! It is quite simple to copy too. Any screen can be cut off in the desired step design, and the wood rim painted either ivory, silver gray, or some strong color that will go well with the furnishings of the room itself. Heavy panels of glass can be cut to measure for it by a glazier, and the backs silvered. They are then mounted in place on the screen with square-headed screws.

The delightful little cone-shaped desk lamp at upper left, with its cone shade and the cunning tassel, also shows the step motif. This lamp is easy to move about, from desk to dressing table, and looks exactly as if it belongs in a Sub-Deb's room—now, doesn't it? A number of other lamps we saw at the same time had oblong bases of pottery and narrow oblong painted shades. Interesting and unusual lamps can be made of vases and jars of odd and amusing shapes, with shades specially planned to carry out their individual lines. In this way any girl can have the most enchanting and original lamps for her room, at a small cost.

As we have so little space on this page to give you all the information you may want on this subject, we are following our usual custom of offering an additional little booklet. This will give you a number of smart yet simple suggestions for lamps, shades and mirrors, as well as some interesting ideas for novelty cushions, new curtains and bedspreads for your room. Send a two-cent stamp to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, and ask for "Suggestions for the Sub-Deb's Room."

October Out-of-Doors

MANY of you were doubtless at camp somewhere this summer, and learned all sorts of interesting things about woodcraft, hiking, sports, camp cooking, birds, flowers and trees. If you live in the country, or have occasional opportunities for country visits, remember that much of this summer knowledge can still be practiced during the fall.

October is usually ideal weather for long 'cross-country walks; for midday picnic meals cooked over a camp fire; and best of all for learning about new and strange species of migrating birds. The flocks of wild ducks are on their way South—lighting now and then on lakes, sheltered ponds or inlets for rest and feeding—in October, on their annual pilgrimage in search of warmer climes. Sometimes, if you are very lucky and are up at daybreak, you can see the V-shaped flight of wild geese, honking high overhead, flying in the

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

in
3 Days!
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday

Teeth 3 Shades Whiter!

Watch Your Mirror and See How the Amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique Whitens Teeth!

YELLOW TEETH spoil all charm. White teeth flatter! Yet yellow teeth are merely teeth coated with a mucin or plaque. This plaque makes the teeth look dingy and uncared for. It catches stains from foods and tobacco, and discolors. It holds odors and causes unpleasant breath.

The average tooth paste has little or no effect on this plaque. Being mucus-like, it slips back and forth on the teeth under the tooth brush. Harsh, gritty pastes only make scratches in it, and sometimes in the enamel, too!

Kolynos deals with this plaque in the right way. A half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush—the *Kolynos Technique*—fills the mouth with a foam that is antiseptic and plaque-disintegrating. Using Kolynos on a dry brush you use it *full strength!* Also, the brush bristles remain stiff enough to scrub the tooth surfaces properly and penetrate the tiniest crevices.

Dissolves the Yellow Plaque

This tingling, full-strength Kolynos foam spreads itself all over the surfaces of the teeth. "Live" and active, as you can feel, it works on the yellow plaque like millions of tiny fingers. It breaks it up and washes it off the teeth. Teeth are cleaned down to the naked enamel without injury. They gleam clean and WHITE!

The foam pushes its way into all the crevices between the teeth. It cleans out and disinfects those places where food particles lodge and decay. It combats tartar; destroys germs and mouth acids; sweetens the breath and makes the entire mouth antiseptically clean.

Make This 3-Day Test

Try Kolynos and discover how white your teeth can be, how clean your mouth can feel. Give this dentifrice a fair trial. Get a tube from your druggist or mail the coupon for a free tube. Scrub teeth and gums, morning and night, for just 3 days. Then what a change! Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums look pinker, healthier. Your mouth feels cleaner . . . No wonder Kolynos is winning thousands of new users every day! Fill in and mail the coupon—now.

Large Tube
FREE

KOLYNOS
the foaming antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 10-LJ-20
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name.....
Street & No.....
City..... State.....

same direction. And if that doesn't thrill you, then I shall be disappointed.

Those of you who are interested in birds should keep a notebook in this one month of the year, if at no other time, and make a daily record of the different kinds of birds that visit your community on their journey South. Carry a pocket-sized bird book with you on all your hikes, too, so that you may identify the various visitors; and if you put a "welcome" sign in your garden in the form of chopped nuts—the blue jays like peanuts—suet, scattered seeds and bread crumbs, you will soon find you are entertaining a host of unknown and interesting little guests.

French Bridge

HERE is a plan which has been tried most successfully by four girls we know, who were studying French at school, and wanted to set aside two or three hours each week in which to improve their French conversation. Two of them were going abroad with their families the following spring and were very anxious to be able to do more than stumble embarrassingly through guide-book phrases in Paris. The other two, though not fortunate enough to be looking forward to a summer in France, had a natural gift for languages, and had gone far enough in French to rouse their ambition to speak it fluently. Besides, who could say that one of these days they might not go abroad?

They told themselves they would meet at least once a week, read aloud, have tea and talk—all in French, of course. The reading aloud was easy enough, but to sit down cold-bloodedly and command themselves to talk—well, have you ever tried it? They complained that every idea they started out with fled alarmingly after the first few moments. They simply had nothing to talk about while they stuck to French, though their tongues wagged fast enough when they returned to English. They grew quite desperate finally.

Perhaps the whole plan might have been dropped in discouragement if one of them had not had a bright idea. They were all fond of bridge, said this resourceful Sub-Deb. Why not combine two good things then, and *play bridge in French?*

Their French teacher at school, to whom they told their novel plan, obligingly entered into the spirit of it, and made out a list for them of all the card terms they would need, as well as certain idioms connected with the game which they would not have found easily for themselves in dictionaries.

The first afternoon of French bridge proved that the players lost all traces of self-consciousness before the game had progressed through the second deal. They discussed the hands, the plays, their mistakes and occasional brilliant strategies with enthusiasm and gradually increasing fluency. Perhaps the best thing they got out of their weekly games was the final and complete routing of their timidity in venturing into another tongue, which most of us have to fight so hard to overcome and which foreigners find it equally hard to understand in us. Even if they made a good many mistakes, they were talking.

The plan could, of course, be used successfully for any language in which you wished to acquire an easy accustomedness. It will give you a good many amusing hours, too, so it's worth a trial if the subject of foreign languages interests you.

Here's Money for Fall Fun!

WHAT a *perfect* gypsy you are, Nan," said the girls at the Halloween dance.

You'd have thought so too. For a jaunty braid-trimmed bolero . . . a glowing silken scarf and kerchief . . . and hoops at her ears had transformed Nan into a lovely gypsy maiden. Her eyes shone as if she knew a wonderful secret.

And here it is:

Dear Manager: **What a thrilling time I had at the Halloween party in the lovely gypsy costume *I paid for with* $7.00 earned in The Girls' Club. Everybody admired it. I'm in high school, you know, and I'm so glad to have plenty of money for silk hose and high-school expenses and other small things. Thanks for the handy fountain pen that came as a prize.**
—Nan Morris, *Ill.*

You'd feel at home in our club, too, I'm sure . . . for hundreds of happy school girls "belong." Athletic girls and studious girls . . . lively girls and demure girls . . . girls who play in the country and girls who waken in the rush of big cities. But all of them so modern and independent!

How happily you, too, may spend your Club dollars for gifts . . . gay clothes . . . expense money! What fun it will be for *you* to bring out a new prize banjo uke or to display a new sports watch you've just won as a prize!

These enthusiastic members add their words of praise for the Club.

$8.50 For a New Dress

Dear Club Manager: **Within two weeks after I had joined The Girls' Club, I earned $8.50 for a new sports dress. And besides I won a string of glowing pearls that make me feel so dressed up.**
—Doris B., *Fla.*

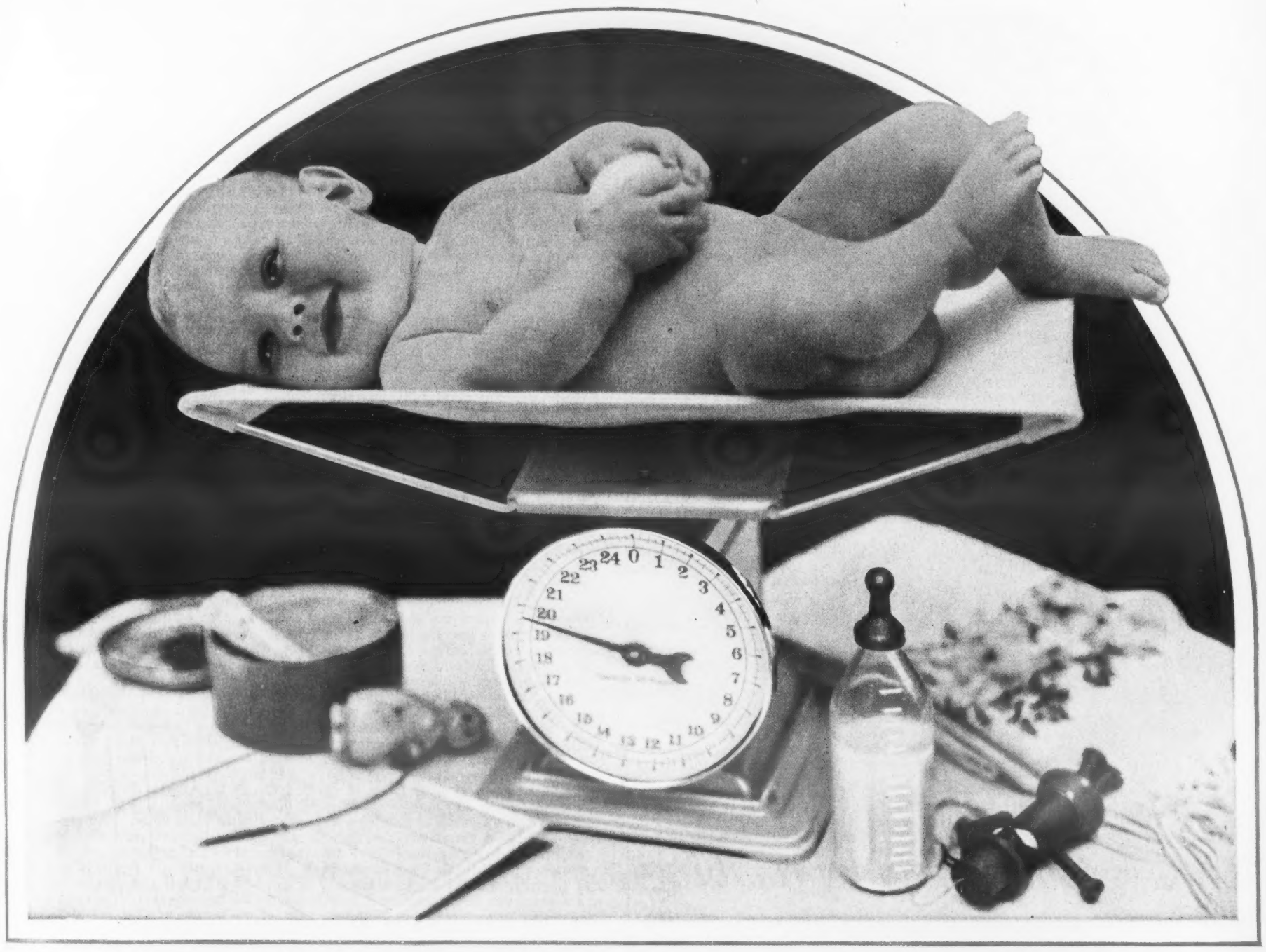
$5.00 in Two Afternoons

Dear Manager: **As to the money I earned—it was easy. In two afternoons, I earned $5.00—enough to pay for a pair of shoes. Unless I'm very much mistaken Club dollars will pay all my fall expenses.**
—Edna S., *Ore.*

Won't You Join Us?

WE WANT *you* to know the joys of earning money and fascinating prizes in our Girls' Club, too. Won't you join us now? It will cost you nothing. A note: "*Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls' Club,*" will bring all the details from me in a hurry, so you can start earning at once. Also, please tell me your age—that's important! Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
393 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



A Future Champion *Weighs In!*

KEEP your eye on him. By 1949 he may be another Bill Tilden or Bobby Jones. For he is eating at the training table where champions are made—the training table of correct diet *in infancy.*

He is not handicapped as bottle-fed babies once were. He has found a milk which, besides being fully equal to the best bottled milk in nutritional value, is *far easier to digest* than any other form of cow's milk. It is Carnation Milk—unsweetened evaporated—now recommended by some of America's greatest authorities as an exceptionally satisfactory milk for babies.

Carnation Milk is more digestible because it is *heat treated.* It never forms the tough, solid curd-lumps that ordinary milk does. And it is "homogenized"—the coarse fat globules of the fresh milk *ground up* till they are a thousand times as tiny, and much more readily assimilated.

Carnation is simply pure whole milk with part of the natural water removed. Only water is taken out and *nothing* added. Not one nourishing quality is lost. Carnation is rich in minerals that build sturdy bones and strong, even teeth. It contains *all the vitamins* that any milk is depended on to supply, needing only the usual supplements, such as orange juice and cod-liver oil. It is always safe, free from all bacteria, because sterilized; always uniform in controlled high quality.

Milk so pure and nourishing *must* be good for other milk uses. And Carnation is. In cooking, it adds a butter-richness and cream-smoothness unobtainable in any other way. And it takes the place of cream at scarcely one-third the cost. . . . Please write for the Carnation Cook Book and Baby-Feeding Chart.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
1040 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
1140 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. New York Aylmer, Ont.

"From Contented Cows" on the label means unsweetened EVAPORATED MILK *of highest quality*

"*from* Contented Cows"

© 1929, C. M. P. Co.

Lovely Hair always more lovely by combing

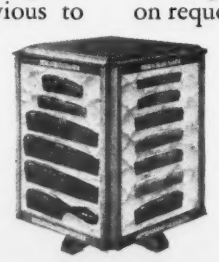
FOR combing enhances its smooth silky texture by stimulating the flow of natural oil and gently exercising the delicate scalp muscles. It has the added feature of softening the lines of the wave.

THE selection of a suitable comb is really important to everyone who desires to attain and keep the appearance of smart grooming.

ACE COMBS have certain very definite advantages. Made of pure grade hard rubber, they are impervious to tonics, oils, and soap, or any preparations used for cleaning or dressing the hair. They are not inflammable in the usual sense—therefore *safe*. All surfaces, even those between the teeth, are smoothly finished.

ACE COMBS are made in a wide range of sizes and patterns—large 8 or 9 inch dressing combs to use at home, small pocket or purse combs to take along with you, and the fine-tooth or "dry shampoo" combs. These are sold by drug stores and department stores everywhere.

YOU may have a delightfully readable book, "Current Styles in Hair Combing," which illustrates many effective coiffures by eminent hair dressing experts. It will be mailed free on request and, if accompanied by 25c in stamps, a sample ACE 5 inch Pocket Comb will be included.



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Lawlessness

(Continued from Page 15)

many things may happen; in the second, the effects of prohibition-law violations will represent only a portion of the Commission's studies.

Specifically the Commission has been charged with the duty of making "a searching investigation of the whole structure of our Federal system of jurisprudence, to include the method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the causes of abuse under it." Its purpose thereafter as outlined by the President in his inaugural address will be "to make such recommendations for reorganization of the administration of the Federal laws and court procedure as may be found desirable."

This means that it will study many contributory factors, other than prohibition, to the growth of lawlessness, and seek to answer the questions why progress in the administration of justice in this country has seemed to lag; whether ineffective administration of justice has actually caused a growing disregard for law, and to what degree such disrespect is responsible for an increase in crime.

The Citizen's Responsibility

SOME such survey has been urged for years by many lawyers, judges, public administrators and laymen, who have seen an insistent need for reform.

The final report will undoubtedly include consideration of frequently proposed plans to improve and simplify procedure in the Federal Courts; to increase the number of tribunals and thus eliminate delays; to redistribute the duties and functions of the Federal Courts and prosecuting agencies; to provide for more effective juries, and to simplify procedure until it can no longer be manipulated by clever criminals to escape punishment.

In order to prepare a report that can accurately analyze present conditions and offer recommendations for such reforms as are indicated, the Commission must delve deeply into many phases of present social conditions in the United States. George W. Wickersham, Chairman of the body and former Attorney-General of the United States, recently suggested the scope of the inquiry when he said:

"We understand there is a vast accumulation of records, including statistics, reports and other material bearing upon the administration of justice, assembled in the Departments of the National and State Governments which should be examined, analyzed, classified and studied as bearing upon the matters before us.

"There are also many public and private organizations which have been studying questions bearing upon matters involved in our inquiry, and we expect material assistance from them, as well as from other students of our social conditions.

"We approach our task with a profound realization of its importance and with minds open to consider on their merits all intelligent suggestions from unprejudiced sources. We are under no illusions as to the difficulty of our task. We know there is no short cut to the millennium. But we have confidence in the fundamental honesty and right-mindedness of the American people and their readiness to support sound methods of reform when the existence of evils is exposed and practical methods for their eradication submitted to popular judgment."

Here, then, is the promise of actual progress, doubly encouraging because of the Commission's faith in the sincerity of the public's expressed desire to coöperate in remedying the conditions it deplores. Just what course responsible officials or patriotic citizens can best pursue in effecting needed reforms must await the investigators' final analysis.

To me it seems that perhaps the greatest value of the report will lie in the fact that it will hold the mirror up to us; reflecting accurately just what part each of us plays in the contemporary drama that threatens to develop into an American tragedy of lawlessness.

It can show how and to what extent the rich man who pays high prices for his illegal liquor and boasts of the dependability of his bootlegger is contributing to the war chest of crime.

It can show through what courses this money flows to finance Florida villas for racketeers, corruption of public servants, and murder resulting from gang warfare or from the clashing ambitions of beer and whisky barons, whose mercenaries must be paid.

It can show where the poorer man who patronizes the neighborhood speak-easy or "makes his own" fits into the picture.

It can show how the sentimentalist, not necessarily himself a drinker, who depicts furtive buying and drinking of bootleg gin as a gesture of independence and love of liberty, makes himself the apologist and propagandist for every degraded racketeer and gunman in the liquor game.

It can show just how much of the criminal's bravado is due to innate depravity and how much may fairly be charged to the attitude of otherwise law-abiding citizens who tempt him with generous rewards for the fruits of his lawbreaking.

It is interesting to note that in this particular feature of criminal conduct, violation of the prohibition laws stands virtually alone. Where practically all other offenses against the law are concerned the average citizen is quick not only to condemn but to oppose the violator to the full extent of his ability. Where a question of illegal liquor sales arises, however, the same citizen may often not only condone but, as a purchaser, encourage and reward the offense.

If the Commission's report is such as to show this citizen a picture of himself against the background of crime and murder, it will do much, I am confident, toward winning public coöperation in the effort to effect a permanent reform.

The public, like the statesman and the economist, is realizing more and more that it cannot entirely dissociate itself from the responsibilities of government by loading them on the shoulders of elected or appointed officials. In a civilization as complex and interdependent as ours every man is part of his government.

The Public Will

WHAT is done by government is done in the last analysis by all citizens, either collectively or individually. If a government condones lawlessness it does so only because its citizenry condones it. If it improves conditions that have grown too outrageous to be further tolerated it does so because a majority of its citizens have demanded reform and have made their individual contributions toward the common action necessary to accomplish it.

This is the basic theory of our form of government. It will hold only so long as the people remember that they themselves are the body politic and that administration reflects their own interest or indifference to its sincerity and efficiency.

All of us remember a period not long ago when public opinion enforced a form of prohibition of its own. For years before the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted, certain classes of workers were restrained from drinking because of the nature of their professions or trades. Locomotive drivers and other railroad workers, motormen and conductors on electric-railway lines, professional chauffeurs, and the

(Continued on Page 184)

Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean properly, thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look. It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Newest Style in Stationery!

LIKE the precious substance from which it takes its name, *Montag's JADE* is exquisitely textured and comes in a variety of subtle colors:—*white-jade, gray-jade, rose-quartz, and melican-blond.*

The envelopes are all inner-lined with lovely jade-green tissue, beautifully toned and dynamically decorated.

Montag's JADE is of superb quality, club size, packed 24 large sheets and 24 pointed flap envelopes to the box. Price $1.00 at fine stores everywhere.

TO ACQUAINT YOU with our papers, we offer THE MOOD BOX—a full quire sampler assortment of three Montag papers for the three Moods of letter-writing—*formal, informal and business.* This box only, by mail, Price $1.00 postpaid; Canada $1.10. *Address, Dep't. 210.*

MONTAG BROTHERS, INC., ATLANTA, GA.
New York Showroom, 200 Fifth Avenue

Montag's
FASHIONABLE Writing PAPERS

(Continued from Page 182)

like, were generally expected to be abstainers. True, the restrictions were promulgated and enforced by employers, but behind the rule was all the force of public opinion.

Most men contemplating serious operations preferred a surgeon who did not drink, or at least who had refrained from liquor for a number of hours before undertaking his delicate task. This was true of many other vocations requiring precise workmanship, alert minds and steady hands.

Finally the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act extended this prohibition to all classes. The proponent who insists that the Volstead Law, instead of being discriminatory legislation, is an act that applies prohibition to all rather than to a few classes of workers has much that is both true and logical on his side.

When the demands of our present highly mechanized industrial era are considered it seems evident that the great need for sobriety and efficiency among workers foreseen by employers of an earlier period is now required over a far wider field. This can apply not only to the men in responsible positions but to those who construct or repair even the minor parts of the instruments necessary to their work. A tragic example might be the case of an aviator, himself an able, conscientious and abstemious pilot, who crashes to his death because of a defect in his plane due to slipshod work in the hangar.

Gains

STATISTICS are frequently quoted by friends of the legislation to prove their case. When, as has been frequently cited, savings-bank deposits multiply three times, industrial insurance four times and building and loan association assets five times since 1914, a greater efficiency among workmen, as well as in the administration of industry seems clearly indicated.

Although opponents point out the inconsistency of attributing all these benefits, as well as the marked increase in union and other wage rates, to the Eighteenth Amendment, there can be no doubt that it has contributed generously to our present prosperity. Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, asserted definitely on one occasion that "prohibition is putting money into the American family pocketbook," and in another report reenforced his statement with the following:

> There can be no doubt of the economic benefits of prohibition. Viewing the temperance question only from this angle, prohibition has proved its case. I think increased temperance over the land is responsible for a good share of the enormously increased efficiency in production which statistics gathered by the Department of Commerce show to have followed passage of the dry law. Exhaustive studies from many angles of production over average periods ten years apart, before and since the war, would indicate that while our productivity should have increased about 15 per cent due to the increase in population, yet the actual increase has been from 25 to 30 per cent, indicating an increase of efficiency somewhere from 10 to 15 per cent.

Whether or not continued flouting of the prohibition law will eventually check this advance remains to be seen. Whether or not defiance of the law's provisions can ever be completely eradicated is another problem on which opinion is divided.

Calm Consideration Needed

TO ME it seems regrettable, but quite possible, that 100 per cent efficiency in law enforcement may represent an unattainable ideal. Enforcement of the law is, of course, a function of Government. Many persons seem to take it as a matter of course that government departments should be inefficiently conducted. They are willing to accept mediocrity of administration as a necessary and inescapable evil in every field except those covered by the Department of Justice and the agencies devoted to prohibition-law enforcement. In point of fact, proper administration of those offices requires a higher type of ability and makes a greater demand on character than does the administration of almost any other department.

Therefore, in admitting that there must be weakness in all government administration, and, in the same breath, demanding 100 per cent efficiency in law enforcement, isn't it possible that we are placing ourselves in the position of aiming at something not quite within the realm of possibility?

It is, of course, always easy to work oneself into a noble frenzy for rigid enforcement of a law one is personally not tempted to break. The attitude of many feminine zealots toward Volsteadism is, I suspect, quite different from their attitude toward those provisions of the tariff laws which prohibit minor smuggling.

From personal observations I have become convinced that the horror which many persons profess over lawlessness in the realm of prohibition loses much of its poignancy where violation of the income-tax law is concerned. Too often these are the people who make the whole idea of a crusade unlovely by setting out to slay Saracens instead of concentrating on the conquest of the Holy Land.

The zealot who overstates his cause, exaggerates his facts and pours vituperation on opponents may be the victim of an emotional intoxication comparable to the alcoholism of the buyer of liquor whom he is determined to discipline. Railroading the bootlegger and the drinker to jail isn't necessarily going to end prohibition-law violation.

Calm consideration of the entire problem of lawlessness—which the President's appointment of a crime commission assures—and determination on the part of responsible citizens to relinquish their rôles as subsidizers of organized crime can, in the end, accomplish far more toward solving the problem than can the fiercest of philippics or the harshest of punishments.

Beginning Again

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

BLACKNESS that has no bounds at all
Comes to an edge.
The ghost of a wind begins to crawl
Over the ridge;
Blowing, with neither body nor light,
Something in
That takes possession and makes the night
Small and thin.
Too deep for sound, a vibration starts;
Like a breath held back,
Darkness shrinks to its borders, parts,
And into each crack
A trickle of lilac, a runnel of rose,
Widens the least
River of light as the air overflows,
Defining the east.
One star persists; is snuffed out by
A finger of blue.
A blackbird puts five clean holes in the sky,
And day pours through.

HANES UNDERWEAR ALWAYS MEASURES FULL SIZE

YOUNG growing bodies need soft, warm protection in winter. And especially do they need underwear that's right in design and size.

You can't afford to skimp here—and HANES doesn't! Soft, fine-quality, long-wearing cotton material is used—and plenty of it. Size 10 means size 10. Like the famous HANES Underwear for men, these garments are elastic-knit and *knitted*, not cut, to size. They never bind, wrinkle, bunch. Seams are flat-locked, non-irritating. Buttonholes are strongly reinforced. Every thread, stitch and button is guaranteed.

You can't duplicate HANES values at the price. Only 75c to $1 for medium, heavy or extra-heavy union suits, age 2 to 16. Merrichild Waist Suits, for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, are 85c. Short-sleeve, knee-length garments in both. If you can't get HANES at your regular store for your children and their dad as well, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — TRADE MARK HANES — FOR EVERY SEASON

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Here she is free—to reach her own decisions

No one urges her to buy this or that. There are no delays and no hurry.

From the open shelves, from the ice box, from the vegetable stands, she takes just what she pleases.

Here she is free to make comparisons, read the price tags—and choose for herself.

Almost overnight this plan of shopping for foods has become a nation-wide vogue. To thousands of women it has come as a real adventure—a pleasant way to save money and still serve more tempting meals.

All prices plainly marked

The famous foods you know best are waiting for you at Piggly Wiggly—with fresh dainty fruits and vegetables. All within easy reach. Each item with its own big price tag.

You examine what you like. With no urging, no persuading, you reach your *own* decisions—at Piggly Wiggly. And what useful ideas for your menus come to you while you look over the richly laden shelves!

Best of all, you save money at Piggly Wiggly. Consistently low prices are assured by our special plan of operation.

For meals your family will enjoy even more—for bigger monthly savings, try this unique plan of shopping. Visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

Today over 2,500,000 women come daily to choose for themselves at Piggly Wiggly Stores in over 800 cities and towns

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Unusual opportunity **to own and operate a profitable local business with the merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been established. Open only to men who control sufficient capital to finance a number of stores. Address Franchise Department, 411 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

BLANKETS *are such intimate things*

ESMOND, R. I.—*Here in modern, sunlit mills skilled workers weave these lovely blankets.*

THE newest and most modern of blankets!

Lovely, wool blankets in unusual Jacquard designs . . . original in conception . . . happily in keeping with the new type of furniture and modern decorative fabrics.

Modernistic in effect though not extreme in design or coloring. A new note of beauty, smartness and individuality.

These and other exclusive Esmond creations are now on display. Ask to see them. There's a wealth of designs, weaves and colors to choose from . . . patterns never used in blankets before.

Esmond Blankets may be had in every desired material, weight and weave . . . and at almost any price you wish to pay. Blankets of virgin wool, blankets of cortex cotton, luxurious camel's hair blankets. All in lovely pastel shades that harmonize effectively with modern spreads and hangings.

Charming blankets from a quaint New England village . . . soft and warm and colorful. Firm in texture, thickly napped, doubly woven for extra wear.

Blankets are such intimate things . . . surely yours should be the best you can afford!

Esmond Blankets are sold by leading retailers throughout the country. Look for the Esmond label.

THE ESMOND MILLS
ESMOND RHODE ISLAND

When Night Clubs are Trumps

(Continued from Page 11)

"Why the comedy?" I asked. "I don't get it."

"Only that she's the widow of a big bookmaker who passed out last year, and her stuff's all real."

"Just imagine," Dolly said, "having jewels like that and nowhere to show them off but in a night club."

After all, it takes a woman to appreciate life's real tragedies.

Up near the orchestra a party of five men were pounding in unison on the table with their rattles. They had apparently been holding a conference, and found the Scotch quite good. A small girl with vivid, burnt-orange hair—one of the official hostesses—joined them. The leading member of the group called an order to a waiter, then pulled the girl to a seat at his side. For a while he talked to her, earnestly, persuasively, but she merely shook her head.

"The high-pressure salesman seems to be trying to string our little friend," I said.

The wise-cracking hostess glanced over her shoulder. "Swell chance!" she laughed. "The only way anybody can string *that* baby is with pearls. She doesn't believe in free love."

The soft-shoe dancer had retired, now, and with a snarl of brass from the orchestra, a riffle of drums, the ladies of the ensemble came out for their concluding number. Their sketchy costumes were made of pink silk; it was necessary to look twice to be sure that they wore any at all. Shouts from the tables. A few gasps—very few. Flesh by the yard. Cries here and there—alcoholic. "Oh, you Babe!" . . . "Step on it!" . . . "Come to papa!" . . . "Hi, there, Mame!"

Again the protesting voice from the table behind us. "You don't mean to say you admire such women!" . . . "Who said anything about admiring them?" . . . "Utterly without brains!" . . . "With what they've got, they don't need brains."

Not everyone, however, is under the same spell. Through a lull in the clamor comes a rasping voice. "Talk about your high-priced authors, I'd like to know who wrote this bill of fare!"

In a confusion of naked bodies, a swirl of shapely legs, the girls swept toward us, threatening to overflow the ringside tables. The noise of the rattles became a steady, continuous drone. Male hands reached out here and there to touch those slim and perfumed bodies.

Easy Come, Easy Go

BUT the girls came only so far. Suddenly the line receded, like the white foam of a receding breaker. In a moment the floor was clear for those who wished to dance.

"Shocked?" Dolly asked, regarding me quizzically.

"They seemed like rather live wires," I replied.

The orchestra began a distracting bit of jazz. People began to dance. A man and a woman paused for a moment beside our table. "She fell in love with him, didn't she?" the man questioned. "I can't guarantee the love part of it, but she certainly fell."

Two women came in, looking for their escorts. Probably parked in the wash room, taking a quick drink. The older woman addressed her companion peevishly. "I can understand your liking brass buttons, but is that a reason for making eyes at the cab starter? Be yourself."

A commotion near the doorway attracted my attention. An unhealthy-looking youth had just come in. His face was flushed and swollen—the rings under his eyes looked like balloon tires. His air was that of one who felt he owned the place. The head waiter bowed over an extravagant tip. Dolly touched my arm.

"There's that —— boy," she said, mentioning a name synonymous with recently acquired millions. "Brand-new money—and a brand-new brain. Never been used at all."

I inspected the new arrival. He was staggering.

"Not a pretty sight, is he?"

"He's disgustingly drunk most of the time, and a rotter all of it. Yet he's being invited everywhere."

"Why do people have him?" I said.

"Why did his mother have him?" Dolly replied disdainfully.

There were two others in the party—a handsome, bronzed man of thirty, and a girl in red, so thin that she made one think of a flamingo.

"That's —— —— and his wife," Dolly went on. "They run with the Meadowbrook crowd. He lost every cent he had last year, playing the short end of the market, and then got it all back by marrying a girl from the Coast with millions."

"On the theory, I suppose, that he wanted to keep her in the style to which he had been accustomed."

"Some men," Bob added dryly, "find it a lot easier to make women, than money. Shall we dance?" He and Dolly whirled off, leaving me to watch the crowd.

On With the Dance

THE —— boy was insisting that he be served champagne. He got it. Money will get you almost anything, in night clubs, if you are known. Just another young fool, spending his millions like a drunken sailor. Broadway has seen many of them come—and go. The all-night resorts do their best to pick them clean. And not always by the most scrupulous methods.

I know of the case of a boy from out of town who was "carried" on credit in one of the clubs for a week. Full of bad liquor, he signed checks right and left—supper checks—checks for carbonated cider, masquerading as champagne. When he came to, they turned out to be promissory notes for more than five thousand dollars. His family had to get him out of the jam.

More people were dancing now. The small floor was packed. The whine of the saxophones seemed even more sensuous as the moving couples were swept with multicolored lights in fantastic patterns. At times their bobbing faces became ghastly—the faces of witches and satyrs—at others, one saw a revel of dryads and fauns.

A bare-legged debutante to whom I had been introduced paused for a moment at our table. Her escort was having an argument with the waiter.

"Why do you come to night clubs?" I asked with a smile.

She rolled her eyes soulfully toward mine. "I never realized until now," she whispered, "that it was to meet you." A moment later she had whirled off with her partner, giving me a rippling laugh.

Just then my friend the manager gave me a nod. I went over and joined him.

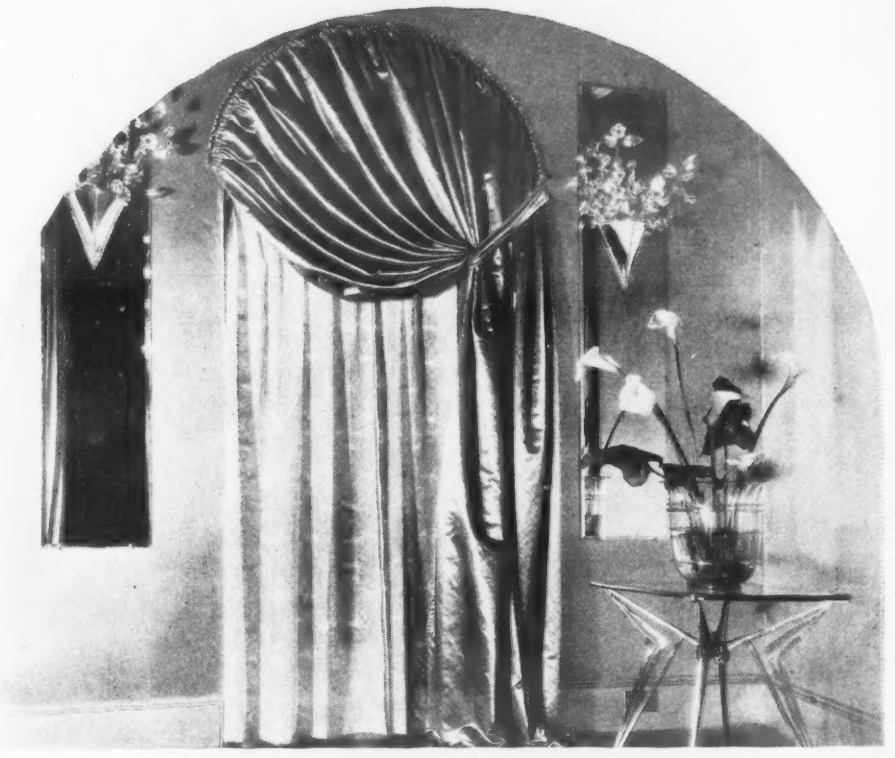
"You asked me, a while back," he said out of one corner of his mouth, "about our underworld customers. Want to see a couple of big shots?"

I nodded. His eyes moved toward a man and woman, dancing. The woman was quietly dressed, handsome, her bright hair just emerging from a bob. The man, stout, in his fifties, looked like a dignified but somewhat tipsy bishop.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"I can't tell you their names, of course. The woman is the sweetheart of a big gambler. Runs a floating crap game. She could give the police the lowdown on at least two underworld murders, if she wanted to and didn't know she'd be

(Continued on Page 189)



A striking curtain arrangement of Scranton Continental net, as presented to over 100 decorators at a recent style show held in the Hotel Biltmore, New York.

Tailored curtains are smart *and very practical*

THE decided style trend to tailored net curtains will especially please the woman who demands styles that are practical as well as pleasing. Tailored net curtains stay fresh so much longer, wear so much better and hang so much truer.

Scranton Designers have created a new group of patterns to meet both the increasing demand for tailored curtains and the growing popularity of modernism in decoration. See Scranton Continental nets and curtains at any leading Department Store. They range from the most moderate to the most expensive.

Send your name and address with 10c to the Scranton Lace Company, Dept. 205, Scranton, Pa., for booklet showing these designs and over 77 different ways to drape your windows.

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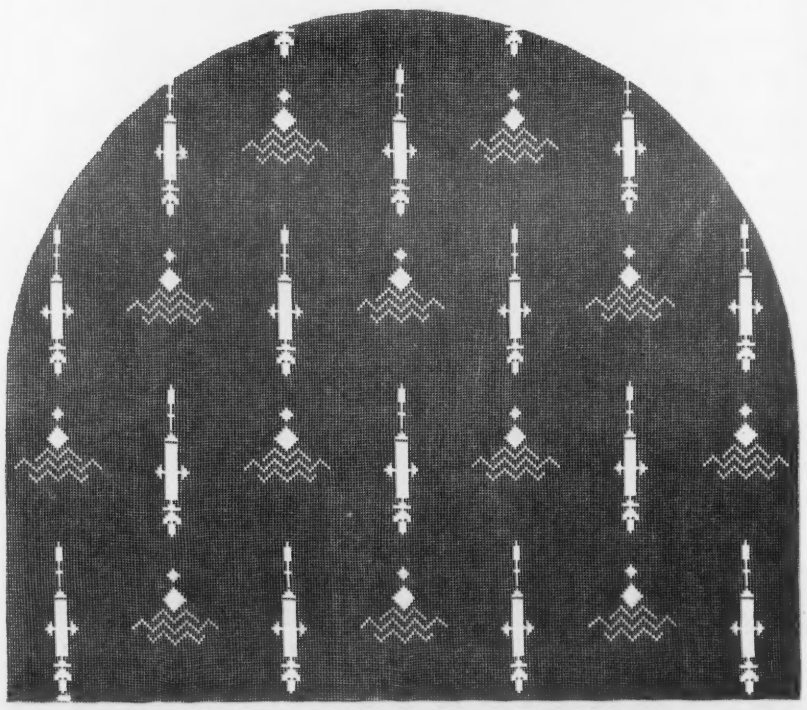

Continental Net No. 18722, 36 to 45 inches wide. Two tone. Filet Weave.

Mr. and Mrs. VAL are stepping out . .

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Valspar Quality
is now available
for every
Painting Problem!

The famous VALSPAR Boiling Water Test

"EVEN that 'charmed circle'—the Valspar trademark — couldn't hold us. We simply burst out to tell you the good news.

"You've used Valspar Varnishes and Stains on your natural finish woodwork, floors and furniture, Valspar Enamels to obtain gay, colored effects. Now your whole house, outside and inside, can be painted with Valspar.

"There's a complete line of new Valspar House Paints, Flat Wall Paints, Porch and Floor Paints—all with Valspar's supreme quality and immunity to water, weather and wear."

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

House Paints — Valspar House Paint is different from all other paints in that Valspar adds its supreme qualities of waterproofness and durability to the other perfect qualities of a pure lead and zinc paint. Valspar makes it waterproof and super-resistant to wear and weather. Comes ready-mixed in 18 popular colors in addition to white and black.

Flat Wall Paints — A new Valspar product expressly suited to interior decorative purposes that dries with the lovely mellow-softness so desirable for wall surfaces. Waterproof, washable and long-wearing—as are all paints containing Valspar. In 8 lovely light pastel tints.

Porch and Floor Paints — A paint for wood, cement or concrete surfaces subjected to unusual conditions of wear or weather exposure. Standard Valspar replaces the old-fashioned drier in this new paint, making it tough, durable and long-wearing. In 8 colors, particularly suited for floors and porches.

VALSPAR FINISHES

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(Continued from Page 187)

bumped off if she did. As it is she's scared stiff she'll be taken for a ride anyway, just on the chance she might talk. Can't sleep nights. That's why she comes here."

"And her partner?"

"One of the biggest booties in New York. Operates in carload lots. They say his place on the Jersey coast is like a palace. Well—he's got plenty of millions back of him. Needs to have, I guess, to swing his deals."

Astonishing, I thought, such a man rubbing elbows with young girls from Park Avenue, not yet out of their teens. Still, for all I knew, he might be doing business with their fathers. A lot of very respectable capital is used to finance the big bootlegging rings. Money gives them power. In Chicago rivals fight it out with machine guns. In the more effete East the bullets are gold instead of lead. Chicago, in this respect, is crude.

I stood for a moment watching the dancers. Many beautiful women. A sprinkling of young girls. Others not so smart, but still alluring. There is none of the restraint which might be felt in more conventional surroundings. So far as dancing is concerned, in night clubs the lid is off. Some of it is scarcely pretty. No matter how sophisticated a man may be, there are limits to what may be done in public. If not moral limits, at least those of good taste. But nobody seems to care.

Across the room I saw a woman, an actress, who had appeared in one of my plays. She writes a bit too. I went over to her.

"Hello," I said. "What are you doing in this den of iniquity?"

"Getting ideas. I suppose you are too."

"None that I expect to write home about."

"I see. Just looking them over, as it were. See any you liked?"

"Well—I'm not thinking of making any hard-and-fast offers."

"No?" she smiled. "I thought that Indian girl rather good. She certainly put all she had into her work."

"She certainly did. It's a way they have—in Harlem."

"Harlem?"

"Of course. The only thing Indian about her was her string of beads."

"You're observant, aren't you?"

"If I hadn't been, I'd probably have missed the beads. Like to dance?"

"No, thanks. I'm waiting for a friend. And besides, I can't compete with these modern youngsters. Not in night clubs, at least. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I prefer to make my little social slips in private. Public demonstrations of affection bore me. Look at that." She nodded toward a clinging couple. "Mere cover charges shouldn't let him out."

Alcoholic Overtones

A VERY wabbly young man, with "collegiate" written all over him, was dancing with a slim young girl. Their arms, their bodies, were interlaced, their eyes glassy.

"All wrapped up in their work, you might say," my friend went on. "Not an idea between them—or much of anything else. How these campus lads do love to burn the midnight gasoline."

Suddenly the couple crashed into a ringside table. Food, bottles, glasses slid to the floor in a mess. A dark-haired man rose, glaring; there seemed every prospect of a fight. But the college boy bowed and smiled his way gracefully out of it.

"Smooth lad," I said.

"He ought to be, oiled up like that. Here comes the boy friend. It's been nice, seeing you."

I said good night and went back to our table. Bob and Dolly were still on the floor. Beautiful dancers, both, it was a pleasure to watch them. I declined the advances of a coy flower girl, selling boutonnières of gardenias at five dollars each or what have you, bought from another good business woman cigarettes at about their weight in gold.

The music, a hit from one of the shows, had turned both the dancers and the orchestra into mad acrobats. Snare drum and brass ripped the air into crazy-quilt patterns. The waves of cigarette smoke, of perfume, of raw humanity had taken on alcoholic overtones.

Two men, with hot-eyed girls, rose from a near-by table, went out. As they passed I heard one of them say, "At the office at nine. I want you should see them new models." The other nodded unsteadily. If he attempted to select any dress models, with the hang-over I knew he would have, it might account for some of the weird creations we see about.

As the sight-seers leave, with busy days ahead of them, the real night-club hounds begin to appear. An astonishingly large number of people, in a city like New York, go to bed at daybreak, and breakfast long after noon. To the idle rich such habits come naturally, along with their inherited backgrounds of luxury and ease. The idle newly rich, having no backgrounds, spend much of their time trying to build up foregrounds. When midnight comes they find themselves, like the deceased atheist, "all dressed up and nowhere to go"—except the night clubs.

The Lure of Sex

ASTONISHING places, to which people go for astonishing reasons. I had heard a few, from the "Because they are damned fools" of the hard-boiled manager, to the classic remark of an ex-Follies girl: "What else is there to do until breakfast?"

Yet to the great mass of people the real lure of the night clubs, their siren call, may be found in that much abused word, "sex." That is their underlying motif—else why the sensuous decorations, the seductive lights, the super-risqué songs and dances, the naked girls, stripped to the legal limit and beyond? The atmosphere of such places reeks with it, the tight-clasped dancers sway to it, the music pounds it barbarically into their ears. With passions for the moment freed from conventional leashes, bored men and women seek in license an atavistic thrill.

It would not require much, I thought, gazing at the flushed and panting assemblage, to convert the scene into a phallic revel. The human elements were amply present. Only the setting was lacking. The maypole dances of the ancients, the pagan festivals, were held in sacred groves, surrounded by shaded bowers. I very much fear that, were someone to start a night club in such surroundings, the dance floor would not be at all crowded.

The music stopped. My friends came back to the table.

"Do you feel you would like to go?" I asked. It was close to three o'clock.

Dolly flashed me one of her amusing glances. "Didn't you say something about night clubs being trumps?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Well, I never renege. It's against the rules of the game."

"I was sure you wouldn't."

"Have you found out why people come to night clubs, yet?"

"I've heard a lot of different reasons," I laughed, picking up the menu card. "And thought of a new one. Maybe, after all, it's because they're tired of home cooking. Let's have something to eat."

My supper of wheat cakes and country sausage did not seem happy in its new surroundings. I slept badly that night—what was left of it. Finally I woke, to find a distinguished-looking gentleman in evening dress sitting on the edge of my bed. It was Satan. His face wore a dissatisfied smile.

"Why, hello!" I said. "What are *you* doing here?" I have been rather well acquainted with His Majesty, ever since I called attention to the advantages of his well-known winter resort in one of my

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books. But this was the first time he had paid me a formal call.

"I hear," he said, "that you've been investigating the night clubs."

"I've visited one or two."

"What do you think of them?"

"I feel that I should congratulate you on your business acumen. They're quite like the real thing."

Satan sat for a moment staring at me, then shook his head. "I'm just a little disappointed in them," he muttered.

"Why so? There seemed very little lacking."

"You've heard, no doubt, the saying, about my always finding mischief for idle hands to do. You didn't see any idle hands—or feet—in the night clubs, did you?"

"No. Everyone seemed to be very busy."

"That's just it. Eating, drinking, dancing. A waste of time, of course. I'm getting much better results from parked cars. People need leisure, and privacy, to do anything really wrong. I've simply got to think up some way of improving the night clubs."

Blue Ribbons

(Continued from Page 17)

If, by any means of persuasion, Thais could be induced to enter Loch for the Garth Country Club show all would be well. For there was not a collie judge alive who would not "gate" the luckless brute at first sight, ordering him ignominiously from the ring as unworthy to contaminate the company of aristocrats on exhibition, or else motioning him to a far corner, in silent contempt, to stand miserably there while other dogs received all the ribbons.

FEW women care to be made ridiculous. Thais, seeing the judge's contumely toward her dog and hearing the merciless titter of the onlookers, would be stung to flaming shame. She would see, once and for all, how laughably worthless was this cur she had been lured into thinking so splendid—and how wretched had been the gift. If this did not sicken her with Loch and Brent instantaneously, then Ron Taylor knew nothing of women.

It would be the psychological moment for Ron to come to her, the glittering prize cup in one hand and the matchless young collie led along by the other, and present both of them to her. He began to rehearse his presentation speech of whimsical tenderness, even before he took the first steps toward coaxing her into entering Loch for the approaching show.

That evening, Taylor called on Thais for the first time since his meeting with her collie. Fortune played right generously into his hands, even though Brent Willard also chanced to be there when he arrived. Willard and the girl were in high excitement.

"Listen, Ron!" exhorted Thais, almost before she had greeted the newcomer. "We've got the magnificentest idea! Brent spoke about it first; and since then we can't speak of anything else. Why, it's just plain providential that you came here this evening! You're so familiar with all that, and we aren't."

"All what?" asked the puzzled Taylor. "What is the 'magnificentest' thing that I'm so familiar with? I ——"

"Why, dog shows, of course. I thought I said so. We want to take dear old Loch to the Garth show next month! Isn't it a sublime notion? He can't help win everything in sight in the collie classes. Brent was reading in the paper today that there's to be a scrumptious big silver cup for the best collie. I've been to the Garth shows, and I never saw any collie there that could compare with Loch. Now we want to know how to get him entered into the show; and just as we're talking, here you come to tell us all about it."

"I'll be mighty glad to," acceded Taylor. "It's very simple. I'll write tomorrow to the show superintendent to send you an entry blank; and when it comes I'll be glad to show you how to fill it out."

After Ron had taken his departure—walking on air—it flashed upon Thais that he had done a manfully sportsmanlike thing in urging them on to show Loch, when the latter's presence in the ring would unquestionably mean defeat to the Inverlochry collies of which Taylor was so proud. She liked Ron better than ever before. Apparently there was something about the dog game which led its devotees to acts of sportsmanly self-sacrifice.

A week later a premium list and entry blank for the approaching show came to Thais in the morning mail. She had talked the matter over with Brent. They had decided it would be unkind to ask Taylor to do anything more toward aiding the defeat of his own dogs by making out the blank for them.

Through inquiries from a friend in his own office, Willard had gotten in touch with a professional dog handler who, for a small fee, would not only make out the blank correctly but would come to Garth, the day before the show, and, as he expressed it, "put down"—otherwise groom—Loch for his ring debut. This handler counseled Brent to have Loch entered for the Novice Class, as it was the easiest class of all for a hitherto untried dog and its blue ribbon was every bit as valuable as that in any harder class.

He explained further that if Loch should win a blue ribbon in this Novice Class, he would be eligible for the male Winners' Class and eventually for competition for the shining silver cup.

Brent told Ron Taylor of the arrangement, when they met on the train that evening. Promptly Ron sent in a set of postentries, putting four of his own finest dogs in the Novice Class. Loch's degradation was due to be as complete as Taylor could make it.

ON THE afternoon before the show Brent brought the handler up from the city with him and to Thais' home. There, noncommittally, the professional looked Loch over. Then, without comment, he fell to work deftly at his task of grooming, trimming the collie's luxuriant whiskers close to his nose, plucking out or shearing superfluous face hairs, grooming the kinky coat, rubbing talcum into the white frill and pipeclaying the four white paws.

Tersely, his work done, he instructed Thais how to guide the dog through his class. Then he took his leave. Brent walked with him back to the station. As the handler gave no sign of entering into speech, Brent asked:

"Well, what did you think of Loch? Pretty grand dog, hey?"

"I could see the young lady thought so," replied the handler. "That's why I kept my mouth shut. If you want my real opinion of the dog, on the square, here it is: He's the unchanciest tenth-rater I ever had the luck to clap eyes on."

"What?" babbled poor Willard, doubting his ears. "Say," he went on, "I don't care much for that kind of joke. It was I who gave Loch to Miss Lane."

"If you paid more'n ten dollars for him," retorted the handler, "you was stung something terrible. He's a mutt. That's the best I can say about him. That's the best any judge will say about him too. He's due for a gating, good and plenty, tomorrow. If he's the only dog in his class, the judge will withhold the blue ribbon and order him out. You're paying me and so I'm telling you the truth. You

(Continued on Page 193)

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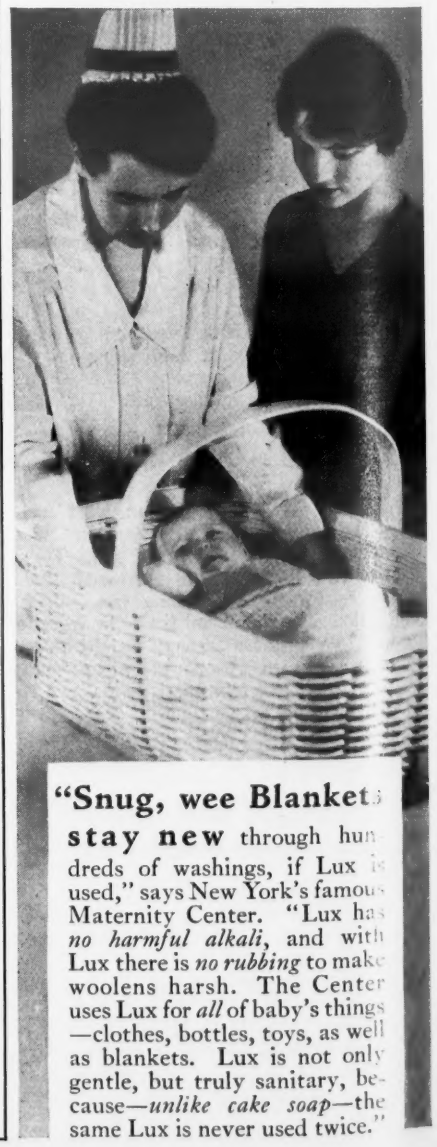

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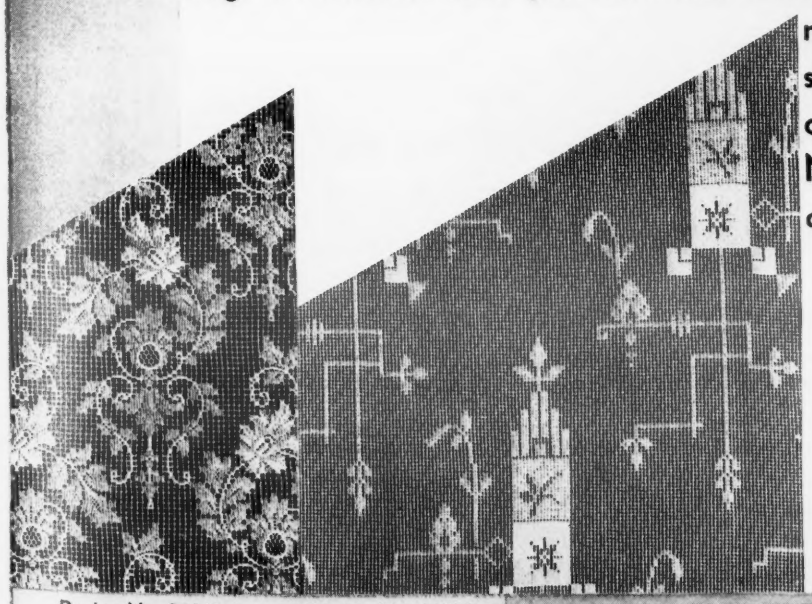

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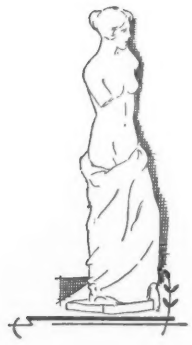

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(Continued from Page 190)

don't have to pass it on to the young lady. She'll know soon enough."

Brent Willard did not "pass it on to the young lady." But the revelation was with him, like an inescapable nightmare, all night and the next morning. He foresaw what must happen. He could foresee, too, the effect it must have on Thais' feelings toward the man who had given her the dog and who was thus responsible for her public humiliation. He recalled what Ron Taylor had said in praise of Loch; and he began to wonder.

For weeks Brent had been planning to ask Thais to marry him as he and she should be on the way home from the morrow's show, the silver cup between them and Loch lying triumphantly on the rear seat of the car. And now ——

Haggard and melancholy, Brent called at nine o'clock, next morning, in a borrowed car, to take Thais and Loch to the show. Thais was on the front porch, waiting for him, the overbrushed and underworthwhile collie tugging at his leash beside her. The sight of her vividly happy face made Willard yearn to wheel the car about and step on the gas and ride away at top speed for more than a million miles.

"HOLD Loch a minute, will you?" she greeted him. "I've got to go back for the card that admits him to the show. The one with his bench number on. He's awfully hard to hold this morning," she added, as she passed the straining and prancing dog over to Brent's keeping. "You see, that sulky-looking handler told me not to give him anything to eat for at least sixteen hours before the show—so that he'll look all alert and lively when I offer him a bit of fried liver in the ring. Loch always has his breakfast at eight o'clock. He's crazy to go back to the kitchen and get it. Hold him tight. I won't be gone a minute."

Brent stared miserably after her. He felt somehow as though he were about to strike a trusting child in the face. His grip on the leash relaxed as he dwelt on what the exposure must mean to his own chances. Loch gave a mighty tug and pulled free from the loosened grasp.

Around the side of the house tore the collie; straight thence to the screen door that barred him from the kitchen. Against this barrier he hurled himself, barking and clawing. The round face of the cook appeared behind the screen, just as Willard overhauled and recaptured the runaway.

"Poor little Lochie wants his breakfast dreadful bad, sir," commented the cook. "It's a shame to keep him starving so! But ain't it knowing of him to ask for it like that? That's how he always does. Whenever I'm only just a minute or two late in fetching it out onto the back steps for him, he comes a-scratching and a-barking at my kitchen door, like he was going to tear the screen to pieces, the dear little feller!"

Brent Willard led the reluctant dog around to the front of the house just as Thais returned with the identification card and admission ticket.

BLITHELY she chatted, as the car made its way out of the suburbs and up the hill toward the country club's grounds. A few minutes later Loch was lying sullenly on a straw-carpeted bench in the middle of the collie section at the Garth dog show. The car was parked. Having made the collie as comfortable as Loch's hunger and indignation would permit, Thais and Willard strolled along the line of collie benches for a look at the dogs with which theirs would have to compete.

"See," said Thais under her breath, "there isn't one of them that can compare with Loch. Not one. See their narrow heads and their long toothpick noses and their funny little eyes and lanky coats. It's almost a shame to win from them."

Ron Taylor had been bending over a bench, giving last touches with a dandy brush to the shimmering coat of an exquisite young dark sable collie—the peerless dog he designed for Thais, along with the silver cup. As Thais was speaking, Ron straightened up and greeted her.

"Hello," said he. "Your dog looks in grand shape this morning. What do you think of this young collie of mine?"

MORE out of courteous pity than from any real admiration for an animal so different from Loch, the girl bent down to stroke the young prize winner's classic silken head. But Taylor's dog was one of those not-over-rare collies that cannot abide the sight or touch of a feminine stranger. Also, his hair-trigger nerves were on edge at the noisy and smelly strange surroundings of this, his first dog show.

He rewarded the caress with a petulant snap. One of his curved eyeteeth grazed Thais' thumb, starting a little line of blood drops. Thais shrank back with an involuntary cry. Taylor struck the snapping dog across the head with his clenched fist, in a gust of fury at the untimely assault, which threatened his own carefully laid plans.

"I'm so sorry!" Taylor was blithering. "Did he break the skin? Let me see. I ——"

"I'm sorry, too," rejoined Thais coldly, as she moved away. "I'm sorry you couldn't find any better way of showing your inferiority to the poor nervous dog than by beating him with your fist."

Brent at her side, she went haughtily back to the bench where hungry Loch fidgeted and fumed. Taylor glared after her in black and helpless fury.

Then, down the aisles came a white-coated "runner," bawling the numbers of the dogs entered in the class for male collie puppies.

"Novice Class comes next," announced Thais, consulting a memorandum. "We must give Loch one more brushing and then take off his collar and slip the ring leash over his neck. Stand up, Loch. Here's your ring leash."

Loch had been spending the entire morning in greater and greater hunger. An ardent trencherman, he was missing his wonted breakfast more every minute. Not for many months had he been forced to go hungry for sixteen whole hours. Always, hitherto, when his food had not been ready on the stroke of eight, his first clamorous assault on the kitchen's screen door had brought forth the cook with his feed dish in hand. This morning, just as the cook had appeared at the door, Brent had dragged him away to this disgusting place of noise and foodlessness. If only he could get out of here and back to the kitchen door, behind which waited his heaping tin dish! But the collar and its chain held him prisoner.

THEN, by some kind miracle, Thais was taking off his collar and was trying to slip a thinner loop over his neck. Now or never was Loch's chance of escape—his chance to get back to where a big breakfast most surely awaited a half-starved collie.

He ducked nimbly under Thais' outstretched hand. One leap landed him on the floor of the aisle. Disregarding the dual recall shout of Thais and Willard, he dashed from the show grounds and found the road leading homeward. At the end of that road lay breakfast.

Out of the marquee, almost at Loch's heels, sped Thais and Brent. Their calls failing to halt his breakfastward dash, they made for the car and boarded it and set it in motion. Loch must be caught and brought back to the show, with no loss of time. The rules on the entry blank had stated most positively that if a dog was not present when his class was called the class would be judged without him.

Good-by, then, to blue ribbons and to silver cup, unless Loch could be overhauled and brought into the ring by the time the Novice Class should be called! That

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would be in another ten minutes, at most.

Brent, at Thais Lane's tearful command, stepped on the gas—if with a sick heart. If only Loch should manage to elude them until after his class was judged, he could not be shown at all, and the evil would be averted. Thais need never know he was a mutt.

Down the hill and into the suburb itself raced Loch. Once the car all but caught up with him. But a traffic signal was against it. A halt ensued—a halt maddening to Thais, hope-reviving to Brent.

A policeman was making his leisurely way along Sunset Terrace in the pretty suburb of Garth. His work today was perfunctory. Because of the dog show, the street was all but emptied of its inhabitants. Slowly, majestically, he swaggered along. Then of a sudden he made a skittish sidewise hop. Close beside him had dashed a collie dog, running at express-train speed and almost upsetting the man.

The dog whizzed into the backyard of a house just ahead. Round the corner of the house sped the collie to the screened kitchen door, whence instantly emerged a fanfare of loud and threatening barks and a sound as of the frantic tearing of wire screen netting.

Even as the policeman checked his leisurely stroll at this ungodly racket, the front door of the house burst open. From the doorway emerged two men, at top speed and in evident terror. Straight into the vigilant patrolman's arms they dashed, just as a car drew up at the sidewalk.

Sim Terry and his side-kick, Baldy Tod, had watched the almost empty Lane house until they had seen the cook—its last remaining occupant—waddle over to the kitchen next door for an hour's tea and gossip. Then, with entire ease, they had let themselves into the house and had fared to the dining room.

A SACK was half filled with table silver when, all at once, they were disturbed by a terrific barking at the screen door of the kitchen and a rending of the door's wire. A murderous watchdog was tearing his way through the screen to attack them—the dog which, an hour earlier, they had seen borne off in a car to the show!

All of which Thais Lane and Brent Willard had witnessed from their just-halted car, at the curb. They saw everything, but, even as did the policeman, they saw nothing aright.

Next morning the following dispatch was printed to a greater or less extent in a thousand papers throughout the country:

Guided by the mystic sixth sense which is common to so many high-bred dogs and is so mysterious to mere humans, Loch, a magnificent champion collie owned by Miss Thais Lane, of 99 Sunset Terrace, Garth, Pennsylvania, realized suddenly at the Garth dog show, yesterday, that all was not well at home. He tore free from the chain that bound him to his bench and made for the exit. Deaf to the cries of his mistress, whom, usually, he obeys with unquestioning fidelity, he galloped home.

There, by that same mystic sense, he discovered that burglars were looting the premises. The front door was shut. The house's regular occupants all were absent. Flying around to the back of the house, he found a single screen door between himself and ingress.

He flung himself at this stout metal screen and was tearing his way inward, when two sneak thieves, alarmed at his efforts to get at them, ran out of the house by way of the front door, and were captured after a fierce struggle by Patrolman Silas Q. Gusepple, of the Garth police force.

Miss Lane had entered the hero collie at the local dog show where experts confidently expected him to bear away all prizes. He missed the show, but he annexed higher glory, Miss Lane declared, than if he had won all the blue ribbons and cups in the world.

The local Civic League, at its meeting, last night, unanimously voted Loch a $100 silver loving cup, in token of his splendid heroism, and for the widespread glory he has brought to the borough of Garth.

Reporters from two press associations and from both local papers and from three metropolitan dailies interviewed Thais and Brent. Then the truth of their story was verified with evident sincerity by Patrolman Silas Q. Gusepple. And the tale went forth to all the world. Loch's photograph, with Thais sitting proudly beside him, made the front page of both the Garth newspapers and of two metropolitan afternoon sheets.

LATE that night, just as he was going to sleep, Brent Willard remembered with a twinge of nausea the cook's remarks of the morning, concerning Loch's way of demanding his breakfast. It told him much. But, with a sigh of relief, he recollected that nobody had thought of interviewing the cook.

"I see Ronald Taylor won the silver cup with that horrid toothpick-nosed collie that bit me," said Thais when she and Brent met on her veranda, in the evening of the following day. "But there were only a few lines in the evening paper about it, on a back page somewhere. And Loch had a whole column or more—a column that began on the front page too! He's gotten fifty times as much fame and praise as if he had won all the blue ribbons there are. He ——"

"He has indeed," agreed Brent worriedly. "The grand old dog!"

"I'll never be nervous about burglars again, as long as Loch lives," enthused Thais.

Brent drew a deep breath. He had felt all day that he had no right to let the girl he loved go on deceiving herself as to Loch's heroism and his psychic powers. Let the press and the world at large believe the printed version. But Thais ought to be told the truth, even though Willard cringed from the thought of giving her pain. It might be more honest, too, to tell her Loch was not the gorgeous show dog she thought him. The man steeled himself to the abhorred task.

"I—I've got a confession to make," he began haltingly. "It's hard to work up my nerve to make it, but the time has come for it. I ——"

Thais' soft laugh cut in on his words, and she leaned toward him in the dusk.

"I know, dear," she said in a half-whisper. "I know how hard it is for you. I've been noticing it for weeks and weeks, and wondering why you never spoke."

"For weeks?" he blithered, dumfounded. "But I ——"

"A girl always knows when a man—cares," she answered tenderly. "He doesn't have to make a 'confession' to her. She can tell when he loves her—especially if she loves him just every bit as much."

She paused, scared at her own words. Willard was staring blankly at her. In sudden fright she demanded:

"That was the confession, wasn't it, Brent? If it wasn't ——"

"Yes!" fairly yelled Willard, slaying his conscience qualms in one deliriously happy instant. "Yes! Of course it was, girl of mine! You know it was!"

PUP—"I DON'T THINK THAT'S FAIR! I WIN THE PRIZE CUP AT THE SHOW, BUT THERE ISN'T A DOG BISCUIT IN IT"

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Home economists and gas companies recommend this advanced device enthusiastically. But remember, you can't buy it alone. It is part of the range itself.

So if you are laboring under the handicap of an old-fashioned range, ask your dealer to show you one that provides the AutomatiCook for your convenience. He will gladly tell you more of its advantages.

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The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook—very complete—attractively illustrated. Send 25c for your copy.

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FREE: Check either of the offers below, and you will receive in addition a special free packet of Pinaud's new Powder: ☐ *Send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.* ☐ *for 25c enclosed send 2 weeks' supply of Pinaud's Cream. (Underline the* type *and* color *of powder your complexion requires* ❧ NORMAL; OILY; DRY; WHITE; FLESH; FLESH-RACHEL; RACHEL; LIGHT *or* DARK SUNBURN ❧ *and mail this coupon to* PINAUD, *Dept. L. H. 10, 220 East 21st St., New York, or in Canada to 560 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario)*

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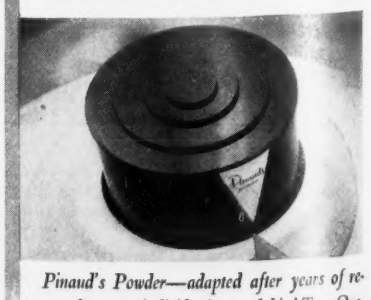
Lightly, swiftly spread Pinaud's Cream on your face. Then, in clear fresh water, wash it away. *Magically it vanishes—leaving your skin cleansed, toned, suppled as never before! Now—*



Pinaud's Powder—adapted after years of research to your individual type of skin! Type One, for the skin inclined to oiliness; Type Two, for the skin inclined to dryness. Six shades.

The Green Complex

(Continued from Page 35)

Dick laughed. "That's just like you! When I have a first-class melancholia to cuddle, you blow it up. So I'm hunting for a man with a happy shirt?"

"A happy man with a shirt."

XIII.

PORKY was huddled in a corner of the courtyard next door. The die having been cast, he was inwardly calm, philosophical, even ironical. The rain did not bother him, for all its autumnal chilliness.

The best guy in the world. That's what hurt. Porky Mallory couldn't carry him this time across No Man's Land to safety. Shock. Words wouldn't do any good; Handsome had to be shocked. He would have to be given a whale of a shock. That was the one hope of turning the crocked bean right side up.

Two birds with one stone. To shock Handsome disposed of the second bird. The first bird would be the hardest. To enter that jane's apartment, pick up a jewel—any kind so long as it was precious—leg it back to Handsome and give him the works. That would bring him around.

Porky did not lie to himself that it was a grandiose gesture for his buddy's sake. He knew that within a few hours he had become obsessed with the idea of playing the game once more. The thrill of thrills—to risk death or capture in the dark!

Because boredom had set too heavy a hand on him.

When Porky heard the faint blare of the whistle from the faraway Gare d' Orleans he ventured out of his corner. In his predatory repertoire were three animal attributes—the agility of a monkey, the silence of a cat and the cunning of a fox. He had the lie of the land perfectly. In the hotel courtyard was a ladder. If that was still there, his difficulties were half over.

On the wall outside the courtyard where he had hidden himself all this time was a sign with which he was now familiar—*A louer*. The house next to the hotel was vacant and for rent.

He lightly dropped into the hotel courtyard. He found the ladder easily.

UNDER the hotel roof were the servants' quarters, and two windows were still marked brightly by lights within. He must wait for these windows to darken.

The wind was rising; the slanting rain stung his cheeks. What a joke it would be if he ran into Handsome!

Ah! The servants had piled into bed. Another half hour to wait; it dragged almost unendurably. He could hear the sudden swish of the rain as it lashed across the cement flooring of the courtyard. He could feel the muffled drum of it on his head and shoulders. But it was not cold enough to interfere with the suppleness of his fingers. And these fingers wouldn't leave any prints on the ladder rounds; the rain would take care of that.

He raised the ladder and swung it gently toward the ledge of the first window—the corridor window. The young jane with the necklace lived on the right of the hall. From the street he had seen her gazing from the window.

The corridor window was doorlike. Inside the handle fell into a catch, impossible to manipulate except by removing a corner of the glass. This was not particularly laborious; it took time, that was all. Presently he flung the bit of glass into the next courtyard. Fingerprints on that. Then he reached in and slowly raised the barrier. He entered the hotel. Next, with his handkerchief he rubbed out such prints as he could not help making. Then he drew on a pair of gloves. He did not like the necessity of closing the window after him, but the force of the wind demanded it. He would have liked the window open, his exits all clear.

The corridor was thickly carpeted. He squatted down, straining his ears for any human sound. The silence would have been positive but for the pulse in his ears. Was he as good at it as he once had been? He was in a strange city, in a strange country. Would the New York way do here in Paris? Well, he would soon find out.

Luck was with him; and presently he stood within a dark room. Perfume. This was the living room, he knew. Probably the jane had thrown her wrap on a chair or a lounge. Gently he pressed back the door, but he did not let the latch sink into the socket.

Dimly he could see the outlines of a door. This was what he wanted. The bedroom would be behind this door. And not a chance in a thousand that it would be locked. He carried with him a novelty, a flash light not much larger than a fountain pen. Objects could be focused without ceiling reflections. He could hear the rhythmic ticking of a clock. He searched with the point of light for the door knob. He felt assured that there would be no rasp in turning this. In a hotel, doors did not creak.

HE SPREAD his fingers firmly around the knob and began to turn steadily till it no longer moved. He then pushed the door inward, so slowly that half a minute passed before the space was wide enough for him to enter. Here the perfume he had encountered in the living room was stronger. Hence this would be the bedroom. Heliotrope. He cupped his ear with a palm. Sighs, the exhalations of a sound sleeper. This sound gave him the lie of the room. The dresser would be at the right of the window. If the jewel box lay on the dresser the most delicate job of the night would be to lift a necklace. Without the uttermost care the stones would click or slither.

People are awakened by innumerable things, among them being light, thirst, an uncomfortable position, and that inexplicable feeling that someone is in the room.

The pencil point of light ranged about. Into the focus came the glitter of a brass handle. The dresser. Upon this was a beautiful Florentine leather case. Porky knew what it was—a jewel case. If locked he would take the case; unlocked, any kind of a necklace, so long as it had the feel of preciousness. And the first object that came to hand was a heavy necklace. He shut off the point of light and paid out the strand from his left hand into his right. With the same meticulous care he slipped the necklace into the side pocket of his coat.

"Who's there?" The demand was in English.

Porky took a deep breath and dashed for the door.

A THUNDEROUS explosion and a blaze of light followed this action. The woman had instinctively fired in the direction of the door. Porky felt his arm swing back violently. He was hit. Then came the agility of the monkey in good stead. Into the living room, out into the corridor, with lightning speed, through the window to the ladder, down which he ran. With one hand he turned the ladder toward the wall over which he had recently climbed. Up the ladder and into the next courtyard and out through the unlocked gate. He had seen to it that it was unlocked. If the police were about he was done. His wits were almost supernaturally keen and his muscular coördination perfect. With his

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right hand he put his left—numb for the present—into the pocket of his coat. That way, the blood would not show. The Avenue d'Jéna was empty save for an automobile by the curb. Toward this he ran, and finding it empty, the door unlocked, he jumped inside.

The Boulevard Saint Michel was very far away!

Funny thing! In the old days, at the bark of that gat, he would have promptly given himself up. Yellow. And he wasn't yellow any more. The numbness in his arm began to give way to hot pain, which rolled up to his neck and down to his fingers. He set his teeth and ground them. A woman, to shoot like that in the dark! Handsome had picked some jane!

Presently two policemen in glittering rubber capes shot past the cab window. Porky leaned so that he could watch them. When he saw them enter the hotel—where he knew they would be for ten minutes or more—he got out of his hiding place and walked rapidly toward the Pont d'Jéna and the Seine. All that was necessary was to reach the old *pension*.

WHEN Barclay returned to the room the absence of Porky disquieted him. He might have exposed his wealth, been set upon and robbed. Porky was clever; but a big clever man was always more than a match for a little clever man. Investigation, however, showed that Porky had left the bulk of his seven hundred and fifty in the first-aid pack. Prowling. Porky was not the breed that gets lost; like the homing pigeon, he could always find the way home. Moody, and was walking it off.

Barclay looked out of the window. Raining pitchforks. Tight ropes. He was through. When Porky returned he would give him a jolt. . . . An hour passed. What was that? Steps? Slow and heavy steps on the stairs . . . along the hall. The door swung in slowly. Barclay saw Porky, pale and haggard.

"Porky!" he cried, appalled by the sinister portents of this vision.

"Ye-ah." Porky fumbled in the right pocket of his coat and drew forth a necklace, tossing it across the intervening space to the counterpane. "Nice little job too. . . . Beat yuh to it!"

Emeralds! The words teeming in Barclay's brain became unlinkable entities.

"That joint in the Avenue Hoche, big boy. . . . . Stickin' 'em up in Montmartre. . . . All those nights yuh left me alone. . . . Ye-ah! Handsome, yuh sure picked some jane! Now listen an' don't argue." Porky walked unsteadily to the washstand. "Take off the pitcher." Barclay obeyed mechanically. "Now pour the water down the left arm, shoulder down. . . . That's it! . . . Gees!" For the cold water against the burning would cause unspeakable agony.

"Blood? Good God, Porky!"

"Some jane!"—dreamily.

And Porky Mallory—military cross with citation—leaned queerly against his buddy and closed his eyes.

XIV.

PORKY, who had fainted, would have fallen if Barclay had not caught him. Which released Barclay's mind from the incipient paralysis which gripped it. Questions could be asked later. Porky had been shot. So Barclay became once more the soldier.

In the wicker suitcase were two first-aid kits. These he got. Quickly but carefully he stripped Porky to the buff. When he found that the wound was only a flesh wound, with no bullet to extract, serious only for the blood lost and the nervous shock, Barclay's relief expressed itself in hiccuping sobs.

"All right, buddy?"

"Ye-ah. Any cigs around?"

Barclay produced one and held the match.

"What have you done, Porky? Dear God, what have you done? Whose emeralds are those?"

"The jane's." Porky set his teeth for a moment. "There wasn't any arguin' with yuh. A little off the bean an' yuh ain't hep. All the nights yuh left me alone, I didn't worry. I thought yuh was workin' up the passport stunt. Whenever we went bust, yuh always turned up with enough for a week more. Borrowed. Uh-huh. Then I see yuh trim that major an' frisk him an' duck down to the joint in the Avenue Hoche. . . . An' I'd taught yuh how to do it!"

"Porky, just what do you mean? I don't get you"—bewilderedly.

"WHY, you're shell shock, Handsome. An' yuh got this complex thing. Yuh had to have that jane's beads. An' I knew yuh couldn't make the grade. So I beat yuh to it. What's the odds? There's somethin' I ain't told yuh. When I went A. W. O. L. with yuh, I whistled for ten to twenty years to come an' get me."

"What! Just for going A. W. O. L.?"

"Y' don't get me. I fell down on that last job in New York. The dicks were gettin' wise. If Uncle Sam catches me they'll dig up stuff; then they'll turn me over to the civies. Y' mesmerized me that day. But I hadda go with yuh. I *hadda!* So this little job was to keep yuh out of the racket an' try out my hand. I'm good, Handsome; but that jane ain't afraid o' nothin'."

Barclay sat down on his own cot and bent his head in his hands. Tight ropes—this time without a safety net below!

"Porky, what have I done to you?"

"Aw!"

Barclay knew that he would never survive this grief. Of all the men—excepting his father—he had known, this one out of the slums meant most to him.

"You thought I was shell shock?"

"Sure! Why not? Yuh walk all the way from Coblenz to see the jane who'd bounced yuh into the hall because your father had disinherited yuh. Yuh see her. Right off the bat yuh see another jane, an' the war is on again. Sockin' the major on the jaw an' takin that stone. . . . If that ain't crazy, what is? Shock for shock, says the medico. We are here, Lafayette! Ye-ah. That night I got yuh soused . . . I went through your other hide-out. Couldn't find no loot; but there was twenty thousand francs in a book. Tell *that* to your Aunt Rhody!" Porky knotted his jaws. "I didn't know they was emeralds. Some jane, though. Yuh pick 'em hard-boiled, Handsome; hard-boiled."

THE rising horror drove speech and movement out of Barclay. Dumbly he listened; but he was beginning to understand. Stark nightmare! He could see his own acts as Porky saw them. Porky was in the main correct; John Adams Barclay *was* crazy! A species of madness, anyhow. He had wanted to walk tight ropes and at the same time set Porky on the right road. To skim the moon off the water!

"You've got it all wrong, Porky; all wrong."

"Ye-ah!"—sardonically. Then he made a grimace of pain. Gees! He'd still try to crawl out of it! Well, that's the way it went. Looked as if the shock was a dud.

"Did she see you?"

"Naw. It was dark. Took a chance at the door, where she thought I'd be."

"How shall I explain the truth to you?" Barclay gripped his hair.

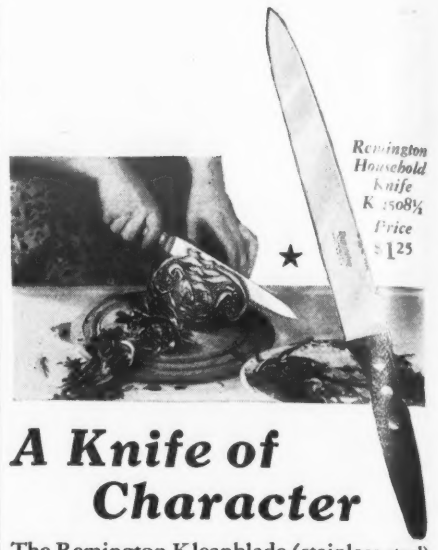
"Hey, hey!" Porky remonstrated.

"Hell! I *am* kind of crazy, Porky, but it isn't shell shock. We didn't go A. W. O. L."

"What's that?" cried Porky, his bloodshot eyes popping.

"We reënlisted for the term of three years, Porky. We were good soldiers; we played the game. I had influence through my father's friendships. You had to go home to complete your education and I to

(Continued on Page 201)



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The Remington Kleanblade (stainless steel) household knife, illustrated, has an 8½", ready-sharp, highly polished blade that will not rust or tarnish, fitted to a fine appearing walnut handle, made in one piece—without the usual unsanitary seam for catching and holding germs and dirt. It is not only a slicer for general purposes, but is distinctive enough in finish to serve as a carver at the dining table.

The Remington Kleanblade Knife, K4508½, is a knife of character, both in appearance and performance.

See it at your dealer's, or if he hasn't it in stock, send us his name with $1.25 and the knife will be forwarded promptly.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

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Lane Bryant

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LUCRETIA VANDERBILT
answers this important question for the women of America

Fashion in toiletries is as essential as fashion in dress. And my modern creations, known as Lucretia Vanderbilt Toiletries, are fully in keeping with the mode of today and tomorrow.

Originally compounded for my personal use, these Aristocrats of Toiletries were but recently introduced to the fashionable women of America.

And now I will reveal the secret of their popularity! A seductive, provocative odeur that suggests all the mystery, the gaiety, the charm of old France . . . an odeur with instant and lasting appeal . . . to milady . . . and to him who does her honor.

My perfume, powder, lipstick and compacts all breathe the same exotic scent. And each of these smart toiletries is encased in a rich blue and silver container that adds so much to the personality of these Aristocrats of Toiletries.

* * *

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact. The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 101 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Conn., mentioning dealer's name and address and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

PERFUME: The smartest of perfumes. Sensually oriental. Comes in a gorgeous blue Parisian crystal flask with silvered base, in fadeproof satin receptacle, lined in silver. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills, $4 and $6.

FACE POWDER: In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt Perfume. The downy velour puff is fastened in and kept separate from the powder. Price, $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

DOUBLE COMPACT: Contains powder, Natural or Rachel, and rouge in Medium, Crimson or Vivid. When opened, the thin metal case reveals powder, rouge and mirror, a handy and time-saving feature. Price, with metal mirror and two puffs of downy wool, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

TRIPLE COMPACT: Identical with my Double Compact, except that a dainty Lucretia Vanderbilt Lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

LIPSTICK: Four shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite. The latter, when applied, changes from an orange tint to vivid red, according to skin texture. The stick moves in and out, pencil-fashion. Price, $1. Refills, 50¢.

PERFUME: *Purse Size:* My seductive perfume, in a dainty flask for the purse. Enclosed in soft leather of rich blue . . . quite the smartest and most intimate of beauty accessories. Price, $2.50.

Lucretia Vanderbilt

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

*Customer's Name*_____

*Address*_____

L. H. J., Oct.

Here is the new undergarment that delighted *Poiret*

Poiret's afternoon frock "Quelques Fleurs" is of navy crêpe satin embroidered in a many-color flower motif. Gilet, collar and cuffs are of white georgette. The Carter's underwear Poiret selected is a sleek bandeau-combination (Style 146). Tailored band-cuffs at the short knee.

French couture houses select models for wear beneath autumn styles . . .

. . . with his extraordinary feeling for line . . . Poiret has made a tremendous contribution to dress in bringing gown and figure into real harmony. It was natural, therefore, that he should select a beautifully-cut Carter's rayon combination over which to fashion this charming frock.

" . . . over this cleverly-cut underwear," Poiret says, "my originations will be worn as I would have them."

The fashionable new designs, the beautiful fabric of Carter's underthings delighted the great Paris houses. Jenny, Suzanne Talbot, Premet, O'Rossen—each selected favorite models for fall.

In his enthusiasm, Poiret has given a favorite color, *Peachglow*, to these rayon underthings! Worth contributed the new *Venus Pink;* Premet, his thrilling *Rose Flamant.* The other wanted tints come in Carter rayons, too.

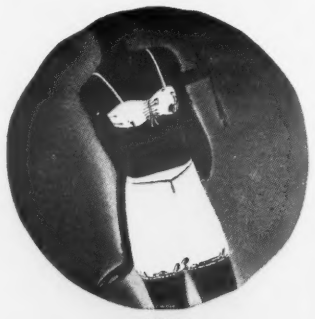
With ordinary fine-fabric care, Carter's rayon stays lovely because made by Carter's special process that makes it last and last. The William Carter Company, Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Station.

French couturiers endorsing Carter's rayon underthings are: CHÉRUIT · JENNY · LANVIN JANE RÉGNY · O'ROSSEN · PREMET · WORTH LOUISEBOULANGER · SUZANNE TALBOT.

Premet's choice is the practical combination with a chemise top (Style 131), the smart, short knee ending in a knitted cuff.

•

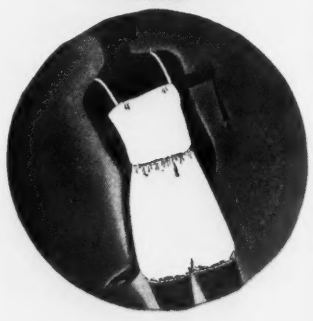
This bandeau-top tailored combination (Style 150) is excellent for every type of figure.



Suzanne Talbot selected this youthful bandeau at right (Style 254) with low back of firm elastic ribbon, and short little bloomers having a flattering yoke-front (Style 300).

•

Jenny uses this smartly-cut vest, lower right, (Style 46) with well-placed straps, and trim knickers (Style 304) with elastic waist and knee.



Carter's

REG U S PAT. OFF.

RAYON UNDERWEAR

it stays new

(Continued from Page 198)

take charge of a great estate. My father did not disinherit me. But that part can wait. I asked for both of our discharges, for the good of the service, as they say. I had an idea about you. You were always bragging, Porky, that you were too clever for the New York police. I feared that when you returned to New York you would drift back into the game. For the thrill of it. You aren't the criminal type; you're only adventurous and up the wrong alley. I liked you. There was something fine and clean in you. I wanted to make it stand up. I did not doubt your willingness but your ability to go straight. I wanted to give you your chance. But first you had to feel the sweat of the hunted man. You had never known what that was—to be *hunted*. Our regimental commander was a good scout. I told him what I had in mind—part of it. So he handed the discharges to me privately and tipped off the noncoms to omit us from the roll without explaining what had happened, leaving the boys somewhat in the air."

PORKY closed his eyes. The cigarette hung pendulous from his lips, dead.

"I'm a queer bird, Porky. Up to the Jordan incident I was a shy beggar, not knowing much about the world I lived in. I wrote poetry. I was going to be a great novelist—the fame-without-money kind. I didn't know anything about women. All through the war and the peace service I boiled with bitterness. I had been terribly disillusioned. I became a misanthrope—or I thought I had. I was only a green young ass! After the Big Push, the Big Flop. On my word, Porky, if the discharges had been refused I would have gone A. W. O. L. As it was, I couldn't let well enough alone. I had to have thrills when there weren't any more. I boiled with reckless notions. Maybe there is a screw loose. But I think everything tightened up that day I saw Nita in the Luxembourg. Well, I sent our discharges by mail to Paris. All the way in from Coblenz I had a thousand dollars in the back of my coat. Discharges I wasn't going to use. Money I wasn't going to spend. For the thrill of it. I left you tonight to bring over the discharges."

"Gees!" whispered Porky.

"To give you the feel of a hunted man. And have a chuckle while I did it. Sport. Knowing that if I got into a serious mix-up I could get us both out of it. When we took the gun away from that M. P., we were actually civilians. What the law is I don't know. That chap run into me today, but I beat him to the subway . . . for the thrill of it. Walking tight rope, with a safety net under. I get your angle, Porky. To you I was off my bean. Not meaning to, I've forced you into the very corner I was striving to make you avoid. I'll take these stones back to the girl. She's a good scout. And then we'll take the first ship home."

Silence. Porky's eyes remained closed.

"SO YOU found those clippings? I couldn't help that chrysoprase business. There was no joke on that point. I went berserker. That stone means more to me than any other stone in the world. When I give myself, Porky, I give all of me. And when I gave that stone to Nita Jordan, I gave her my proudest possession. My father's lawyer mistrusted her. He had been a blood in his day and knew Broadway. I simply wouldn't believe it was my money. So I permitted him to plant that newspaper stuff about my being disinherited. It could be worked, for I was the sole heir. He was right and I was wrong. The truth about broke me."

Silence. Then Porky broke it.

"Say, we oughta go over to the Graves' Registration an' look ourselves up. Maybe we're dead an' buried an' don't know it. Now, where do we go from here? We gotta go somewhere—fast!"

"Is that all you have to say, Porky?"

"Aw, hell! Tryin' to help me, wasn't yuh? I'm the guy that's thrown the monkey wrench. Wanted to show yuh what a smart guy I was. I hadda do it, Handsome, foolin' myself that it was on your account. If that jane o' yours hadn't had that gat. . . . Snap out of it!"

Absently Barclay picked up the emeralds. Square-cut, from the Muzo or Coscuez mine in South America, worth a fortune.

"I'll get you out of this jam somehow."

"Sure!"

"Take it easy while I clean up the mess. The slavey mustn't find anything." Half an hour later Barclay looked down at Porky. "Will you be all right if I leave you for a while?"

"Where yuh goin'?"—anxiously.

"Taking your togs over to the Avenue Hoche. You must have some clothes. There's some veronal in my grip. And I've got to hide the necklace. I'll be gone about an hour."

"I'll be here when yuh come back"—with gentle irony.

Presently, with the suitcase, Barclay went forth into the night and the rain.

For a long time Porky stared at the blank door panels.

"The best guy in the world!" he murmured. "But how was I to know? How the . . . hell . . . was I to know?"

XV.

BARCLAY handled his actions carefully. No bewailing this ugly buffet of fate; there would be plenty of time for that later. Action! He avoided cabs till he reached the Quai d'Orsay. Here he got into one and dismissed it at the Arc de Triomphe. He completed the journey on foot.

He was reasonably sure that the police, if possible, would keep the news of the theft out of the newspapers. Of the Parisian dailies he had no fear. The New York Herald would be his *bête noire*. If it got hold of it! The Prefecture wanted crooks, not glory; and crooks, if they could be lulled into a sense of security, would sooner or later expose their hand. The European crook has not yet been intrigued by the spotlight as has his American cousin. To broadcast the fact that a rare emerald necklace had been stolen would have served to shut the mouths of the whole underworld of Paris.

But if the police found a trace of blood! Every doctor, every apothecary, every cabby would be questioned. Every stool pigeon would be notified that a wounded burglar was at large. But Porky had an excellent chance of remaining in safety and obscurity. He was unknown, he had escaped unseen; and by stuffing his hand into a pocket he had likely left no trail outside the hotel.

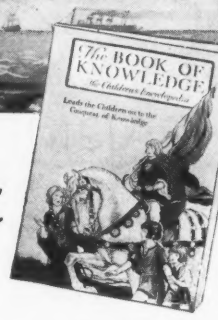
But the damnable irony of it all!

UNCONSCIOUS of the rain, its driving force, the general atmospheric effects of the night, Barclay bored on to his destination.

Another thought came into his mind to increase his agitation. What would they be thinking here, in the Avenue Hoche, of the tenant they rarely saw? What would they think when they learned that a wounded companion was being taken care of there? A few hours ago it wouldn't have mattered what they thought. Danger. In every blind and open alley he saw the red light. The whole aspect of Paris had changed within an hour. He would not dare call in a physician; he would not dare take Porky to one. He must handle the job himself. A broken arm! That was a clever notion. That might happen to anyone. In a couple of days Porky could go about with his arm in a sling. The wound was not serious; the poor devil had lost a lot of blood, that was all.

Porky's clothes. He remembered these sinister garments, thrilling with horror. He could not hide them in the apartment. There must be absolutely nothing about to start an inquiry in this quiet and

FREE—This Booklet for your children



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This wonderful educational plan is the idea of a father who loved his child and was determined to give him the best possible start in the race for knowledge. He drew to his help other parents of like desire and long experience in writing for children. Together they studied the mind-processes of the child, and from their discoveries The Book of Knowledge grew. Boys and girls recognize here their own book, really made for them, telling them in clear, simple language and with unforgettable pictures the whole wonderful story of world-knowledge. The Free Book of 54 full-size pages will show you just how this great work captures the children's attention and holds their interest. Mail the coupon below and the Free Book will be sent to you at once.

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How About Their Underwear?

Is it as modern in style as today's smart little frocks and suits? Is it smooth-fitting and comfortable as your own foundation garments?

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For three generations, Minneapolis "M" Garments have been known for their fine quality, perfect fit, washability and up-to-date style. Ask for them by name.

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Write us if you can't find the garments you want.

respectable *pension*. He would have to throw the clothes into the Seine, on the way back, taking devilish good care that no one saw him.

He quietly entered his apartment and turned on the lights. There was a lounge. He could very well sleep on that for a few days, till Porky could comfortably go elsewhere. A hotel on the Rue de Rivoli would be the best place. Well dressed, his arm in a sling, Porky would practically be unobservable.

Barclay took out the emeralds. Much as he loved green things, these stones seemed to emit sardonic whispers, little chuckles of laughter, and repelled him. A fortune. He inspected each stone carefully. He knew emeralds; he had had his father's famous collection to play with.

Where could he hide them? A chambermaid poked about daily and twice a week a valet rummaged in the clothespress. Folly to keep them on his person. . . . The little bronze Buddha! The base plate was missing.

He then sat down, wiping his forehead. Suddenly he burst into laughter, not noisily—the kind of laughter that is mirthless and often physically dangerous. The tinkle of metal gyves! He had invented a crime—a paper Frankenstein, turned into metal! And a motive so absurd that no sane mind could possibly accept it! It was all like a beautiful door, friendly, inviting; you opened it—to tumble into the *oublie-ettes!* Was he awake? Lord, wasn't this a nightmare?

ACTION! He opened the wicker suitcase, rolled Porky's clothes in newspapers and tied the whole into a compact bundle; then carefully scrubbed the inside of the suitcase, afterward filling it with appropriate clothes for Porky, albeit these would be somewhat roomy. The bundle would soon be floating down the Seine. It would be discovered, of course, and Paris would be given a new and ghastly murder—without a corpse. He blessed the darkness and the fury of the rain. Rogues as well as honest folk would keep indoors tonight.

He was driven from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Bastille. From there he proceeded on foot to the Pont d'Austerlitz—the bridge opposite the Jardin des Plantes. Midway across the bridge—between the lights—after having looked about carefully and found himself alone, he dropped the bundle into the Seine. A dim white patch seemed to hang in the air for a few seconds, then vanish. That was that. Then he followed the Quai to the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Twice he saw policemen. But a solitary pedestrian with a suitcase was scarcely an object for suspicion, even at this time of the morning.

And how was he to get these infernal emeralds back to the girl? The girl in green, with her vivid blue eyes, with her chestnut hair, with her forthrightness and graceful and vigorous body! Dick Allison . . . Probably her father had called her that, wanting a boy. A thought took Barclay literally by the throat. Why, he must never have speech with her again! For no cause, under no circumstance, should he involve Porky.

Perhaps Porky was right—his buddy was cuckoo. To plot a harmless comedy of pranks and to have the Prompter make a tragedy out of it!

Dick Allison. She had witnessed his flight before the M. P.'s. He couldn't go to her and tell her the truth, for her mind would be too sane to accept it. And yet he must get those emeralds back to her, by hook or crook.

The whole business was unfair!

XVI. "HOW do you feel?"

"Oh, kinda sick," answered Porky.

"You mean nausea?"

"Naw. Just sick o' bein' one damn boob after another. Ain't I clever—pickin' up things all by myself? Ain't I the Smart Aleck? The wise guy?"

"Sh! Not so loud!" Barclay laid his hand on the sound shoulder. "Buddies, old scout; buddies. I'm a rich man. All I am and all I have, into the pot."

A man's tears sparkled in Porky's eyes—the salty sweat of pain, anxiety and misery. "Sure!"

"You're cured?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world! The idea got me, Handsome. Just the way yuh hadda take that stone from the major. One more round before the bar closes. Ye-ah. Will yuh do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"Beat it while the beatin' 's good. You ain't done nothin'. The bulls ain't got nothin' on you."

"Fifty-fifty, in jail or out. We missed the last step of the stairs, both of us; and here we are, on our necks. How's the arm?"

"'S all right. Yuh did a good job. Tomorrow it won't be any sorer 'n a trench boil"—optimistically. "I knew yuh wouldn't gimme the slope; but I hadda try yuh out. I won't give yuh no trouble, I'll do just as yuh say. But your janes are hard-boiled, Handsome"—with a grin. "What did yuh do with the suit?"

"Threw it into the Seine."

"At-a-boy! An' the stuff?"

"NO ONE will find it."

The following morning found Porky tolerably comfy. The arm was black and blue from the shoulder down and swollen, but there wasn't a trickle from the wound.

The exodus took place at nine. The landlady, having a month's rent in advance, offered no objections. The young Americans were going home; and that was well. She professed to regret their departure because Parisians are polite if you pay your bills promptly. If she noticed Porky's empty sleeve, she offered no solicitous inquiries about it.

"We aren't going to hide, Porky. They'll be combing the underworld for a while, and they'll never look for us in the high lights. Fouquet's isn't far from here; and what you need now is a rare beefsteak. I'll cut it for you. And keep your head."

Porky smiled grimly. "Handsome, that's where I shine—keepin' my head. I wouldn't be here if I hadn't kept it—that jane o' yours bein' what she is."

Great was their relief, at the end of that day, to learn that none of the newspapers—French or English—carried a line about the robbery in the Avenue d'Jéna. Which signified that the Prefecture had suppressed the story for reasons of state.

"Looks like my chrysoprase was working, Porky."

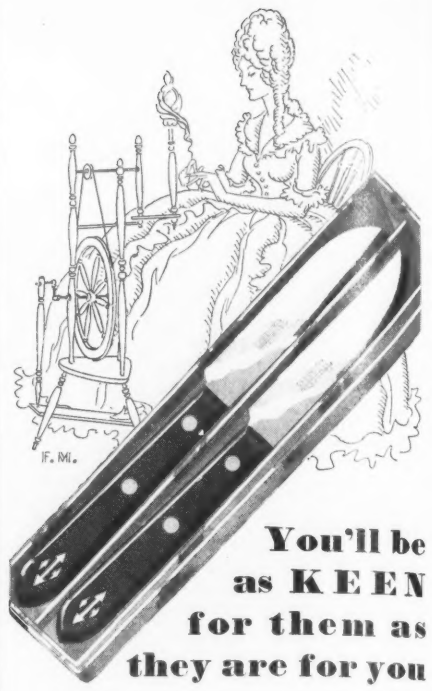
"Ye-ah. I'll say it's workin'!"

Porky smiled dryly. But for that stone, he knew for a certainty that they would not now be in this jam.

Their elation, however, in regard to the absence of news would have been considerably dampened could they have read the detailed report at the Prefecture. Upon a painstaking investigation it was determined that the *modus operandi* of the French crook was utterly lacking. Everything indicated a clever foreign hand. The door had been opened by a method quite new to the Prefecture. The cool daring of the crime, the colossal affront of it, precluded either the Continental or British professional. So it would be wise to question the managers of hotels most frequented by Americans. There was at large a desperate American criminal, either slightly or seriously wounded, as the blood on the rounds of the ladder indicated. The criminal had worn gloves, for no fingerprints could be discovered. A necklace of emeralds, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in American money, was missing. All outgoing steamers to be watched. All automobiles crossing the frontiers. The press must not be informed for the present. All of which might have tickled Porky's vanity.

XVII. MANY hotels in Paris are reconstructed palaces, with thick walls and deep floors, generally soundproof. It

(Continued on Page 204)



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A charming presentation box . . . two keen paring knives . . . with stainless steel blades . . . nickel-silver rivets . . . *and delft-blue Russite handles!* ¶ Remarkable . . . for in Russite the color goes clear through . . . and it's permanent. Soak these knives in soapy water, hot water . . . you can't injure the handles. Non-inflammable, too, and hard to break. ¶ This get-acquainted box will be sent quickly if you mail us a dollar, bill, money order, or stamps. And then you'll go to your dealer for the rest of the Russite Line.

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It will do for you what it did so well for them. Get it today and try it.

One trial will show you the vast difference between PARSONS' and ordinary ammonias. Wherever you are cleaning . . . in any room in the house . . . a little PARSONS' added to the water will help amazingly! Use it for . . .

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PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

. . . so, while Mother cleans the rugs . . .

little Doris cleans the couch

ELECTRIC cleaning was wonderful before . . . but never so *efficient* as now. For Premier has found a way to *speed it up!* Ordinary attachments take no part in the new Premier method. In place of attachments, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit provides a cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a separate, handy little cleaner to hustle through the little cleaning tasks. The marvelous Spic-Span makes this possible. This handy little cleaner was created because women were anxious for a simpler method of home cleaning. So we built the Spic-Span to do the work of attachments . . . and to do it better and faster.

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds and plugs into any electric socket. It comes with a wonderful deodorizer and blower . . . repels moths . . . banishes odors . . . freshens stuffy closets . . . cleans, purifies and preserves mattresses, clothes, upholstery . . . without the use of attachments.

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(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 1310, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Company, Inc., Schenectady, N. Y.

Just one of Hoosier's many exclusive features! This revolving spice caster with seven handy crystal jars

No end of convenience! Everything within reach. You'll appreciate why over two million women have chosen this working center

Mrs. Christine Frederick's menu charts help you plan every meal! Mounted, on handy rotating cards

Make *sure* that the name-plate says "*Hoosier*"

YOU'VE decided that you want a Hoosier—the perfect working center that saves you time, work, endless steps. Fine! But when you go to the store, make sure that you really *get* a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet—the *genuine*.

Don't be satisfied until you have actually *seen* one bearing the Hoosier name-plate—your guarantee of conveniences that can not be obtained any other way.

For Hoosier's features are patented—exclusive with Hoosier. And the recognized Hoosier dealer where you live will be glad to demonstrate them. See him *first* before you ever buy.

Take just one little detail, for example, the handy shaker-sifter that "fluffs" flour—mixes it just right for a fine, light bake. That's a Hoosier patent!

Equally exclusive with Hoosier are the revolving spice caster, menu charts by Mrs. Christine Frederick, the three-way electric outlet, etc. No other cabinet has them!

When you've checked point after point this way, carefully one by one, you'll not be satisfied with anything but a Hoosier—the choice of over two million women.

Only $39.75 for a genuine Hoosier

For as little as $39.75, plus freight, you can have the *Hoosier Junior*—designed especially for small kitchens.

It gives you Hoosier's chief work-saving aids. Is of the same fine quality, of course, as the new electrified *Hoosier Deluxe* or other large models.

Breakfast sets in enamel, colorful oak

Harmonizing perfectly with the Hoosier you choose are trim, smartly designed breakfast sets. All sturdily built—obtainable in enamels with two-tone trim, or in the exclusive new Hoosier oak finishes, Marine, Slate, Antique.

Ask to see them when you buy your Hoosier. And make *sure* that the Hoosier name-plate is on whatever cabinet you buy.

You'll admire the smart design, color, finish, of the new Hoosier Breakfast Sets. In perfect color harmonies for your Hoosier! The new Hoosier booklet, free, shows the many styles

FREE "WHAT! IS THIS THE KITCHEN?" You'll get many new ideas for furnishing your kitchen and breakfast room here. This interesting 32-page booklet suggests many charming, inexpensive treatments. Color schemes, etc. Mail this coupon—right now—for your copy. Free!

HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
1029 Leslie St., New Castle, Indiana

Please send me the new 32-page booklet about kitchen planning and breakfast room furniture—free.

Name.....
Address.....
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(Continued from Page 202)

is the policy of hotels the world over to keep serious accidents, murders and robberies from the knowledge of the guests.

The private and exclusive hotel in the Avenue d'Jéna, the morning after the robbery, went about its affairs as usual.

Immediately after the war thousands of men and women were stricken with a disease which may be called a combination of tub luxury and bed luxury. It was one of the all-too-common afflictions of persons with money. They spent hours in tubs and hours in bed.

So it was with Dick Allison. One of the pleasantest periods of the day to her was to make believe that she had some vital business to attend to at nine, awake, turn over and go to sleep again.

THIS morning at nine she really did have some vital business to attend to. She sat up and yawned.

"Aunty?"

"Yes, darling," came from the living room.

"Have you ordered breakfast?"

"Be up in ten minutes."

Dick jumped out of bed and at once began her one-two-three. Five minutes of it. Then she entered the bathroom and closed the door with a joyous bang.

In the other room the aunt's eyebrows went up. Lively! Banging things like she used to. That was a good sign. The day her niece began humming in the morning—that day would see the end of this queer untouchable doldrum.

When Dick came in to breakfast she was still in her pajamas, but over these she wore a blue kimono with a gorgeous peacock embroidered on the back.

"Pajamas," said the aunt ruminatingly. "When I was a girl we wore nighties."

"M-m."

"What did you say the young man's name was?"

"Barclay, John Adams Barclay; see social register and Who's Which. And my particular job today is to find out all about him from unky at the provost marshal's. But if he turns out to be a poet! Good-by forever, good-by forever! . . . à la Tosti!"

What could her aunt do but laugh?

"It's his buddy who's A. W. O. L. He ran away from the M. P.'s so they couldn't quiz him. But how it blew and rained last night!"

"And if this young man proves to be of unimpeachable character, what are you going to do then?"

"Drop him like a hot potato."

"What?"

"I never again want anything to do with unimpeachable persons. They are too dull. I like men who have been drubbed and then come back for more. Men who stand up when they're in trouble. I've seen a lot of both kinds, aunty; that's why I'm competent to judge. And if John Adams Barclay doesn't stand up, off the slate he goes. Well, I'll soon find out."

AND find out she did, since she could establish him recently at Coblenz. Why not? If she could not keep him out of her thoughts, why not know all about him?

At the provost marshal's she was informed of four astonishing facts—that he had been decorated by the French Government for gallantry in action, that he had been seriously wounded, that he was the son of the late George Worthington Barclay, multimillionaire, and that rumor had it that he had been disinherited for an affair with a Follies girl. So it was his buddy who had jumped, and he was sheltering him.

Dick could not say whether she was elated or depressed. Fine, yes; but in all, rather tame.

But at three o'clock that afternoon she took her Gobelin bag and, humming the second movement from the Minute Waltz, started off for the Luxembourg gardens. Among other things in the bag was a battered French novel, in case her enthusiasm for needle-point slumped.

But she waited in vain for Barclay, who had something else on his mind.

XVIII.

IT WAS decided that Porky should have only dinner at Fouquet's—anything and all he wanted. His breakfast and luncheon the concierge's wife had agreed to furnish; and each morning Barclay would make out the menu, to save confusion. Since there were no bones broken, no bullet to probe for, he felt himself wholly competent to dress the arm. Out of a cigar box he had made splints so that Porky could wear his arm in a sling. For ostensibly it was a broken arm.

But Porky would have to be left alone a good deal now. It was vital that Barclay should at once seek a method of restoring the emeralds, a feat which would require something like an invisible cloak. Now that the major portion of the confusion was gone, he began to see that he wasn't quite outlawed in regard to the charming victim. If he could restore the jewels to her without her being aware of the identity of the restorer, why, it was not beyond reason that soon after he might attempt to renew the acquaintance. Thus his resolution had two fires under it.

Upon one point only had Porky stood firm. No hotels. In everything else Handsome was the doctor. But no hotels.

"They won't recognize my style; an' the dicks will be fillin' the hotels. We'll stay right where we are."

Barclay agreed. After all, Porky knew more about the methods of the police than he did.

But the terrifying business lay in the fact that daily he must tote that necklace about, since, if the opportunity arrived wherein to dispose of it, he could not command this opportunity to wait till he fetched the jewels. From two in the afternoon till five he must haunt the highways and byways of the Luxembourg; and he must see her first! Blind luck; he would have to lean on that!

On the morning of the second day the two outlaws had breakfast together, in silence. Barclay set the tray outside the door. Then he took the necklace from the Buddha and put it into the inside pocket of his vest. Red-hot coals.

"Better mail it," said Porky, breaking the silence. "Safest way. Even if it gets lost, they won't have anythin' on us."

"IN PARIS you don't drop packages into mail boxes the way we do home. It isn't a letter, it's a package. I can't send it by a messenger."

"No."

"If I sent the concierge to the post office he could be traced back. It's got to be done my way."

Like all reformers, Barclay had a stubborn streak in him.

"An' if yuh fumble it?"

"I've got to take that chance."

"There's a lot o' things can happen, Handsome," said Porky gloomily. "Suppose a taxi clips yuh, an' they find those rocks on yuh?"

"It's all in the game. The original fault was mine. And now the rest of the game is mine." Barclay pressed the other's hand. "You're cured, and that's something."

"Ye-ah. I sure am cured"—dryly. "Better beat it."

"If you hadn't seen me frisk Major Holway you never would have started up this alley. *C'est la guerre!* I thought that bunk; but I believe there's something to it after all. They taught us how to murder lawfully; so what's burglary and highway robbery between friends? Lay off that stuff about beating it. And cut out the worry about the home bulls and dicks. They've forgotten you long ago. And they won't recognize you anyway when they see you're a member of my family. You're going to drive my car, and I'm going to call you Big Stiff on gala opera

(Continued on Page 206)

The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.

TRY THESE

SUN-MAID RAISIN MUFFINS

(From The New Sun-Maid Recipe Book)

1 tablespoon sugar	¾ cup white flour
1 egg	2 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons shortening	½ teaspoon soda
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup Graham flour	1 cup Sun-Maid Nectars Seedless Raisins

Plunge Sun-Maid Nectars in hot water and drain. Cream sugar with shortening, add beaten egg, buttermilk and mix well. Combine with Graham flour, then with white flour sifted with baking powder, soda and salt. Beat thoroughly, add raisins and beat again. Drop into greased muffin pans and bake 15 to 25 minutes in hot oven (400 degrees F.). Sufficient for 12 medium sized muffins.

Muffins, to be as good as these need Raisins *as good as these*....

MODERN COOKS and modern mothers know that the raisins which add so much to muffins, cookies, desserts, etc., cannot be "just raisins".

For their use is two-fold: *both as a tempting ingredient and an energy-giving food.* That is why the finer quality and flavor of Sun-Maid raisins are doubly important in good cookery.

There are two favorite kinds of Sun-Maid raisins. Both have their uses in a long list of delightful recipes.

And both are prepared by exclusive, secret processes that set them apart from ordinary raisins.

Sun-Maid Nectars are tender, juicy, seedless raisins. You will note at once their superior plumpness and flavor. They are ideal for cookies, muffins, puddings, desserts—and especially for healthful between-meal treats for children.

Sun-Maid Puffed are large, full meated, seeded Muscats. And not sticky! For the secret Sun-Maid seeding process keeps the juice inside, retaining all the rich flavor of the Muscat grape. Packed loosely in the carton, they are ready for immediate use as soon as the package is opened. Ideal for cakes, nut bread, raisin bread, plum pudding and other delicacies.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality. They are processed and packed in the finest dried fruit packing plants in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

In ordering from your grocer, bear in mind that Nectars and Puffed are made only by Sun-Maid, Nectars in the familiar red cartons, Puffed in the blue.

Send for a new book of delightful recipes, entitled "New Interest in Simple Menus". It is free, and you will find it full of fascinating suggestions. Mail a note or card to: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.

The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.

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WITHOUT a cent of cost to you, Rosalie Norton, expert decorator, will help you plan your color scheme, draperies, upholstery, etc., with a refreshing modern note. Her services are absolutely FREE. Just check and mail the description of your room on the coupon below, and Miss Norton will send you ideas for developing your own particular room or rooms. Her plans will include actual clippings of the lovely fast color Puritan Cretonnes, glass curtain fabrics, upholstery materials and even wallpaper.

She will also give you suggestions for your furniture, rugs and woodwork.

PURITAN CRETONNES ARE GUARANTEED SUNFAST AND WASHABLE

They are sold in all leading department stores. *Identify them* by the name and the sunfast and washable guarantee printed on every yard of the selvage.

NOTE: Ideas for using cretonne and directions for making slip covers, draperies, etc., are given in the booklets listed below. You will receive these as well as the Free Room Plan by including stamps to cover their nominal charge.

Puritan Cretonnes

F. A. FOSTER & CO., INC., *Dept. L83*, 330 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Sirs: Please send plans for rooms checked below, at no charge ☐

I am also interested in booklet, "Cretonne Solves the Problem," 25c ☐

And 16-page booklet, "50 Points on Making Draperies," 10c ☐

ROOM	LARGE	SMALL	MEDIUM	SUNNY	NORTH	HIGH	LOW	MEDIUM
Living								
Dining								
Bedroom								
Sunroom								
Kitchen								

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

If rural, in what town do you shop?.....

(Continued from Page 204)

nights. There's a row of books. Hop to it. By the way, I forgot to tell you that the day we landed here I took care of the police cards."

"Police cards?"

"Yes. If we had really been A. W. O. L., we wouldn't have been in town forty-eight hours before the police would have turned us over to the Rue Ste. Anne. I took advantage of your lack of the law and the lingo. See you at six."

He did not find Dick in the gardens, though he scouted about warily till after five. He turned for home, conscious of something akin to shameful relief—as a toothache is relieved by the sight of the card announcing that the dentist is gone for the day.

Dick had gone to a tea-dance at the Ritz. She enjoyed herself amazingly well. She was given a queer kind of thrill too. The redoubtable prefect himself asked to meet her, she wondering the while what was going on behind that pleasant, smiling countenance. Terrible things, probably; murders and thieves and all that.

It was a galling day for Porky. His arm, aside from being useless and terribly sore, was the least of his troubles. He was sound nervous . . . if anything happened to Handsome ——

He read, played Canfield with difficulty, and smoked cigarette after cigarette—waiting. When, at quarter to six Barclay arrived, tired and careworn, Porky was so glad to see him that he was close to tears.

"Any luck?" he whispered.

"No. She wasn't in the gardens today." Barclay restored the emeralds to their hiding place.

XIX.

THERE is a fountain basin in the gardens of the Luxembourg that presents an optical illusion. If you stand at one end the water appears to slant downward; from the other end it seems to slant upward. It takes you a long time to figure out what has happened, that it is only a clever geometrical trick worked out in masonry and urns. Barclay eyed this phenomenon from an adjacent bench. Years ago he used to ask his mother why the water ran uphill. She used to sit on this very bench, one eye on him and the other on the page of a book.

A dry smile twisted his lips. He drew a parallel. He was, he mused, just as level as the water, but appearances were against him. What continually skewered him was the knowledge that his fine idea—his masterpiece—was inexplicable to all other minds, or would be. He could readily see the two poles of thought. To himself he was logical, but to the other fellow his story would have an Einstein flavor.

Worry. In one of his pockets he carried a king's ransom; and between the Luxembourg and the Avenue Hoche anything might happen. Suppose that young M. P. spotted him again?

TWO birds with one stone, precisely his own as well as Porky's play. He had started for Paris for the purpose of making Porky feel the terror of the hunted, and to see Nita Jordan once more. To get out of his soul and mind the abiding picture of her, to learn absolutely if that phase was still a reality or a mirage. And because he had prowled the hotel and restaurant districts so many fruitless nights, Porky's loneliness—bewildered loneliness—had driven him back to the old outlawry. Oh, Porky had had the notion of shocking his buddy out of his shell shock; that never could be doubted. But killing two birds with one stone was, in both cases, walking two tight ropes at once, with the result that the band was now playing the rogue's march.

Plan after plan in relation to the restoration of the emerald necklace was analyzed and dismissed. It has been remarked that Barclay was stubborn. He had determined that he must leave the gems on the person of the owner, somehow. Perhaps a bit of the old Puritan stock was come to life—to exact from this adventure a fitting punishment for doing the right thing the wrong way.

One of the ironies was that he could not evolve any plan till he saw Dick. He dared not approach her boldly and tell her the truth. They were not acquaintances of old standing; they had met unconventionally and a bit fantastically. There was nothing to indicate that she wouldn't whirl upon him and turn him over to the police.

C'est la guerre! Not the least doubt of it. The war madness in Porky and himself had not completely died down.

FROM where he sat he could see the center fountain and the children with their sailboats. If she came into the gardens from the Boulevard side, as apparently was her habit, the tree boles would obscure him while she would be in the clear of the path. He could observe her movements clearly till she reached her destination, which, naturally, would be one of the chairs by the fountain. If she did not wear the green dress, today was lost. In any other color he would not be able to pick her out. Another important item was this: If she wore the green dress, it would be a sign that she was favorably inclined and that she wanted him to find her.

Behind the fountain chairs, on his side, was a slight earthy elevation. If she became immersed in a book it would be easy for him to creep up behind her, sit in the grass and await the break which would give him his chance.

All at once he sat up tensely. A green dress? Yes! . . . It was she! Ice and fire seemed to roll over him in alternate waves. There were so many conflicting emotions boiling up that he understood none of them, and one of these, could it have been given definite form, would have astounded him.

He reached into the little pocket in the waistband of his trousers and touched with his finger tip the chrysoprase. He had to depend upon something, if only the god of luck; and he would shortly need all the attention of that invisible agency.

HE SAW her, when she reached the fountain, pause as if undecided. For a minute she ran her gaze over the crowd, whether searchingly or not, he was too far off to determine. She selected a chair and sat down. She paid the fee. Then she opened the bag and took out what he knew to be fancywork, and dropped the bag carelessly beside her chair. A small picture, but a perfectly clear one.

The bag! If he could get to the bag!

He had company here, at the basin of illusion. But they were engrossed in novels and newspapers and therefore incurious of what was going on about them. The emeralds were wrapped in a handkerchief. He drew the treasure from the inner pocket of his vest and calmly dropped it into the side pocket of his coat. Next he pulled out the handkerchief adroitly, took off his hat and mopped the perspiration from his forehead; and it was not merely a gesture. He was very thirsty of a sudden.

He maneuvered to the little eminence of greensward, and from this vantage—ten feet away—he watched her. The ebb tide was carrying his emotions out to sea, as it were. All but two, which were now definable. Terror and love! Perhaps the first was caused by the second as well as what was toward—the miracle of the transfer of the emeralds to that workbag!

Children were scampering about. Their cries were in the air. Colored toy balloons tugged frantically toward heaven and freedom. Many sloops and frigates careened to the breeze that blew across the basin. A smiling gendarme, his thumbs in his belt, watched these naval battles with an approving eye.

Suddenly there was a commotion. The children drew to the near side of the basin,

(Continued on Page 208)

Davenport Bed No. 1770—Upholstered in a lustrous green mohair. Reverse sides of soft, spring-filled cushions in gold, green and red linen frieze. This long, comfortable sofa conceals a full-size bed. As illustrated $190

In Chair No. 1770, Kroehler provides a luxurious lounge piece covered with the finest tapestry. Reverse side of cushion in same material. As illustrated $85

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

This modern davenport bed meets modern needs

The original davenport bed, created by Kroehler many years ago, was made and used as a *utility.*

The Kroehler Davenport Bed of today is decidedly different. It is designed for the modern living rooms of smart homes and apartments, where *only* fine furniture is desired.

That is why the modern Kroehler Davenport Bed is so widely used. It is a double duty piece. Every evening, or when a guest remains overnight, one simple operation transforms it into a full-size bed, with mattress and bedding all in place.

During the day it is a beautiful, deeply comfortable davenport of latest design. So artistically has the bed feature been included that none would guess its presence. This is modern furniture. Many fashionable homes find it desirable.

In common with all Kroehler Assured Quality Living Room Furniture, quality goes *all the way through* the Davenport Bed. Behind the graceful designs and rich coverings each hidden part is conscientiously finished.

Kroehler Hidden Qualities

The frames are of choice hardwood, kiln dried. Corners are doweled, glued, corner-blocked and sturdily cross-braced, like expensive custom-built furniture. Contrast this with *soft* wood, *merely nailed together.*

Replacing old-fashioned webbing is a new, improved All-steel Spring Underconstruction. It gives "box-spring" comfort, never breaks through, never needs replacing. Seat springs are tied with tiny helical springs instead of common twine.

The folding frame of the davenport bed is fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs.

Cushions are filled with small, resilient coil springs interlocked to form a single unit. New, white, felted cotton is used for padding. Filling is highest grade moss.

Every Kroehler Assured Quality piece is built this way. Yet, because it is made by modern methods in the great Kroehler factories the prices are unusually moderate.

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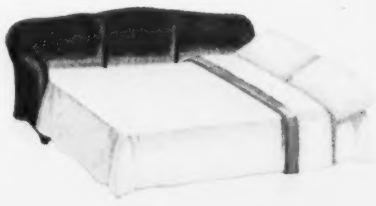

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WE want you to actually experience the thrill of doing a washing on your kitchen table or bathroom floor, in the Edenette Portable Electric Washer. We have such faith in this amazingly compact washer, that we will ship you an Edenette without a deposit and prepay the express. Could any offer be more fair? You are to use it and test it for 5 Days before deciding that here is the washing machine you have longed for. Then, in addition, you can pay for it on easy terms if you wish.

The Edenette is approved by leading testing laboratories and endorsed by thousands of women everywhere. One woman writes: "You might be interested to know that we even used it to wash large blankets with a winter of Pittsburgh dirt in them." A doctor writes: "We have been using the Edenette ever since our baby came. From a hygienic standpoint it is perfect. It certainly frees the mother from the usual drudgery, with little expense." Another woman writes: "I never found a washer that would get all the dirt until I used your machine."

The Edenette is amazingly compact and efficient—may be easily carried. Top when inverted nests into tub; can be stored on pantry shelf. Weighs less than 20 pounds.

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1210

(Continued from Page 206)

directly in front of the chair Dick Allison occupied. Even the grown-ups appeared interested. A long time after, Barclay learned that a young inventor had arrived with a homemade submarine, which, wound up, proceeded to knock all the frigates galley-west.

There was nothing of value in the Gobelin bag—at that moment. Dick wouldn't have minded at all if someone stole it, provided they stole at the same time the needle-point, of which she was tiring. So she hurried to the basin to see the fun.

The god of luck tapped Barclay on the shoulder; and he got up and stepped down toward the Gobelin bag. Gripped in his hand was the necklace. Slyly he brushed off his hat so that it fell at the side of the bag. As he stooped nonchalantly to recover the hat he pushed the emeralds deep into the skeins of wool, put on his hat and stood up. Maintaining his nonchalant air, he turned away and retraced his steps to the bench he had vacated by the basin of illusion. He wanted to see if she discovered the necklace.

NOW then, there enters into this chance medley, to give it full measure, a dapper young fellow, patently French. His eyes were brilliantly black and furtive; a black caterpillar adorned his upper lip and did not conceal the wolfish twist of his mouth. His body was lithe and slouching, and his hips had the peculiar swing of the Apache, whom no tourist ever sees unless he is mighty unfortunate. He had gone into the war a criminal; he had come out of it a criminal, possessing now all known forms of murder. Among his comrades—he had no friends—he was known as Bibi the Thruster, because of his talent with the bayonet.

He alone had been witness to Barclay's action. His sharp eye had caught a flicker of wonderful green. He instantly assumed that he knew what had taken place. Confederates, these. Clever game too. The man was hunted. The woman would carry off the loot, later to be divided, when the cry went down. To his warped mentality it was the only possible explanation to the scene he had just witnessed.

It would seem that all of Barclay's acts were cut from one pattern—the perfectly incredible!

Bibi took three steps toward the Gobelin bag, when he perceived that the owner was returning. No matter. He could wait. Once she was outside the gardens. . . .

And Dick waited; at first interestedly, then angrily. She was making a fool of herself. No Barclay came into the range of her vision. So she rammed the needle-point far down into the Gobelin bag and started for home—cured of this nonsense. Tomorrow she would start for Tours.

Barclay, watching her every movement, finely alert, saw that she was being followed. The fellow had seen him put the emeralds into the bag, and the whole business stood in jeopardy!

AS DICK had nothing to look back for, she missed the little drama of frustration.

Barclay laid his hand on Bibi's shoulder. Bibi made a swift movement to slip from under this hand, automatically, because the touch spelt danger. But the fingers of the hand were dug into the shoulder pads. Bibi turned. By the fury which boiled in those black eyes, Barclay knew that his interpretation was correct.

"Monsieur!"

"Yes, yes; when the lady is gone."

A shade more quickly than Bibi could conceive of the action, Barclay seized the fellow's wrists. As Bibi drew back a foot for a *savate* stroke, Barclay stepped on the other foot.

"If you kick I will break your wrist!" said Barclay.

"What does this mean?"—furiously.

"That you shall not follow the lady."

"What lady?"

Barclay laughed.

"Will you let me go, monsieur?"

"No."

"I shall call the police."

"Do so."

Bibi relaxed. He even smiled wolfishly. "You are too strong. Eh, well; if I cannot follow the lady, there is nothing to prevent me from following you."

Which gave Barclay something to think about. What the rogue said was perfectly true. Still, if Dick got beyond pursuit, it would not matter much if the fellow followed him. The main business had been accomplished—Dick had her jewels.

"And why should you follow me?"

"I know what I know."

"You were in the war?"

"Yes. I liked the bayonet. And you, monsieur?"

"Oh, I liked the butt."

"And now one must live. Monsieur, never let me catch you alone in the dark."

"I promise." Slowly Barclay turned Bibi around. As there was no green dress visible, he dropped Bibi's wrists and stepped back. "It is over."

"Do you believe that, you American pig?"

Barclay certainly did believe it; and this belief was another of his colossal mistakes. On a night, soon to come, Bibi would figuratively tear out the very heart of him.

(To be Continued)

WAITING FOR HIS SHIP TO COME IN

For Economy—

WISS SCISSORS

Least expensive, are Wiss Scissors . . . They remain sharp long after the ordinary kind are worn out.

Make just one cut . . . See how their razor steel blades draw together with just the right tension. They save your time, temper, and dress materials because they *cut clean*, even at the points, without chewing the cloth.

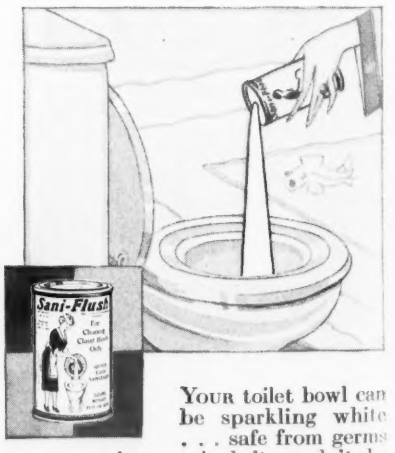
HOUSEHOLD SHEARS
For dressmaking and heavy sewing. A second pair should be in every kitchen. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 138—$1.70.

SEWING SCISSORS
For mending and light sewing. Beautifully finished. Blades keep sharp. 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.

On sale where good cutlery is sold

WISS SCISSORS
Wonderful Cutters
Write for booklet D
J. WISS & SONS CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Immaculately clean!



YOUR toilet bowl can be sparkling white . . . safe from germs . . . sanitary. And it needn't be scrubbed and scoured and labored over. Sani-Flush will clean it easily.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Marks, stains and incrustations vanish. Odors disappear. The toilet bowl is left spotless.

Sani-Flush reaches the hidden trap—cleanses the whole toilet system. And it's harmless to the plumbing. Use it frequently. Always keep it handy.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

Sani-Flush
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

This month two million girls are taking our rayon lingerie away to school and college.

When a woman boasts she bought her lingerie for only 98¢

you may know she is a customer of ours!

A FEW months ago we invited you to stop in and see our new *subdued lustre* rayon underthings . . . and 5,000,000 of you came! In 1,400 J. C. Penney stores you bought these good-looking 79¢ vests and 98¢ bloomers.

Now our fall styles in this well-cut lingerie are ready . . . and you'll find that they are prettier than ever. Trim little shorts fitted on a shaped band that eliminates all elastic at the waistline . . . the new sport briefs . . . bloomers in three lengths.

And when you pick up one of these dainty shell-pink garments only the price tag says rayon! At last, we have achieved a rayon weave *almost as fine as glove silk!*

We've made each strong rayon thread soft and fine . . . dyed it in delicate tints never before offered in any lingerie at this price. Brilliant pinks and blues have softened to a new flesh-tone, and Lido blue. There are delicate shades of peach . . . nile . . . orchid.

This outstanding value is an interesting example of the J. C. Penney policy that gives you *more than your money's worth* on everything you buy in our stores. A short time ago the cost of rayon materials dropped several cents a pound. And because we pass such savings on to our customers, we sought the best way to turn this new economy into lovelier lingerie for you. Now as you examine these dainty garments, we believe you will realize that their value cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

New little briefs . . . bloomers with double cuff . . . 98¢

Today we buy for 400 more stores than a year ago. Each month this fall we shall open many more . . . buy in greater and greater quantities . . . and find new ways to bring dainty, quality underthings to you with greater economy. Throughout *every* department, our large business enables us to give you substantial savings.

Test this for yourself in your own J. C. Penney store. If we are not in your city, write and let us tell you where the most convenient J. C. Penney store is located. And we will send you a free copy of our "Store News" in rotogravure. Address J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th Street, New York City.

J. C. PENNEY CO. INC. DEPT. STORES

The largest department store in the world . . . under more than 1400 roofs!

MRS · ANTHONY · J · DREXEL · BIDDLE

. . . She goes to Paris, and to Callot Soeurs for clothes . . . but the Callot model watch she wears you can buy no farther away than your nearest ELGIN *jeweler.*

A thing is fashionable only if enough women of fashion adopt it. The first ELGIN Parisiennes were introduced a mere year ago . . . and today over 150,000 women are timing their comings and goings with Parisian flair and ELGIN accuracy.

There is Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle. Everyone in New York, Newport, Paris, and Biarritz, knows that her taste in clothes and accessories is faultless. Which explains her liking for costumes by Callot.

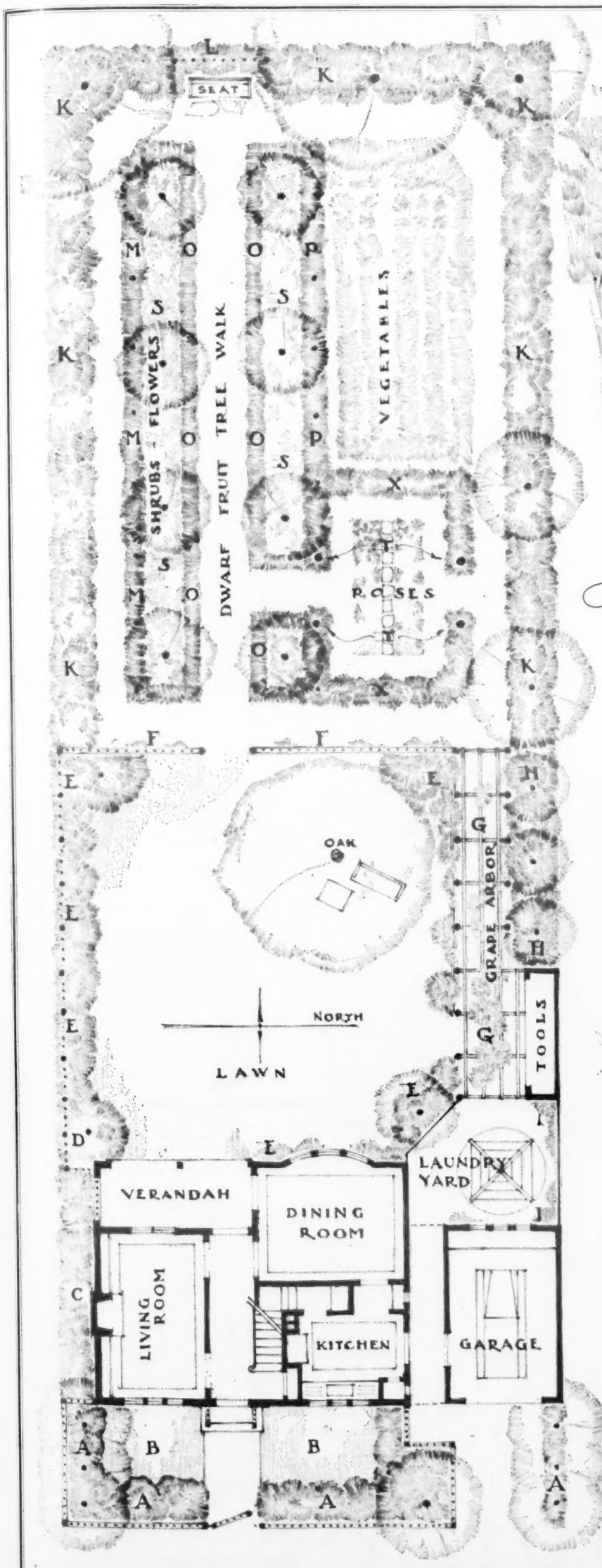
So when Callot designed a series of cases for ELGIN Parisienne watches, Mrs. Biddle was among the first to slip one on her wrist.

And though she must go to Paris for Callot clothes, a Callot Parisienne watch can be purchased no farther away than 'round the corner or across the street . . . at the nearest ELGIN jeweler's. The usual rôle is reversed. . . . you need not go to Paris, for Paris has come to you . . . via ELGIN. But only the designs come from Paris—the Parisienne watches themselves are made and cased by ELGIN. American efficiency, economy, time-keeping accuracy, wedded to Paris style . . . at a truly American price. Ask any reliable jeweler.

Parisiennes plain and enamel cases $35

Diamond-set Callot models shown $75

ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE. © ELGIN, 1929



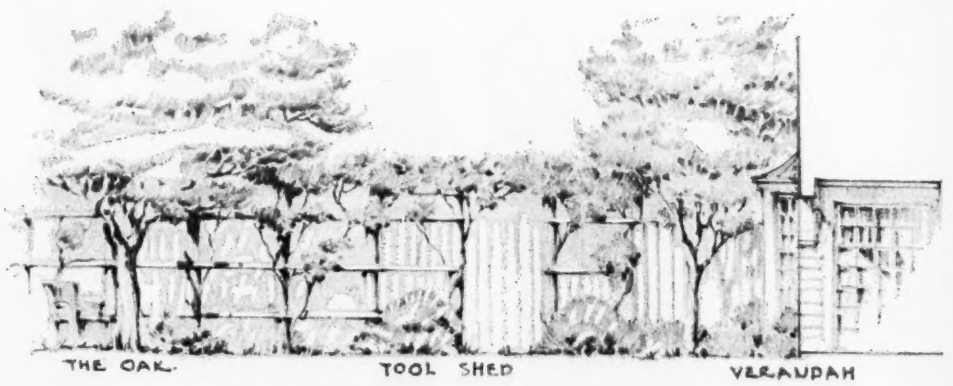
FROM THE STREET

A Colonial Garden Home

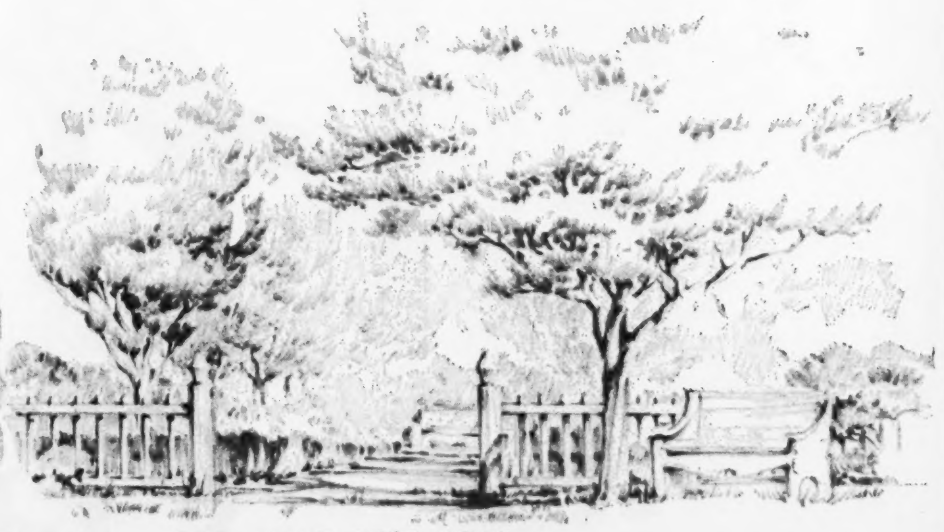
By FLETCHER STEELE

Member American Society of Landscape Architects

THIS charming New Engiand Colonial house, with its Colonial garden in keeping with the architectural atmosphere, is an additional example of the convenience, charm and extreme practicability of the JOURNAL'S "garden home" method of arrangement and placement for small building lots. If you would like to build this garden, a complete plan, together with planting list, will be sent you if you forward a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Garden Information Service, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



THE GRAPE TRELLIS



THE FRUIT TREE WALK

JENNY · · MARIA GUY · · DRECOLL - BEER

PARIS creates

. . . with the same smartly tailored Gaytees

Maria Guy is perhaps the most exclusive milliner in all Paris. Among her clients are many of the royal and aristocratic families of Europe.

Maria Guy has expressed more than this verbal approval of the new Gaytees. She has collaborated with Madame Jenny and Bernard et Cie and designed hats especially to complete two Gaytees ensembles.

MODES

Maria-Guy

8 PLACE VENDÔME
PARIS

Today smartness is perfect harmony in one's whole costume. Although my chief interest is in creating smart and effective hats—still I never forget that each hat *must* blend in with the scheme of an ensemble.

The "Gaytees" of 1930 are so varied in color and fabric that it will always be easy to choose them to harmonize with every rainy-day ensemble.

Maria Guy

Adjust this style to the weather's vagaries. Turn the cuff smartly down for damp streets. For snow or slush, turn it up snug and high.

This new tweed Gaytees has a smart strap cuff. It is cut to fit perfectly. And it comes in the newest costume shades approved by Paris for this fall and winter.

DRE OLL-BEER

24, PLACE VENDOME, PARIS

With "Gaytees," smart women will defy all weather and trip daintily through the worst storms. Neat and trim in their various shapes and colours they put the finishing touch to our prettiest ensembles. Who would wear the clumsy galoshes of our mothers? The "Gaytees" of 1930 are Cinderella's slippers by their side and the modern American woman is the lucky princess on whom they are bestowed.

Le Président
Georges Aubert

Gaytees — *the*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SUZANNE TALBOT ✦ ✦ CHANTAL ✦ ✦ YTEB

the "Gaytees ensemble"

you will find in your own shoe store!

THE "Gaytees ensemble" is the newest thing in Paris! A year ago, Gaytees were unknown to the great fashion capital, except by reputation. But a few months ago the new 1930 Gaytees—the very same models that you will now find in your own shoe store—took a secret trip to Paris. In the trunk of a special ambassador, they boarded the *Île de France* and were rushed over to be presented at the highest court of all fashion.

In the great French dressmaking salons, nothing like Gaytees had ever been seen before. There was instant and great excitement!

"We must design Gaytees ensembles," said Suzanne Talbot and Nicole Groult.

"We must see to it that our Fall and Winter costumes for American women include Gaytees!" exclaimed Bernard et Cie.

And they did! They created outdoor costumes especially to wear with the new Gaytees! More—their mannequins have been showing these Gaytees ensembles at the most important Paris openings! And, as far as we can discover, Gaytees are the only American fashion accessory to be seen in the collection of a Paris dressmaker!

Why have the new Gaytees received such enthusiastic welcome from the most important fashion authorities in the world?

Simply because these great artists have found, in Gaytees, stormy-day accessories which have been created just as Paris creates all *her* accessories—to harmonize with the styles and colors and fabrics of the new hats and frocks and coats.

Your own Gaytees ensembles

Just how can you use this "Gaytees ensemble" idea in *your* wardrobe?

Simply by doing, as Paris does—by choosing your Gaytees to harmonize with your costumes, just as carefully as you choose your gloves and handbags and hats.

So, unless your wardrobe clings faithfully to one color, you will probably want at least two pairs of the new Gaytees. And this will be quite simple, for Gaytees have the low price range of $2.50 to $6 a pair—only a fraction of the cost of the shoes they are designed so smartly to protect.

Don't wait for a snowstorm before you choose your new Gaytees. Chances are, that would be a difficult time to find the exact shade you want! Do your choosing early—there are rainstorms and blizzards and cold November football days ahead!

Ask the salesman in your favorite shoe store to fit you with Gaytees *when you buy your new Fall shoes*. You will find the name "Gaytees" inside the cuff of every pair. Made only by the United States Rubber Company.

This new Gaytees of gossamer rubber comes either in button or KWIK fastener style. It is light and comfortable, yet it affords wonderful protection against showers.

The new Gaytees Oxford of featherweight rubber—so well designed and so trim of fit that it looks exactly like a smart shoe.

Last year two of the most famous dressmakers in Paris, Drecoll and Beer, decided to combine forces. The fashion world is much the smarter for this decision, for it now benefits from the joint creative resources of these two great houses.

Mlle. Germaine, the Drecoll-Beer stylist, was so pleased with the new Gaytees that she designed three costumes especially to harmonize with three of the new Gaytees styles.

Madame Jenny is one of the newest and brightest stars in the whole Paris dressmaking firmament. She is a great artist—so great that her creations have the Grand Prix d'Élégance for the past two years.

Madame Jenny was so interested in the idea of really smart stormy weather ensembles that she designed a costume especially for one of the new Gaytees styles.

JENNY

PARIS

These new "Gaytees" are smart in style and very comfortable. Being of shades to harmonize with my new Winter colourings they give a real appearance of smartness which achieves the importance of the street ensemble in all its details.

Jenny

Tailored Overshoes

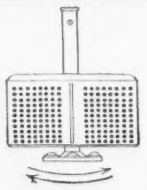
Now you can wash clothes even in a KITCHENETTE!

MODERN apartments do not seem to take washing into consideration, but the Portable Whirldry Washer is so compact that even in the smallest home or apartment there is ample room to use it, ample room to store it.

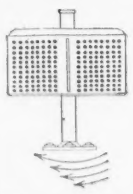
The Whirldry washes thoroughly, rinses, and then in a jiffy, dries clothes for the line. It is electric and portable—It can be moved easily and used on the drain board of a sink, in the tub, or on any convenient table.

The Whirldry, while compact, does a surprising amount of washing. A half dozen men's shirts, a dozen diapers—or any equivalent amount of clothes. The washing and drying action is thorough—yet the most delicate pieces of lingerie are as safe as they would be in your own hands.

See this machine for yourself. Watch it work and you will picture in your own mind just how convenient it would be in your own home. If your dealer cannot show you a Whirldry, please use the coupon.



This is the Spinner Basket of the Whirldry. Its oscillating action swishes clothes CLEAN.



When the Basket is raised, a touch of the switch whirls clothes DRY.

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION
New Haven, Conn.

The Portable WHIRLDRY WASHER

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION LHJ-10.29
New Haven, Conn.

Tell me about the Portable Whirldry Washer — and where I can see it.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

To Have and To Hold

Modernizing Home Finance

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

ANYONE who has cash in hand to pay down approximately half the cost of any property is in precisely the same position as a buyer who can pay all cash. He should regard himself as a cash buyer with a whip hand in bargaining. The buyer with 25 or 30 per cent of the price in cash may sometimes be able to treat as a cash buyer. The buyer with less than 25 per cent down to 10 per cent has been, until lately, at the mercy of the seller. But now the real-estate tradition is being broken.

For the first time the character and earning power of the prospective buyer—that is, his credit standing—are being given a rating equal to the money content of his pocketbook. It is now possible, without visiting the usurers, to buy a house or to do most of the more extensive and more expensive renovating of an old house with an initial deposit of only 10 per cent of the price and without risk of emergency financing later at ruinous rates. A great and fundamental change is coming about in the financing of residential real estate. It is being brought into line with the financing of industrial and commercial real estate. It is being modernized at such a pace that forward-looking men believe that within a few years a house can be bought with no higher down payment than a month's rent and at exactly the same price as the cash buyer would pay.

Manufacturers who want business have awakened to the fact that tradition was not only hampering the free buying of homes but was operating to give buyers less than their money's worth. A householder in the grip of money sharks is not a good sales prospect. Therefore the manufacturers began to investigate. They discovered that the margin between the first mortgage and the cost of a house was not a zone for wildcat finance but an excellent credit risk. It had been made hazardous ground only because money had been loaned at such unconscionable rates that the borrower rarely had a chance to get his head above the turgid sea of bonuses, commissions and charges. He spent most of his income paying for money that he never got. Installment house buying had remained in the disreputable, strong-arm class in which all installment buying used to be. Now it is being lifted out to take its place with other installment buying.

The Insurance Plan

THE buying of houses has divided into two general plans of finance. In the first the mortgages are taken by institutions or by individuals and in the second the mortgage is taken by a building and loan association. In some states where the associations can take second mortgages there is a combination of the two sources of money, where in other instances an individual will take a mortgage subsequent to that held by the building society. The primary distinction between the two sources of money is that an advance from an institution or an individual is a plain bargain and sale of money, but a building and loan association is a coöperative society in which the borrower participates in the earnings.

In a few sections a deed of trust is used instead of a mortgage, but the practice is not general enough to make its discussion here worth while.

The usual method of lending money on property which is already built is by way of bond and mortgage. There is, as a rule, more money available for good first mortgages than there are good first mortgages. These mortgages are what is known as "legal" investments for trustees and trusteelike institutions, such as insurance companies and savings banks. The investment demand is thus always present. A first mortgage up to 50 or 60 per cent of the appraised value of a residence occupied by the owners is about as high a security as a government bond and yields a better return. Any difficulties placed in the way of securing such a loan are artificial and created to mulct the borrower.

The easiest of all first mortgages to engineer are those issued by life-insurance companies for a period of ten or fifteen years, and in which the monthly payment includes interest on the mortgage to the amount outstanding, a payment on the principal and an insurance premium for a policy written on the life of the mortgagor to the amount of the mortgage. Any life-insurance agent can write an application of this kind and start it going through the routine of his company. The agent has nothing whatsoever to do with the amount which his company will lend and neither does he appraise the property, although he may pretend to have some mysterious influence. He earns his money out of the insurance policy that he writes; his interest starts and stops there. But his commission as an insurance agent is higher than would be his commission as a mortgage broker, and so the borrower has, in effect, a mortgage broker acting without a fee. The insurance companies have evolved the mortgage-insurance-policy plan as a method of getting business and it is a highly satisfactory one. If the mortgagor dies before the mortgage is fully paid the proceeds of the insurance policy wipe out the mortgage and the company refunds all the payments that have been made on the principal debt, usually with interest. After the first two or three years, according to the practice of the specific insurance company, annual dividends or refunds are made on the insurance premium, which is included in the monthly payment, and these cut down the annual insurance cost very considerably. At the end of the term the mortgagor has his house clear and an insurance policy on which he can continue to pay premiums or which he can convert into a paid-up policy on the usual fixed schedule.

This insurance plan is the cheapest and best one for any person who has 40 or 50 per cent of the price of the property in hand or who can make arrangements for that percentage. It is a thrift plan of the highest order, for the savings go to the creation of two estates—an estate represented by the property and an estate represented by the insurance policy. The mortgage cannot be called for payment so long as the contract is followed. The interest is only the legal rate; there are no bonuses or commissions and, the operations of an insurance company being regulated by law, there can be no interest juggling or other sharp practice by which the mortgagor pays interest on money that he has not received.

You Can, if You Will

THERE is no reason why you cannot have your own home—indeed, why everyone in great, big, prosperous America cannot own the roof over his head. That is, the only reason preventing it is you yourself.

The question no longer is: "Can you?" It now is: "WILL you?" In other words, can *you* make the will as strong as the wish? For if you can pay rent you can own your home; and who does not do that? Since there is no substitute for a home, say what you will, you should refuse as a matter of principle to put yourself in a position where someone else can tell you and your loved ones when to move on! In other words, it should be a matter of pride to any family to own its own shelter.

But consider the important factors of the transaction, in their logical order, then coolly buy within your means. Mr. Crowther lays some of them before you in this article.

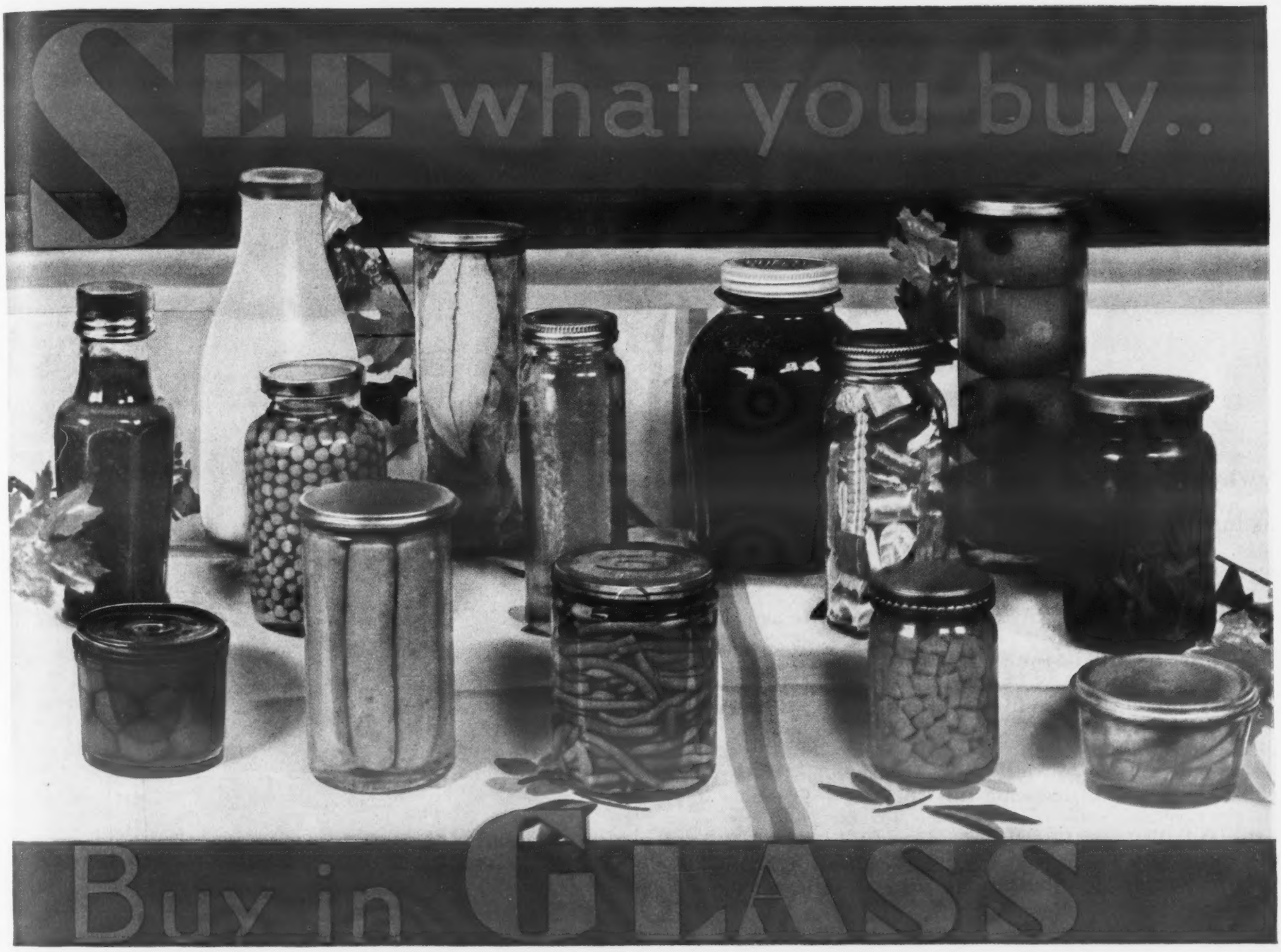
First Mortgages

THE plan will not, however, fit all cases. No plan will. The appraisal of the insurance company is apt to be very low. That is a prime objection. But also not every house buyer can assume the extra burden involved in paying off a first mortgage by installments as well as taking on insurance. In addition, not every house buyer is an insurable risk at standard rates. A substandard risk must pay higher than the standard premium. This may be a small or a large addition, according to the judgment of the insurance company on the report of its medical examiners. A small additional premium may not matter, but a large additional premium makes the whole scheme unprofitable from the standpoint of the mortgagor. In a few cases the insurance company will not issue a policy at any price. It is not to be assumed offhand and as of course that a mortgage is something to be paid off as quickly as possible and at any sacrifice. That is only unthinking finance.

Many excellent reasons can be advanced for the taking of a straight first mortgage for a term of years without any provision whatsoever for its gradual paying off—or amortization. Such a mortgage is of great advantage in selling a property, for, since no personal element is involved, the mortgagee does not particularly care who owns the property. This relieves the prospective buyer of the necessity of finding another first mortgage and makes the purchase easier for him. The insurance-policy mortgage is of course personal and cannot be transferred. The company will undoubtedly issue a new mortgage and policy in the same amount to the new purchaser, provided he is an insurable risk. But the purchaser may not want such terms. Straight mortgages running from three to five years and without any necessity for repayment until the end of the term are taken by insurance companies, savings banks, estates and mortgage companies. There is no fixed and definite way of getting them.

It should be possible for any house purchaser to make a direct application to the

(Continued on Page 217)



...you "just can't wait to serve them"— *for they look so tempting!*

AND they are just as appetizing as they look. Whether golden peaches from sun-drenched orchards, or firm, green peas from fertile vegetable gardens, or any of the "hundreds of" foods marketed in glass, they produce on the table exactly what they promise in their glass containers—*perfect taste and finest quality.*

Buy them in glass—and you avoid "shopping errors." For seeing IS believing. You know exactly what you are getting. Nothing is hidden—when you buy in glass you benefit by the food packer's pride in his product—you see his quality standards thrown open to your inspection.

This is indeed packaging in the *modern* manner. Meats, fish, fruits, vegetables, jellies, jams, sauces, candies—only the finest qualities use this VISIBLE road to your table. Full measure, too, is assured. Glass-packed foods, if partly used, keep well in the original containers—occupy less refrigerator space.

Buy the glass-packed brands...and you KNOW the foods you serve. Quality considered, they cost no more.

Published in the interest of the consuming public and the industries which serve it by packing foods and household necessities in glass

GLASS CONTAINER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

19 West 44th Street New York, N.Y.

—A Woman Suggested it!

"Why not," she asked, "a radio that is beautiful *and useful* as furniture?" This clever Crosley end-table model is the answer that delighted her. It will please you too—not only with its smart usefulness in your home, but quite as much with its rich, pure beauty of tone. This is only one of many attractive Crosley models now on display at all Crosley dealers. You may also choose from cabinets produced by seven of the leading cabinet manufacturers of the country. There is a type of cabinet to fit every home and suit every taste. Go, we suggest, to the nearest Crosley dealer and see these exquisite new models. Screen Grid and all other features, of course. Ask for a free trial in your home. The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio. Home of WLW. Powel Crosley, Jr., President.

You're there with a

CROSLEY

(Above) Beside your favorite chair, as an occasional table—this model is useful in so many ways! Only $55 in table model form (without tubes or speaker). With legs, $60. Your choice of two lengths of legs: 17 inches or 21 inches

(Left) One of the new Crosley cabinet models, exquisitely designed, beautifully finished in satiny walnut veneer and rare matched woods. Prices are $99.50 and up

(Continued from Page 214)

lending company and have his application passed upon. Theoretically it is possible, and enough of these direct applications are granted every year by every company in the business to enable them to prove that the intercession of a broker is totally unnecessary. Actually the inexperienced house buyer—which includes 95 per cent of all buyers—will have to make his application through a broker and pay a commission of anywhere from 1 to 5 per cent. A moderate commission is a service fee. The judgment of the reputable lending companies is not in the smallest degree influenced by the broker, although he will often claim to have great influence, but he can usually present the facts to better advantage than the layman and also ought to know what company will be most inclined to lend in the neighborhood. To that extent he renders service for his fee. But even a moderate commission quickly adds to the interest rate.

The building and loan association is the most powerful and effective single factor in the making of residential loans. From a small beginning in 1890, the plan has spread so that today there are more than twelve thousand associations with a membership exceeding eleven millions and with assets in excess of seven billion dollars, going toward the payment of about two and a half million homes. The figures show that nearly nineteen million homes have been financed by these associations.

The building and loan associations operate in various forms which differ only in details. They are mutual organizations and, under the usual plan, a borrower takes out "shares" to the amount of the loan that may be granted to him. These shares are issued in what are called "series" and the holder makes stated monthly payments on his shares. The payments, with the addition of the profits from lending operations, will eventually equal the face of the shares and cancel the loan. The actual loan is made on the security of a mortgage and, whatever the details, the objective is the amortizing of the loan over a period of about twelve years. The rate paid, exclusive of any fees and commissions, will usually work out at around 7 per cent.

The Building Society

THE associations are also mediums for saving without borrowing; a subscriber to shares pays monthly, just as though he were a borrower, and the return upon his money is rather higher than can be obtained through other savings institutions. This is a method used very frequently to save the necessary funds for a down payment on a house, and it is a particularly useful method, for it brings the prospective borrower in close contact with an organization which ought to prove to be his best source of mortgage funds when he eventually comes to buy.

The building society is commonly a neighborhood or district affair and keeps its loans within an area which the officers know all about. Therefore they can safely make higher loans than an outside agency, such as an insurance or trust company. And in addition to the value of the property, a far-seeing association will take into account the character of the borrower. To that extent it violates the real-estate tradition—the tradition that the property alone counts. The average of building-society loans through the country is slightly less than 60 per cent of the appraisal, but many will lend to two-thirds and some to four-fifths. In some states the associations are permitted to lend on second mortgage. If a second mortgage must be had, then the building-association loan is ideal, for in these days it is always on a fair basis.

The building associations have at times fallen into the control of real-estate rings or been dominated by a real-estate group that manages, indirectly of course, to represent both the seller and the buyer and to the advantage of neither. Like all old institutions, they have been abused, but today through much intelligent missionary work and careful state supervision they are very generally in excellent condition and managed with a single eye to promoting the prosperity of the community in which they operate. They form the best source of funds for the buyer who can raise 20 per cent or more of the cost of the property and who can afford to pay off the mortgage as rent. If the buyer does not want to amortize the mortgage and eventually have a clear property, then the building and loan is not a good source.

It is quite often possible to buy an old house in need of renovation not only at a low price but on easy terms which are really easy. An owner may have a house on his hands in such a condition that it will pay him better to sell it "as is" than to make the outlay necessary to put it into such shape that it can be rented or sold.

Terms on New Houses

IT IS usual for buyers to look only at new houses. Few people can visualize an old house changed over into a modern house. They can see only the house as it stands, and making changes appears to be an overwhelming task calling for equally overwhelming amounts of cash.

But there are thousands of bargains to be had for the searching, and they can usually be renovated into good-looking, comfortable homes. The creation of artistic masterpieces is something else.

Easy terms can be had on new houses, but there are no bargains in them—except for the astute cash buyer. Take a $10,000 house put up by the usual type of builder. He will ask $10,750 for this house with a cash payment of $2750 and the purchaser will take the property subject to a $3000 second mortgage payable at so much per month to amortize within from three to five years and a $5000 first mortgage payable in five years but without amortization. The builder will probably have made an arrangement with the owner of the ground to pay him for the land out of the proceeds of the second mortgage. The builder himself will have not over $1000 invested—and less than that if he can manage it. He will pay a bonus of perhaps 15 per cent for the cash that he needs during construction, but he will get most of his materials on credit from the lumberyard. The modern lumberyard sells nearly all the materials that a builder requires. He may succeed in selling the second mortgage to the dealer or, if a number of houses are in the operation, pay him in part with a quota of second mortgages. These are not taken at face value, for, although the dealer may plan to hold them, he must be in a position to liquidate, else he will have a safe full of mortgages and no cash. The rates of discount on a three-year second mortgage will run from 10 up to 30 per cent in addition to an annual interest charge of from 6 to 12 per cent. If the purchaser, instead of paying $2750, is able to put up only 10 per cent, or $1075, the price will run up to $11,000 or $12,000. In that case the second mortgage, covering the difference between the first mortgage and the price of the property less the amount paid, will be too big for the second-mortgage sharks unless at a very heavy discount. In such a case there will be a third mortgage which will be sold at about half its face value. The buyer is then paying a ruinous rate for money.

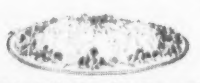
The second mortgage as an obligation to be sold in a market is very bad business for its maker. The third mortgage is still worse. And unless the seller of a property is in the financial condition to take and hold the second mortgage, or unless a second mortgage can be obtained from a building and loan association, the buyer of real estate will do well to avoid any arrangement involving them. If he can obtain a full knowledge of all the circumstances, that is another matter. That

(Continued on Page 219)

REAL CHILI CON CARNE. Meaty with beef; rich with mealy beans; the precise color and authentic flavor of genuine Mexican Chili. Recipe in Gebhardt book.

MEXICAN SALAD. Green vegetables plus a sauce involving Chili, bacon and vinegar; delicious! Recipe in Gebhardt book.

HOT TAMALE PIE. Simply Heaven in a baking dish, though simply made from leftover meat, corn meal, Chili powder, etc. Recipe in Gebhardt book.



SCRAMBLED EGGS CON CHILI. Flavor that makes a common dish a treat. Recipe in Gebhardt book.

CHILI MEAT LOAF. Beef, pork, ham or what have you; plus the magic of flavor and it's a dish for the gods. Recipe in Gebhardt book.

These and scores of other food delights can be yours with original Mexican Recipes and Gebhardt's genuine Mexican Chili powder.

Cook with CHILI for flavor-and zest

Thousands of Texans have long known and loved it—Now you may have it too

Gebhardt's GENUINE MEXICAN CHILI POWDER

IN MANY parts of Texas and throughout Mexico, a pungent, spicy flavor pervades the cooking, that thrills you through and through. Tourists taste it in border towns and seek it elsewhere in vain. Some say it's "Native Magic," but it isn't quite that. The secret is a blend of spices and Chili pepper, that few but natives know.

Years ago Gebhardt learned it and for years has produced and sold *Gebhardt's* (Mexicans call it Eagle Brand) Mexican Chili powder, in Texas and Mexico. But until Gebhardt sponsored the growing of genuine Mexican Ancho Chili-peppers, there was never enough to supply national demand.

Now there is enough. Now you may have the "Magic" that native cooks use and their recipes as well. Cook with Chili for flavor and zest. Get genuine Chili powder as Gebhardt prepares it and know how the real thing tastes. Bottles in 15c and 35c sizes; also Gebhardt Mexican foods in cans, at your grocers now.

Gebhardt's sampler package containing 1 can each of Chili Con Carne, beans, tamales, 2 cans sandwich spread; 1 bottle Chili powder and two recipe books. Genuine Mexican cooking from clean American factory. Retail value $1.35; postpaid..... **$1**

Two famous books free: (1) "Mexican Cookery for American Homes"; and (2) "Salads," by Alice Bradley. We'll send them along with enough *Gebhardt's* genuine Mexican Chili powder to try any recipe; dainty sample packet and books postpaid..... **10c**

MAIL COUPON NOW!

LHJ-2

GEBHARDT, San Antonio, Texas.

☐ Enclosed 10c for which send me Free books and sample powder.
☐ Enclosed $1.00 for which send me sampler box, canned foods.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

NATIONAL KARPEN WEEK – October 12th to 19th

Introducing Fall designs in Karpen suites from $113.50 up

KARPEN! All that is fine in furniture comes to mind at the name . . . all the style and craftsmanship and luxury you have longed for. A delightful surprise awaits you at the opening of Karpen Week on October 12th. Some dealer near you will exhibit Karpen 2-piece suites for as little as $113.50 and Karpen Windsor chairs from $12 up. And there will be other new groups such as this one of related design and harmonizing fabrics which will represent a new measure of value at moderate prices. The group illustrated has the new Karpenesque springing, soft as down, the fine hair and pure cotton filling, and the all hardwood frames which exemplify the guaranteed Karpen construction present in every piece to be introduced during Karpen Week, regardless of price. All Karpen cover fabrics, including mohair, are guaranteed against damage by moths for three years from date of shipment from factory. Some Karpen dealer near you will hold Karpen Week October 12th to 19th; attend this great 7-day exhibit.

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KARPEN FURNITURE

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE KARPEN FURNITURE

297 Sofa—mahogany, tapestry	$186.75
297 Arm Chair—mahogany, tapestry	95.50
298 Arm Chair—mahogany, damask (down cushion)	92.00
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300 Radio Cabinet—walnut	81.00
301 Coffee Table—walnut, marble top	58.50

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Mail this Coupon for "Beautiful Interiors"

A colorful, absorbing book on interior decoration by Edgar W. Jenney. Full of ideas for your home. Send this coupon now, with 10c for mailing costs, to S. Karpen & Bros., 801 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 37th and Broadway, New York; or P. O. Box 604, Los Angeles, Cal.

☐ What dealer near me is holding Karpen Week?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J-10

CITY.....STATE.....

(Continued from Page 217)

knowledge he can rarely obtain. There is no point in paying only a little for property and a great deal for having it sold to one.

Two lines of investigation have been going on concerning the finance of homes and their improvement. The success of the automobile finance plans prompted them—although pianos and sewing machines were sold on installments before automobiles were ever heard of. Almost every portable article about a house could be bought easily out of income, but the permanent thing—the house—could not be so bought in a thrifty way unless the thrift came before and not after the purchase.

As a result, two very comprehensive plans are now available: Under the first, which is not yet universally available, one may buy the house. Under the second, which is now universally available, one may refit with heating and plumbing and even go further and pay for all the major changes with the same credit arrangement. Similar provisions have also been made for the electrical work, the roof and the painting. The amount of cash required to refit a house is now very small indeed. First, take the new house-buying plan. It came about as the result of several years of study by men of long experience in the finance, construction and selling of realty. They spent many thousands of dollars in research, in addition to giving up their own time. They discovered that the prime difficulty with the purchase and sale of residential real estate was that the loans were made on things and not to people. Thus the strong security of the family unit was disregarded.

Out of their investigation they evolved a plan quite similar in principle to that on which automobiles are sold. Then they organized a management corporation on a purely commercial basis—for they had no eleemosynary intent—to organize and manage other corporations to engage in the business.

This is the plan: The prospective purchaser of a house makes his application to the corporation with not only a full description of the property but with a full personal credit statement. The applicant must have 10 per cent of the price of the house in cash and must show from his credit statement an ability to pay an amount each month equal to 1 per cent of the purchase price. This amount must be one-third or less of his monthly income. The first consideration of the company is the credit standing of the applicant, for the transaction is first of all with him and not, as is usual, first of all with the property. If the applicant passes the credit requirements, then the company's appraisers look over the house that he wants to buy. In this they are acting for the purchaser, for it is to the interest of the company to get the best bargain. If the house is satisfactory, then the company's agents buy it outright for cash for the account of the client. This is an initial saving of a deal of money, for not only does it put the buyer in a cash position, but also it gives him the full benefit of the most expert bargainers.

Credit Up to Date

THE purchaser signs a kind of leasing contract and the title of the property remains with the corporation until a certain proportion of the price has been paid. The payment requirements of the corporation are not rigid. The purchaser may agree to pay a larger sum per month than 1 per cent, so that the contract will run for perhaps only five years, and of course he may pay down any amount that he likes. The average contract runs for ten years, but contracts up to fifteen years have been written. The fees are small and the actual charge for the money—the effective interest rate paid—is slightly less than 9 per cent a year. This is just about half the rate on the usual first and second mortgage plan with commission and bonus. The saving on price effected by paying all cash is always substantial, but it is not reckoned here.

The mechanics of the plan are simple enough. The company secures a first mortgage on the property from an insurance company or other source, and this it can do without paying a commission. This takes care of 50 per cent of the investment; for 25 per cent of the price it issues its own collateral trust notes on debentures bearing 10 per cent interest, and which are sold on the security of all the properties financed and in the same manner as the automobile and other finance corporations issue their obligations against the promissory notes which they discount. If the purchaser has made a down payment of 10 per cent, then the corporation has 15 per cent of its own money in the transaction, and this yields a satisfactory income.

The profit of the company comes out of the fact that though the buyer is paying about 9 per cent, half of the amount first advanced is at once taken off the hands of the company at 5 or 6 per cent by the securing of a first mortgage. This makes the return on the balance large, but at the same time the buyer does not pay heavily. That is the essence of a good bargain—both sides benefit.

Real Estate's New Day

THE lending experience of the company has been so satisfactory that more than one of its leading men hold the opinion that it is only a question of time until the first payment of 10 per cent can be done away with and the transaction started with only a regular monthly payment. Then a house may be bought as easily as it can be rented.

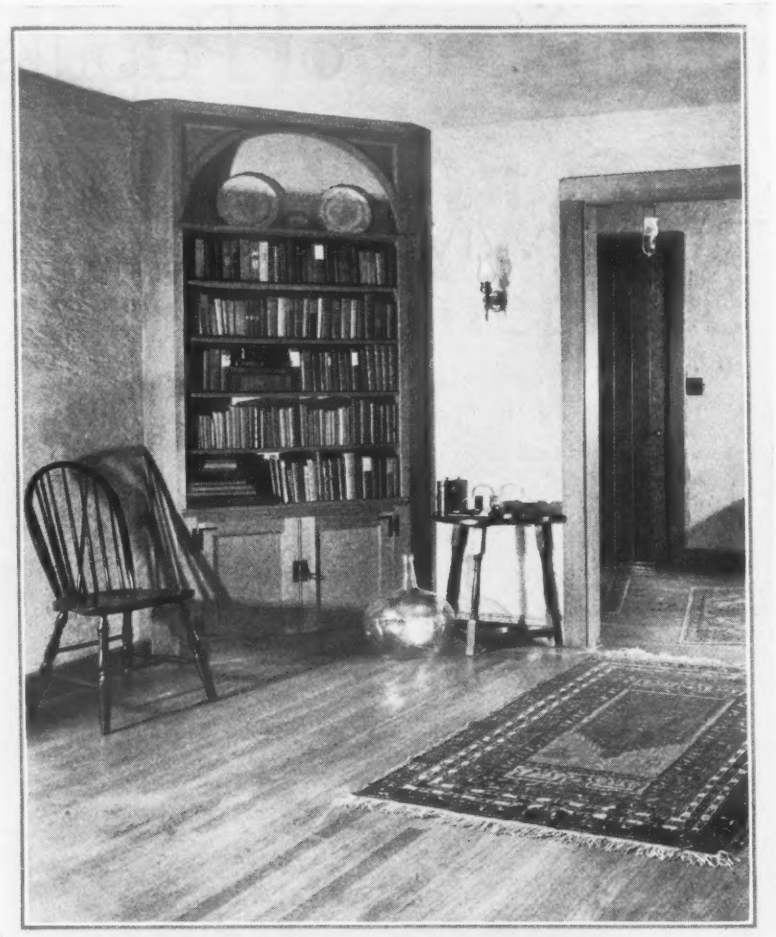
The installment plan for house-heating plants has been going since 1923. At first it was tried out in a small way with a 25 per cent payment and a series of payments extending over ten months. The company retained title to the plants and used every legal precaution against loss. The contract covered four printed pages and required nine signatures. The business was not pushed at all and the risks were selected with great care. There were no losses. Then other plans were tried out and for two years this company has been furnishing heating plants with a down payment of only 10 per cent and monthly payments extending over three years. It now takes an ordinary promissory note and does not retain title to the installation. It has done nearly five million dollars in business and the losses have been exactly $260. Anyone with a head for figures can calculate the percentage of loss. The delinquent payments average only 3 per cent.

The company does not finance the operations. It discounts the notes with a finance corporation organized on the lines of the automobile finance corporations, and out of the discount pays the local contractor.

The local contractor does all of the work on his own account and under the supervision of the company's engineers, but the entire bill is covered by the note signed. The finance fee for a small contract is only six dollars, and payments as low as five dollars a month are arranged for. The whole works out so that the purchaser gets the job done at a cash price and pays about 14 per cent a year on the balances due. Now this same company will take over the plumbing in the same manner. Several large lumber companies have followed suit, as have also the roofing and the electrical companies.

These plans have not as yet been extended to new construction. It is only a question of time when they will and then the day of the jerry builder and the loan shark will be ended and a home buyer can be sure of getting value. The tradition of real estate is about ready for a coffin.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crowther.



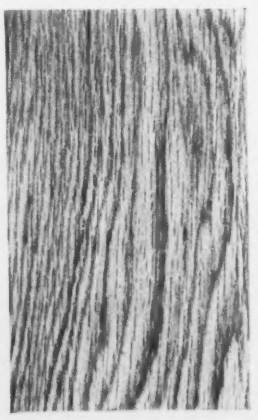
SO MANY HOME OWNERS HAVE FOUND *OAK FLOORING* COMPARATIVELY INEXPENSIVE

OAK FLOORS are fine floors. Highly polished, beautifully grained, friendly and cheerful they add a tone to any house. So *many* home owners have been surprised at the low cost of equipping a house throughout with the gleaming warmth of floors of oak!

Perhaps it is because of the associations that surround Oak Flooring. For oak floors are used to set off the beauty of the finest homes, homes where considerations of cost do not enter. Their strong, sturdy durability is utilized in ballrooms and dance halls—on the little square floors of night clubs where restless feet pound them merrily and steadily. Theirs is a rich heritage . . . and a cheerful, sunlit beauty, mellowing as the years flow by.

Yet, Oak Flooring *is* comparatively inexpensive. It costs little more than floors of softer woods that quickly wear and need replacement! It's hard to realize that Oak Flooring *does* cost less than carpets or manufactured flooring substitutes! Today, many are remodeling their houses with Oak Flooring, laying it right over the old worn floors—at little cost—and not only adding tremendously to the beauty of their homes, but actually increasing their values should they ever wish to rent or sell! For floors of oak, upstairs and down, transform a house!

Perhaps *you* would like to know more about this fascinating flooring. Write for the free, informative, illustrated booklet, "The Story of Oak." Have your contractor, retail lumber dealer, or architect give you an estimate on oak floors for your home. Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States, 1253 Builders' Building, Chicago.



There is beauty and character in the natural grain of OAK that lesser materials can never hope to express.

OAK FMA USA

THIS MASTER TRADE-MARK *is stamped on the under side of all Oak Flooring produced by members of the Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States. It is complete protection for you. Every piece is thoroughly inspected and accurately graded, insuring uniformly high quality. Its quality may be taken for granted.*

Fifteen Years of Popularity among Housewives of America

FIFTEEN years ago, the Corn Products Refining Company —one of the World's Largest Producers of Pure Foods —introduced an absolutely pure Vegetable Salad and Cooking Oil—MAZOLA.

And for fifteen years, Mazola has been enjoying an ever increasing popularity among housewives everywhere.

Mazola is pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels. To the thousands of housewives who have served it for these many years, Mazola is equal in appetite appeal to the finest imported oils—yet the cost is only about half as much.

Mazola is truly an American product—produced by modern American methods of sanitation and economy—for the American housewife.

Try these recipes for French dressing and convince yourself that regardless of price, the world affords no finer salad oil than Mazola.

PLAIN FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad. If a sweeter dressing is desired add 1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label.

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Beat well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

FRENCH DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALADS

½ cup Mazola
1 tablespoon Karo, Red Label
3 tablespoons lemon juice
⅓ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika

Beat until thoroughly blended and use with any fruit salad.

FRENCH DRESSING IN QUANTITY

Any of the preceding French dressings may be made in quantity. Put in a preserve jar and shake before using.

These recipes are taken from IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S New Book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" {page 37}. Chock-full of recipes, illustrations, helpful hints, and valuable household suggestions, this book is highly appreciated by modern women everywhere. Send 10c {stamps or coin} for your copy to: Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. L-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City.

A Spanish Kitchen

(Continued from Page 32)

of drudgery of the early Pullman period. Paint-grained woodwork, dismal painted walls, in a color that "wouldn't show the dirt," nondescript chairs and tables that had once seen better days.

Then, the Kitchen Renaissance—and we had shining laboratories of hospital type, with walls, stove, furniture and utensils all white and all spotless. But all sterile, too, and utterly lacking in beauty, color and imagination.

Next, the inrush of the vogue of color. Colored walls, floors and furniture, colored stoves, utensils and window treatments gave a changed appearance. But color alone could not give them new form.

There are dozens of tempting avenues to explore in developing new style treatments for kitchens. There are dozens of alluring types of kitchens which can be adapted to our American homes—all rooms conducive to creative cookery, and consequently in sympathy with the present interest in the æsthetic side of our cuisine.

There is the early Colonial kitchen, which was both living and dining room. And its prototype, the English farmhouse kitchen. There are inspiring Continental types—the Dutch kitchen, with its characteristic tiles and heavy oaken beams; the kitchen of Provincial France, with its highly polished red tile floor, gleaming pewter and copper utensils, sturdy furniture, and windows gay with toile or checkered gingham.

And then the Basque and Spanish kitchens.

My quest for new kitchen ideas took me to the Balearic Islands. At Sarria, on the Island of Majorca, I found a Spanish kitchen to which our modern kitchen equipment could be adapted with no apparent anachronism. And this is very important. Even for the sake of a quaint and charming kitchen we must not forsake modern equipment.

This Spanish kitchen has all the picturesqueness of old fact and legend, yet here it is in America meeting all of the utilitarian requirements of modern living. A gayly colored, inviting workroom, directly adaptable to the Spanish-type houses of California and Florida, and, with slight modification, to houses of all types. It exemplifies the possibilities for extending our growing use of tiles, and of creating a new interest in the one room where a surprise of this sort is least to be expected.

Charm and Color

IN THE original kitchen in Sarria the focal point of interest was the characteristic charcoal stove, placed rather in the middle of the room and covered with bright Spanish tiles. The stove was both broad and long, as it embodied both the fire pot and working space. Over it was a most interesting great plaster hood to vent the chimney. Under the great hood was also the lavabo, which we term the sink.

We decided that the focal point of our room should likewise be this central unit—tiled stove, tiled, recessed lavabo—both under a hood, with broad outside shelf.

In adapting the stove to modern needs we substituted an electric range for the charcoal burner and its ovens. The installation was rather a problem, but was solved by removing the stove legs and placing the stove on a frame at the height of a normal electric stove. The space below the stove and its wings is utilized for storing utensils. The insides of these cupboards are painted in Venetian red.

The top of the oven was insulated with sheets of heavy asbestos, then covered with Spanish tile, as was all of the frame on every side except the lower part on one side, where doors were made, to utilize the space. In lieu of the chimney vent in the hood, for the charcoal stove, is an electric ventilator to carry off cooking odors.

So behold! The modern cooking device was almost completely camouflaged and we had reproduced our beautiful Spanish stove, gaining a most convenient work table on both sides.

The recess under the hood for the lavabo is also fascinatingly tiled. Here again is a faithful copy of the original, with, again, the substitution of our modern plumbing. This was a simple adaptation; the center unit of a sink was installed and framed in a slab of black marble. This provides a generous working space on each side.

On the broad outside shelf of the hood are large crude plates of Spanish pottery in interesting design and gay colors, huge decorative pottery water jugs and fine old bottles. On its inside shelf, interesting old copper litre and gallon measures, and a beautiful old copper water jug. Under it, hung on wrought-iron hooks, are the burnished copper cooking utensils which characterize all Continental kitchens.

The walls and hood are rough plastered, which makes it possible to inlay tile on the edge of the hood. It was impossible to put tile on the edges of the inside wood shelf of the hood and on the edges of the recessed wall wood shelves. So the motif of the inlaid tile was repeated in painted stencil in the same coloring. The rough plaster was whitewashed, and then brushed here and there—not all over—with an umbered wash which gives the walls and ceiling a warm and mellow feel.

Surroundings That Inspire

ON BOTH sides of the lavabo are Spanish doors of striking design. One pair opens into the small corridor separating kitchen and dining room, where extra storage space is had. The other pair conceals the electric refrigerator, so that the wall is perfectly balanced, with the very charming tile recessed lavabo in the center. The hardware of the doors, drawers and casement windows is wrought iron.

All the details and appointments were carried out as authentically as possible. The recessed shelves which break the wall space are very decorative, each with its display of colorful Spanish pottery. The woodwork was painted the turquoise blue of the tile and then treated with a mauve wash, rubbed off to suit the mood of the decorator. The effect is almost silvery.

Instead of a red tile or red brick floor, a red tiled linoleum was used. This is kept highly waxed. The lighting fixtures add an interesting touch. An old Spanish lantern is suspended from the center of the hood. A Spanish wrought-iron hook and sconce is above the old crude oak table. On the little Provincial table are two old pewter candlesticks, converted into lamps with pewter shades. The insides of the shades are painted the Venetian red of the cupboards and closets. Red geraniums bloom outside the casement windows.

Old Spanish nurse's chairs stand on each side of the table. The chair at the desk is of very crude peasant type. But the outstandingly interesting piece of furniture is a wonderful old oak bread mixer. Here is a convincing note of authenticity. The dough mixer in Continental kitchens ranked in importance with the fireplace.

So here in an 18 by 20 foot space is transplanted a lovely example of an authentic Spanish kitchen which sacrifices nothing of beauty to usefulness and nothing of usefulness to beauty. Although the kitchen we have pictured is the domestic science laboratory for the J. Walter Thompson Company, Chicago advertising agency, where the lore of cooking as a fine art is explored and adapted to modern formulas, it is a room to delight the heart of any woman who seeks an unusual new element of interest for the home as well as a practical kitchen where one may truly cook with inspiration—and enjoy doing it.

Health Giving Sunshine from your fireplace

Free!

Here's a book all parents should have. Write for this amazing story of Heat and Health.

HERE'S a priceless gift for your children—Sunshine all year 'round! Well enough through the summer, when they can romp in its golden beams while their little bodies absorb the vital rays which are essential to growth and development. But what of the darker months, when school and the rigors of winter keep them indoors? That's when they need a Radiantfire, for its rays are as nearly like the vital health giving rays of the sun as science can achieve in the gas-burning field.

The Humphrey Radiantfire contains an abundance of the vital infra-red and some of the ultra-violet rays of the sun. It fills a two-fold purpose in your home. The wonderful heating efficiency which has made it the standard, modern fireplace equipment of the world has been immeasurably enhanced by its health giving qualities. For heat and health—as a substitute for sunshine within the walls where we spend so much of our time—the Humphrey Radiantfire is a wonderful contribution indeed to the increased health and happiness of humanity. You can make your selection from 32 beautiful Radiantfire models and "turn on the sun" whenever you turn on the heat.

Visit your local gas company or Radiantfire dealer today . . . look for the Humphrey name and guarantee tag which identify a genuine Radiantfire.

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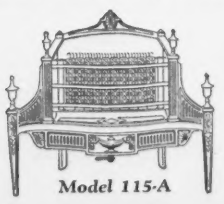
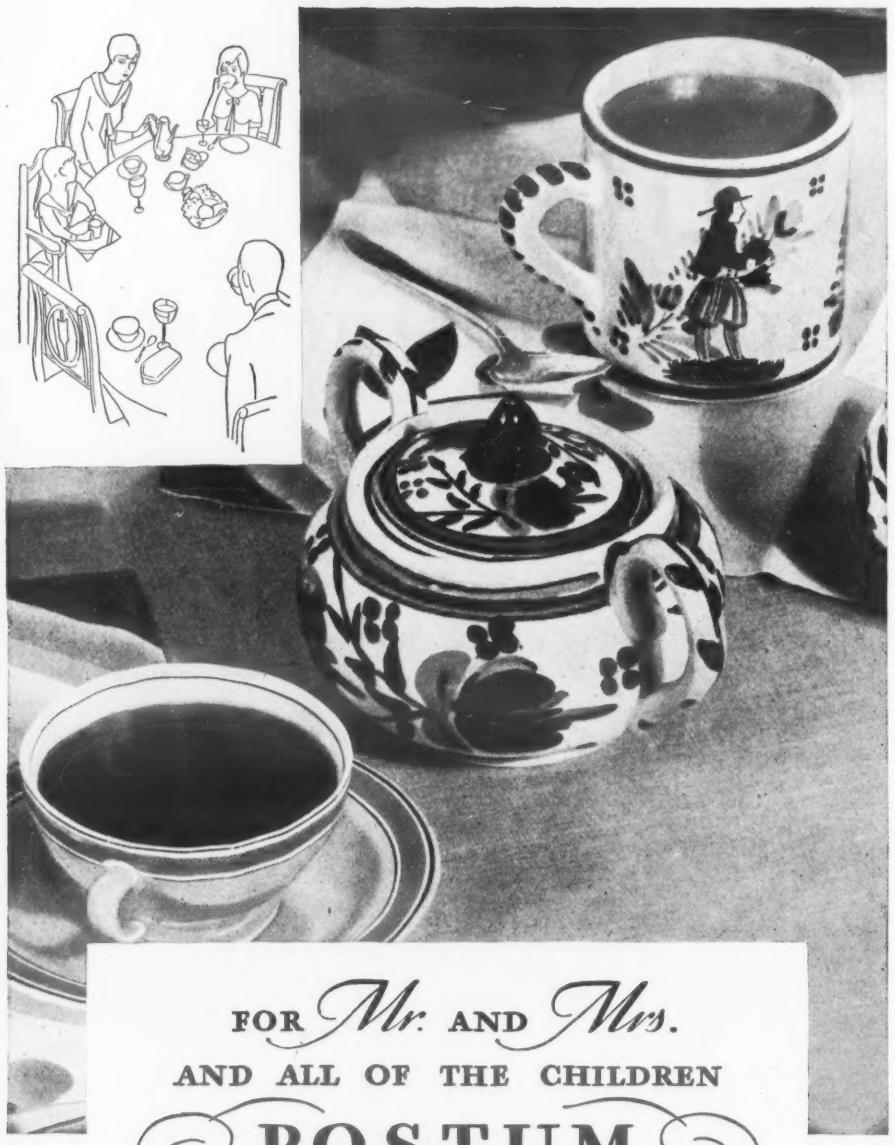
The HUMPHREY Radiantfire


Model 115-A

FIRESIDE CHARM WITH SUNLIKE HEAT



FOR *Mr.* AND *Mrs.*
AND ALL OF THE CHILDREN

POSTUM

The mealtime favorite of two million families

THERE is an empty chair at the table for you—will you join our family for a few moments? We've made a cup of Postum for you . . .

We'd like you to try it. But first, stop a moment to enjoy the delightful fragrance that drifts up out of that steaming cup. Then notice the rich brown color of Postum. See it turn to a tempting gold as you pour in the cream . . . *now*, taste!

The first sip will tell you you've found a friend. For here is real flavor—smooth and mellow—distinctive—downright delicious! Perhaps you're surprised to find it so. Perhaps you thought Postum was something for sick folks? Then finish your cup, and admit how completely mistaken you've been!

Now take a look around the table. Father, mother, sister, and brother, are *all* sharing this mealtime treat. Postum made with boiling water for the grown-ups. Postum made with hot milk for the children—and just see how they enjoy this delicious disguise of their old acquaintance, milk!

When you leave this little family group, you still have something to learn about Postum. This mealtime drink, unlike drinks containing caffein, will treat you well *after* you leave the table. You needn't fear the headaches, jumpy nerves, and sleeplessness that caffein so often causes. You are *safe* with Postum.

Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, carefully roasted and blended—100% wholesome. There is *no caffein* in Postum. Try it for thirty days. Let Postum take the place of caffein beverages in your diet—then take stock of your health. You'll find you're sleeping better, feeling better — looking better too! Ask those who know Postum. Two million families can't be wrong!

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—L. H. J. 10-29

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

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(prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
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Post Food Products

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Shopping for Window Shades

By RUTH O'BRIEN

In Charge Division of Textiles and Clothing, U. S. Bureau of Home Economics

THE refurbishing that is going on in many homes these autumn months is apt to call for new window shades, and wherever this is the case their selection will no doubt cause the homemaker some anxious thought. Shades are one of those household items that are bought so infrequently that most of us do not acquire the information about them which the money involved in their purchase warrants. There is a great temptation to go to a convenient store and throw the burden of selecting a satisfactory shade upon the salesman. The customer should at least have enough information to put her on her guard against the more undesirable ones.

There are certain things she may well decide for herself even before entering a store and exposing herself to the conflicting emotions that sometimes beset all of us when we see an attractive display. One of these is the maximum amount she can afford to spend on each window; another is what, under the particular circumstances of her home, she should desire and expect from a window shade. In some homes the artistic effect may far overshadow all other considerations; in others it may be wise to hang less durable shades of small cost with the idea of buying new ones in a short time. In still others, and no doubt in the homes of most of us, it is greater economy to get a very good shade that can be cleaned and refreshed by turning the top to the bottom.

The color and general type of shade are points which the homemaker might decide before starting to shop. The shades at all of the windows of the house should present a uniform appearance from the exterior and should harmonize with the exterior style and color of the building. At the same time they must harmonize with the color schemes of the interior. In many homes this difficulty is met by using a duplex shade, especially if an opaque one is desired. Formerly a dark color was generally used on the outside and a lighter one on the inside. In some cases this is not entirely satisfactory, as a portion of the dark color is apt to be reflected through the shade and may give an undesirable tint to the inside. Recently translucent, light-colored shades seem to be more popular. These soften the glare of the sun but allow the diffused light to enter the room and give an attractive daytime effect. Some of these have delicately colored figures on the inside which add a great deal of decorative value.

Fabrics

WE SUGGEST that the would-be owner of new shades follow some such plan as this: Armed with definite knowledge as to how much her budget will allow for shades, the number of windows to be considered, the measurements required, and with a general notion of the color and type of shade she wants, she would start her shopping expedition by looking for a merchant who will furnish samples of shade cloth. This is a fabric that must be tested if any real information about it is to be obtained. It is impossible to judge values if the buyer is limited to an inspection of ready-made shades.

At the first store she visits she will undoubtedly be confronted with certain technical names, the meaning of which she should know. These refer primarily to the different ways the shade cloth has been made. Our grandmothers usually spoke of holland shades and even today it is the only name for shade cloth which most women recognize. It originally referred to a sized linen fabric, but practically all holland cloth now is made by putting a heavy size of starch, and other adhesive material on a dyed cotton cloth. The fabric is then passed between heavy rolls that give it a smooth, glossy surface. There are domestic (made in America) and imported shades. Among the latter the Scotch hollands are perhaps the best known.

However, holland cloth is not the only kind of shade cloth. The salesman may talk learnedly of "opaques." This is a nickname given to the opaque-painted shades. They are made by painting a mixture of sizing and either water color or oil paint on a muslin or a cambric base. Sometimes the sizing mixture is put on first, especially in case of the better qualities of these shades, and the oil paint added on top. Some are machine-made and some are handmade. The handmade ones are produced by putting the paint mixture on by hand and rubbing it in. As this involves more expense, a better grade of foundation fabric and sizing mixture is used than on the machine-made shades. If only enough paint is added barely to color the cloth, it is called a tint cloth, or since only cambric is used in the manufacture of this type, such shades are often spoken of as translucent cambric shades.

Rollers

A TYPE which has come on the market recently is the pyroxylin-impregnated shade. Pyroxylin is a mixture of chemical compounds which is used as the basis of many lacquers. In the manufacture of shade cloth this material is forced into the fibers of a muslin fabric; there it hardens and makes the cloth waterproof. As in the case of the other kinds of shade cloth, this type is sold under a number of trade names.

Since wear, light and cleaning tend to damage shades, the samples should be tested for their resistance to all of these. Rubbing between the hands is about the only way of testing for wear. By holding the rubbed sample up to the light the observer can see how readily the sizing has broken or rubbed off. The inevitable cracks will appear. The only satisfactory method of cleaning shades which is known at present is to scrub them with a brush, using a warm suds of neutral soap. Some commercial laundries are now developing window-shade cleaning departments which will be of great convenience to the homemaker. With this method of possible future cleaning in mind, it is well to test a sample by treating it in this manner.

The roller is a part of the shade that should not be purchased too hastily. Perhaps no household article can do more to disrupt an otherwise happy home than an unruly shade roller. It is unwise to save too much money on this item. The homemaker should remember that the cloth can be replaced on the roller and a good roller used for many years—if there are no small boys around to experiment with it or investigate its "insides." A good roller is of seasoned, straight-grained wood that will not warp and has a spring strong enough to withstand ordinary usage. The spring should catch at every turn and should be adjustable for the necessary tension.

The salesman may ask what diameter of roller is preferred and even if he does not, the homemaker should specify this. A roller one inch in diameter is usually of better quality than a smaller one, although there are good rollers on the market whose diameter is fifteen-sixteenths of an inch. The length of the shade has an important bearing on the diameter of the roller which is to carry it. A longer shade requires a larger roller.

Even as apparently insignificant a thing as the slat which is placed in the hem of the shade should not be overlooked.

A Photograph of the Children is a Treasured Christmas Remembrance

THIS Christmas give photographs of the children. There is nothing that would please friends and relatives quite so much—nothing they will so truly treasure—as a *recent* picture of the youngsters.

If we are to share childhood's charm with those who know and love the children, we must not delay. Already the few-year-olds are eagerly on their way to Grown-Up-Land. Almost before we realize it, they will be young men and women, and our fleeting opportunity vanished forever.

No one knows better than you that one of the chief charms of childhood is its constant change. And there you have the very reason why photographs of the children simply must not be postponed. All the wealth of the world, you know, cannot bring back fleeting childhood days. But a few moments now, at the photographer's studio, can preserve these days for all the coming years.

And how pleasant it is to know that the photographs of your children made in this modern time will be as real—and as interesting—as the youngsters themselves. The nowadays photographer pictures the children as we know and love them best. Thus his camera creation becomes a *living image* to be treasured long after baby days and baby ways are but a misty memory.

To avoid any possible disappointment, it would be well to arrange at once for Christmas photographs. Just an hour or so some morning this week is all that's required. Why not telephone your photographer today?

PHOTOGRAPHS ... *THE GIFT THAT ONLY YOU CAN GIVE*

Capture childhood's charm for daddy's Christmas gift

Send baby's photograph for your Christmas greetings

The Master Photographer catches the real spirit of you

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER

INTERNATIONAL

"Women Drivers" are Safer Drivers

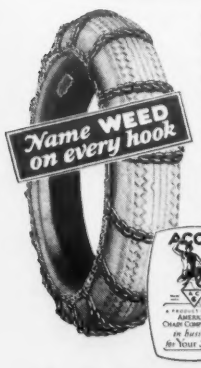
Only 1 out of 23 accidents involves a woman driver

Hundreds of thousands of women, who represent nearly 10% of the city drivers today, rely implicitly on WEED CHAINS for safe traction. They consider WEED CHAINS as necessary as good brakes.

The Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, after analyzing thousands of automobile accidents, pays high compliment to the woman driver. This analysis shows that in only 1 out of every 23 accidents was a woman driver involved. Think of it —1 out of 23! But men were involved in *the other 22*.

Women drivers are safer drivers because they seem to consider more, the rights of others . . . they dread to cause injury and pain . . . they realize the waste of repair bills.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut



WEED CHAINS can be obtained at any service station, garage, tire or accessory store. Be sure you get genuine WEED CHAINS, for maximum safety, best traction and long wear. The name "WEED" is stamped on each red connecting hook.

Note: any garage man, filling station attendant or taxi driver will be glad to put your chains on for you.

WEED CHAINS

A ready-made built-in telephone cabinet will be appreciated by every member of the family.

Ready-Made Built-In Conveniences

By DAVID DEWITT

ONE important difference between houses built two decades ago and houses erected today is that the latter contain built-in features that give a superlative degree of convenience. This is visibly apparent when watching a remodeling job under way. Most interior alterations then consist of building in factory-made conveniences that were lacking in the old house.

Built-in accommodations are certainly practical things. They eliminate, in many instances, a later necessity of installing portable equipment. Furthermore, although we usually do not look upon our dream houses as commodities of barter, every house sooner or later does change ownership. And a house well equipped with built-in appliances will usually sell quicker, and for more money, than many a better-looking neighbor without them.

A survey of the "built-in" field reveals an astonishing number of things exceedingly worth while. Let's begin with the kitchen. The kitchen is a place where convenience is particularly desired. In this household workroom the matter of shelves and cupboards is important. In the first place a kitchen should be designed round its furnishings; not, as is often the case, built first, and furnishings fitted into it later. When you get ready to build your own home, pick your pieces of kitchen equipment first, to suit the size of your family; then proceed theoretically to arrange those pieces in relation to one another, and in relation to the dining-room and other doors. This done, plan the size and shape of the kitchen to conform.

Closets Ready Made

RELIABLE built-in dressers, broom closets, cabinets, and the like, are manufactured in such a way and of such materials that they will give lasting satisfaction to their owners. Selected woods are used in the reliable grades of such articles. Many types may be had in metal. They have machine-made joints, dovetailed corners, are smooth-sanded all over, and have grooves and stops which make drawers work easily and stop where they should.

The dining alcove is another place where built-in furniture usually looks better than pieces made up on the job. Benches and a table in good design tend to increase both the attractiveness and comfort of these little compartments. Near by, hanging on the wall, might be one of the smaller decorative china closets of the ready-made variety.

Many home-builders are turning to steel equipment for their kitchens. White or colored enameled-steel dressers and cabinets are delightful things to work with. They are time defying, sanitary, and never have hard-working drawers or sticking doors. Steel equipment, as well as wood, may be selected in units that fit together to form complete sections.

In a dining room there are also spaces and need for built-in equipment. One of the most charming possibilities in almost any dining room is the corner cupboard. Finished to harmonize with the decorative scheme of the room, these cupboards not only create additional space for dish storage but they provide legitimate display space for nicer pieces of ware, and are in themselves decorative. One in a corner, or even one in each of two corners, they take up practically no room at all. Some of these cupboards have paneled doors, some are partly solid and partly glazed, and some have no doors at all. In any case, a colorful treatment of the interior of the cupboards lends to the dining room a splash of color that is, more often than not, needed.

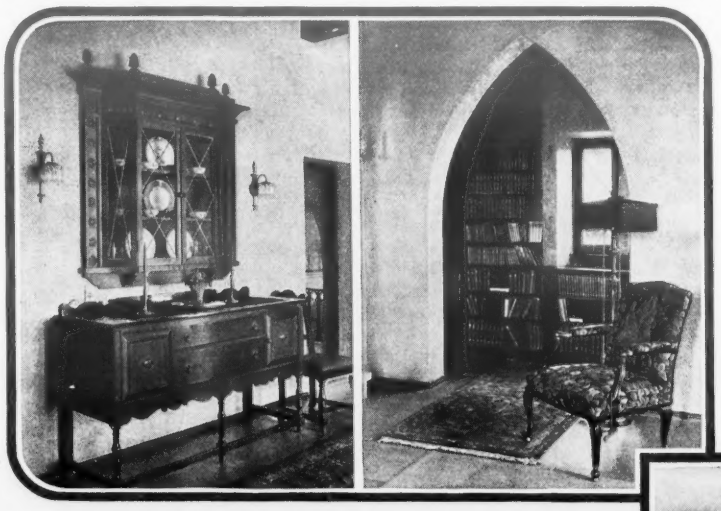
Hanging cupboards, like fireplaces, lend atmosphere to a room. English, Norman, Spanish and Early American interiors make satisfying use of just the right decorative, yet useful, hanging cupboards. They are to be had ready-made in unfinished woods. In their doors is a chance for leaded glass or for stained or decorated glass. They have a charm that is all their own.

Built-in specialties are available in well-designed pieces for every room in a house. There are broom closets, ironing boards, linen and tray cases, telephone cabinets, bookshelves, entire closets of various kinds, cedar closets, closet and door beds, folding stairs, folding breakfast sets, dumb-waiters, and medicine cabinets. For a bedroom there is a combination dressing table, tray closet and coat closet. Or the dressing table may be had with just its three mirrors and two drawers ready to be tucked into the wall, out of the way, by the builder. Such an installation would be ideal in a guests' dressing room off the downstairs hall.

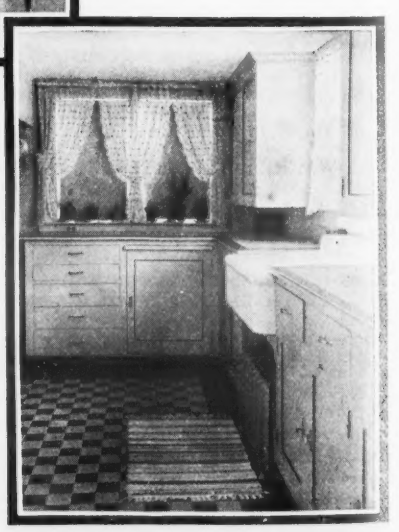
An Extra Bed

A BUILT-IN accommodation often overlooked is the closet-bed idea. Knowing that the cost of house building depends largely upon the cubic footage of the structure, it would seem that many people are neglecting to take advantage of this space-saving, sleeping-room-accommodation feature. Perhaps the reason is that many home-builders have a hang-over complex regarding folding beds, from the old days when now and then some unlucky person found himself suddenly obliged to yell like Sam Hill for release from a downy prison. Modern bed installations are absolutely different. Perfectly correct beds, box springs and mattresses may be concealed behind a wall panel that will revolve and lower its sleeping couch noiselessly and easily, and fold up only as its occupant permits.

Many homes have open fireplaces. For the fire tender the burdened trips up and down cellar stairs to the fuel supply mitigate the joy of crackling flames. A ready-built dumb-waiter can relieve him of this fuel-carrying task. A panel beside the fireplace can be, in reality, a door to the dumb-waiter shaft itself, and the whole family will find it more fun than work to operate it.



Hanging cupboards lend atmosphere to the dining room, and book sections—at right—that are in good taste may be had ready-built for the library or den corner.



A kitchen should be designed round its furnishings, so pick your equipment first and then plan the kitchen to conform.

Most homes have attics which are more or less usable if they can be gotten into. But it seems to be the idea lately to build houses so shaved down in size that room for attic stairs just isn't. In these cases one may turn to the folding stairway as the solution. These stairways really work splendidly, and make a trip to an otherwise inaccessible attic no more of a task than a trip down cellar. When not in use, the stairs fold up into a ceiling "manhole." All that is seen from below is a neat panel in the ceiling. A good place to have a folding attic stairway is in the upper hall. The attic will be worth utilizing for innumerable purposes, and the cost of such a stair is comparatively small, considering advantages it provides.

The bathroom is another place where handy ready-built features are appreciated. Medicine cabinets have long been the regular thing in most homes, but whose medicine cabinet is there that isn't packed to the hilt with everything imaginable? As inexpensive and as easily installed as those little mirror-doored cabinets are, it seems strange one seldom sees a bathroom with more than one medicine cabinet in it. My idea is to have toilet-article cabinets for the children down where they can get at them. Directly over the lavatory seems to be the conventional situation for medicine cabinets. Just why, is difficult to say. A mirror there, yes; but why a cabinet? While Dad is shaving is there any reason why someone else may not open the medicine-cabinet door and take something therefrom? As long as Dad's morning shave is underway and he is using the cabinet-door mirror, that cabinet's contents are there to stay until he is through using its glass.

The built-in shower is another bathroom accessory that will give value received. These modern bath closets not only give an air of distinction to the bathroom but are welcome savers of hot water. There is a luxurious feeling to taking a bath in a tiled and nickle-trimmed shower that the bathtub fails to produce. The shower is quicker, more invigorating because of the instant control of cold, warm and hot water, and cleaner because one's body is constantly being bathed by clean, fresh water from the nozzles overhead and at the sides. Milady may cut off the top shower and protect her hair and face by using only the side sprays.

From the dumb-waiter, starting in the basement, to the ironing board in madam's own boudoir—where she may press a party dress at the last minute before stepping out—built-in appliances are truly worth the investment. They make living more pleasant, and property selling more profitable when that time comes, although a home owner well equipped with built-in conveniences will usually fight off selling as long as possible.

Epitaphs from a Country Dooryard

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

A Butterfly

SINCE naught can perish, then the common dust
Herewith receives a strange and shining trust.
Only the ancient earth knows into what
New loveliness this fabric will be wrought.

A Goldfish

HERE lies a ne'er-do-well who spent his days
Idling and ogling in a public place.
Now, with the rimless universe his bowl,
He finds a whale-sized job and saves his soul.

An Owl

WHETHER or not there's Heaven for feathered folk,
This brother (though he never saw the Light)
Counts on a seat in some celestial oak,
And waits unruffled his Resurrection Night.

A Lady Wren

HERE sleeps, departed suddenly this life,
A most exemplary mother, neighbor, wife.
Beneath the bough she loved now let her rest,
Her praises sung by those who knew her best.

An Ant

SHE perished amid the ruins of her home.
Within the length and breadth of Kingdom Come
May she discern some scant unwanted space
And there rebuild her small abiding place!

A Caged Bird

IF HE remembers half his bitter wrongs:
The short arc of his flight, the silenced songs,
How earth denied him love and mate and nest,
Wind in his feathers, bough beneath his breast—
He may not tarry with the Heavenly Host,
Then God defend us from his little ghost!

A Hop Toad

HE PRACTICED, with a calm the saints might prize,
Faith—that he would receive his daily flies;
Hope—for a share in common garden joys;
And charity—even toward small tormenting boys.
But for a little slip in Nature's plan,
Here would be lying a Christian Gentleman.

A Grasshopper

ONCE, homespun clad, he tumbled over
Timothy, barley, common clover;
Now, jasper-winged and burnished well,
He hops in fields of asphodel—
Too plain and simple-hearted even
To know he's dead and gone to Heaven.

A Bee

HERE sleeps, well recognized for sterling merit,
A citizen of worth and public spirit.
Successful in his chosen field was he,
Day after day his golden wealth amassing,
And gave mankind his splendid service free
And left the earth the poorer for his passing.

Gives even the least expensive Rug

That Feeling of Luxurious *Softness*

YOU notice it the moment you step into the room! An all-enveloping sense of quiet elegance and ease. The rug gives beneath your feet with the responsive yielding of deep, rich pile. Yet it may be but a simple domestic rug laid over an Ozite Cushion!

This wonderful Ozite Cushion, which lends such velvety softness, is really a fine thin hair mattress for your carpet. By protecting the fabric it also adds vastly to the wear. Unbelievable as it sounds—Ozite will actually make your rugs wear three times as long!

Ozite Rug Cushion is sold and recommended in all stores selling floor coverings. Examine it carefully: dark brown, with orange binding imprinted "Ozite," and marked like a waffle, in squares. The name Ozite comes from the patented process used in sterilizing the washed hair with ozone, the very foundation of Ozite quality—which cannot be imitated. You can prove Ozite in your own home, at our risk. It is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction.

YOU'LL FIND THAT OZITE RUG CUSHION:

- Never loses its springiness.
- Stays flat—never lumps or curls.
- Needs cleaning but once a year—by vacuum.
- Is absolutely mothproof; fire-resisting.
- Outwears a dozen rugs.
- Remains clean, sanitary, odorless.
- Evens old floors; blankets cold ones.
- Makes laying floor coverings easy.

The standard rug and carpet cushion in Europe, Canada, and the United States

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Free—Send for sample and valuable booklet

Adds luxurious softness —years of wear

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Please send free sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets."

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ATWATER KENT

RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

WHEN you buy furniture for your home, don't you have many designs and prices to select from? Of course. Well, Atwater Kent Radio, too, now offers you freedom of choice in selecting the cabinet.

No matter how simple or how elaborate the home—or the room—in which you wish the companionship of radio, there's an appropriate cabinet.

This new idea of providing variety in Atwater Kent Radio in cabinets came to us from home owners who asked for cabinets a little different from their neighbors'. In carrying out the idea, a great many good furniture makers have translated into beautiful wood their own conceptions of beauty and fitness.

ENJOY THE NEW FREEDOM OF RADIO-CHOOSING

So—when you select an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set, you are now assured of two things: The widest possible choice of cabinets at a very wide range of prices. The finest possible reception because no better radio than the Atwater Kent Screen-Grid can be built.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
4701 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Atwater Kent, President

On the Air—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Daylight Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

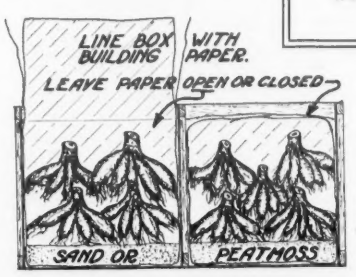
October in Your Garden

PLANT spring-flowering bulbs. All Dutch or spring-flowering bulbs can be planted in October. Where the weather is mild it is best to wait until late in the month, and in some sections planting can be delayed until November. Where the planting is made too early in the season, one is likely to suffer losses from mice.

The best time to plant tulips and other Dutch bulbs is just before freezing weather sets in. They should not be mulched until the ground is frozen tight, and then may be mulched to prevent heaving. The proper rule to follow in planting all bulbs is to plant them as deep as twice their diameter. If the soil is inclined to be moist, or has an overabundance of clay, plant each bulb in a pocket of sand to insure good drainage.

In digging holes in which to plant bulbs, use a garden trowel and square out each hole at the bottom. Do not use a dibble, or pointed stick, as these suspend the bulbs in the soil, making an air pocket underneath, which causes the loss of the bulb.

PREPARE YOUR ROSES FOR WINTER. It is none too early to be starting your winter rose-protection work. The very first thing to do is to refrain from feeding or stimulating growth in your roses at this season. This means no more applications of liquid manure, no more waterings in dry weather. What you want to do now is to encourage your roses to "harden off" and to discourage all soft new growth. If they do not harden off properly, they will not winter successfully.



Tubers stored in orange boxes.

Commence to pull the dirt up around the roots of each rose bush, two or three inches being sufficient at this season. As the weather becomes more severe you can continue until the crowns and most of the bush have been hilled under, depending upon the severity of your winters. But all roses should be hilled up at least six inches, no matter how mild your winters.

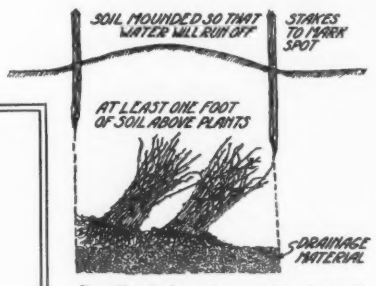
Within the past few years there has gradually come into use a method of handling roses that makes it possible to purchase your new plants in the fall and not plant them till spring. This method naturally reduces the tremendous hazard of winter killing and at the same time permits the purchase and delivery of your new plants in the fall when the growers' stocks are the best and they may be shipped with the least danger of injury.

Fall is the natural time to transplant a rose in most sections of the country, but bitter experience has taught us that the mortality rate is high among fall-planted roses. On the other hand purchasing and delivery in the spring has many times been unsatisfactory because the plants start growth early and a great deal of their vitality is lost before setting out in the garden.

The growers dig their plants in the fall and those unsold are kept in storage till spring. They take every reasonable precaution to keep them in the best possible shape, but in spite of all they can do the plants will dry out and much of their vitality will be lost if they remain out of the ground till spring. This new method consists of purchasing in the fall, having them delivered at once, and then burying them in your garden till planting time in the spring. Fall purchasing will give you the pick of the growers' stock and it will reach you in a fully ripened, dormant condition. By this method they will be just as full of vitality in the spring as when you bury them in the fall. When the soil in your garden has dried out sufficiently in the spring these plants may be dug up and planted. The contact with the soil over winter leaves the bushes in the best possible condition to start growth. The stems and buds will be fresh and plump.

There are several little details worth remembering in connection with this method. The spot where they are to be buried should be well drained. A low spot where water stands in the spring will not be suitable. Additional provision should be made for drainage by placing a layer of coarse cinders, crushed rock or gravel in the bottom of the hole. Dig the hole eighteen inches to two feet deep and large enough to lay the bushes flat on the bottom; put in the drainage material, loosening the bundle; carefully lay the bushes in the hole and fill in with soil, preferably fine, light and sandy so that it will work in around them, leaving no large air spaces. They may be arranged in several layers, but in sections where the soil freezes deeply there should be at least a foot of soil over the uppermost bushes. It is advisable to wrap several thicknesses of paper around labels so that the markings may not be obliterated. The soil should be mounded up well over the place and the spot marked by stakes, preferably four, one at each corner of the hole.

In extremely cold sections where there is difficulty in wintering roses in their beds, the bushes may be dug each fall, wintered by burying, and replanted in the spring.

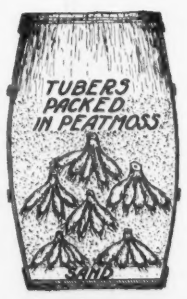


Bundle of plants loosened so that soil may be worked in around them.

This method has proved practical with gardeners in the Northern States.

STORING DAHLIA TUBERS. The problem in the winter storage of dahlia tubers is to handle them so that they will neither decay from excess moisture nor dry out from lack of it. Not a small part of their successful winter storage depends upon treatment during the growing season. Plants that have been forced by extra feeding for the production of large flowers seldom provide roots that keep well. It is also a mistake to cultivate, fertilize and water too late in the season when the plants should begin their ripening processes.

At digging time the top growth should be cut off with a sharp tool, using care that the top of the tuber is not broken. Dig the root clump out carefully, turn on its side so that excess moisture in the hollow stem may drain, and allow to dry in the sun for several hours; then place under cover, safe from frost or drying winds. Tag each variety securely with its name. All tubers should be examined before storing and any with decayed spots, bruises, broken necks or other injury discarded. Choice varieties that have been injured may sometimes be saved by cutting out the bad spots down to firm healthy flesh and dusting the cut with flowers of sulphur.



Barrels or boxes may be used.

The actual storage of the roots is one of the most critical points in dahlia culture. They must be kept from drying out and shriveling and yet if kept too moist they will decay. It is better that they should be too dry rather than too moist. No matter how you store them, they should be examined several times during the winter. Many different methods are suggested for storage, but consensus of opinion seems to favor storing them in boxes or barrels packed with pulverized peat moss. Some suggest packing in clean sand, sawdust, dry soil or coal ashes, but unquestionably the peat moss is preferable. It is absolutely sterile, a perfect insulator from heat and cold, and if the tubers are excessively moist will readily absorb the moisture without becoming damp. Peat moss is now available by the bale in most sections at reasonable prices and may be used for many years. Packed this way they may be kept in any cellar.

The Chosen People

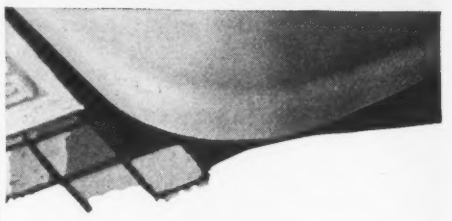
By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

LET us not forget that the original Paradise was a garden and that ever since man and woman lost it they have been trying to get back to Paradise. We are not clear as to just what happened, but they soon found themselves dispossessed and outside the gates of that little paradise. Perhaps they had been reading the nursery catalogs and longed for more ground out on the edge of town where they could have a bigger and better garden. Gardeners are, you know, never satisfied!

Besides, they had nothing to do with the creation of the original garden. I think it is only natural that something did happen, for I never heard of a gardener who was satisfied or contented in a garden he had not helped make himself.

Anyway, they lost their Paradise and they have been seeking it ever since. Where, I ask you, will they find it if not in their own dooryards? Instinctively we know that it contains all the elements of happiness—beautiful surroundings, quiet, peace and understanding, retirement from the trials of the world. The Garden of Eden is a place where there is just *one* man and *one* woman—*one family*. And they are the real Chosen People who work to make this whole glorious dream a living reality.

BATHASWEET



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The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

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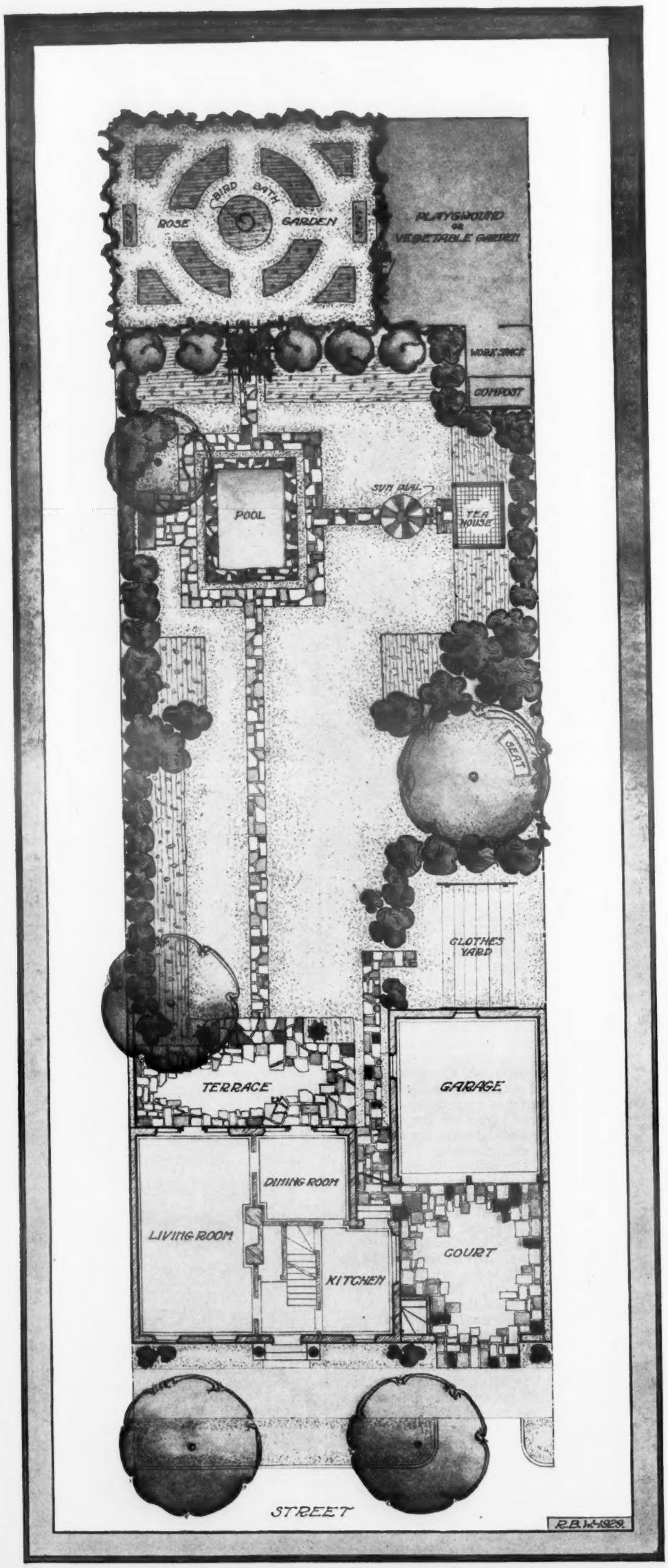

The garden as it will be at the end of five years—a balanced plan with many desirable features, so arranged that it may be developed over a period of five years and still be practically complete each year.

Budgeting Garden Planting

By ROMAINE B. WARE

THE "Garden Homes" idea as suggested by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL opens up new fields for yard development. Better gardens will be the rule in every community. Garden clubs with their flower shows and pilgrimages are showing the way; they are the vanguard of a multitude of home lovers whose dreams are coming true.

The new idea provides almost a third more space back of the house, where it may be utilized to the best advantage. It means no more actual yard space to care for except the increase due to the elimination of unsightly walks and drives. The big advantage is that all of the lot except that actually occupied by the house and garage is intact and may be developed as desired. A real garden with features such as a lily pool or formal rose garden may be included without robbing the children of their rightful play area.

The experienced garden maker will welcome this enlarged opportunity, but many just starting are at a loss to know where to begin. They have vague dreams of the garden they long for, but how to go about getting it is a question. Few will feel it necessary to call upon a landscape architect. They may consult the local nurseryman and then with the help of the neighborhood handy man start planting some shrubs and flowers. Their big problem is the lack of a definite plan to start with. If they could know just what they want to accomplish and have some idea of the costs, then their dream of the garden-to-be would work out much better.

Most successful gardens are the result of several years' effort; they develop gradually. The home owner who does no more toward the actual planting of his garden than signing the check when the job is complete misses the greatest joy of possessing a garden. The pleasure of seeing the flowers and shrubs develop that we ourselves have actually planted spells real garden satisfaction. If we are going to build a real garden and take, say, five years to do it, we must know where to begin and what to plant first. A well-planned yard may be planted gradually over a period of years and still present a finished picture each year.

This garden plan has been carefully worked out to include desirable and worthwhile features, arranged to make the most of the available space. It is so planned that each year definite features may be added till at the end of five years the garden will be practically complete. Of course it will never be finished; no garden should ever be entirely finished. We lose interest in work that is done.

Let's consider the year-by-year development. We'll imagine the lot is of average good soil and fairly level. The first thing should be a fence entirely round it. A height of four feet will be sufficient except round the future rose garden, where five or six feet will be desirable to support the climbing roses. The fence may be of almost any material, as it will be almost entirely concealed by shrubbery. Next the entire area may be seeded to lawn. This will be more satisfactory than trying to leave places unseeded where shrubs are to be planted.

The First Two Years

IN MOST sections of the country fall is considered the best season to plant shrubs and trees. Early spring is the next best season. When the leaves have fallen they may be transplanted with the greatest degree of safety. As trees and shrubs must grow several years in their new situation before they make much of a show, they should be planted the first year. Now at the end of the first year, as we look over our yard, we have a space completely inclosed by a fence and within the fence a large expanse of open lawn surrounded by a screen planting of shrubs and trees. The first few years the screening will not be very effective, but by the end of five years, when the garden approaches completion, the shrubs will be tall and dense, entirely inclosing the lawn area and making it very private.

The material lists at the end of this article have been selected most carefully so that each item may not only be suitable for its particular location and use in the plan but also that they may be satisfactory throughout a large section of the country. However, it is advisable that they be checked over carefully with the catalogue of your local nurseryman. If he has not the particular variety listed, try several other growers, but make sure that they can recommend it for your climatic and soil conditions. Just because your local dealer may not have a thing is not sufficient proof that it will not thrive in your locality. There are so many new shrubs and new varieties of the older shrubs on the market today that no one grower can have all of them. When purchasing material for the yard you should search round for it. You would not think of selecting the furnishings for your home all in one shop. Many stores must be visited and much comparison made. So in buying the plants for your garden the best is none too good. There is no room for a single mediocre thing in the limited space of our gardens.

It might be well this first year to make preparation for the flowers that are to be planted the second year. The section that is later to become the rose garden could well be used as a propagating garden to grow the perennials from seed. The process is very simple. Too, there are many perennials that may easily be propagated by root division. Some of the more desirable ones are helenium, valerian, achillea, "The Pearl," fall asters, boltonia, chrysanthemum, delphinium, coreopsis, gaillardia, day lilies and phlox in variety. Three to half a dozen plants may be purchased now, grown a year in your garden and then divided. They will in most cases prove a good investment. By this method you will become familiar with the various plants and

(Continued on Page 230)

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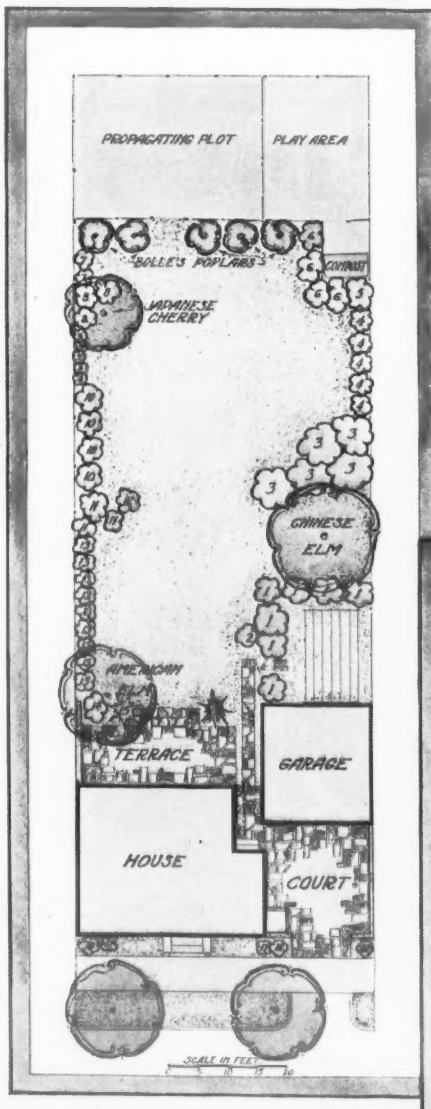


End of first year—Trees and shrubs all in. These need time to become established. Compost heap started. Lawns planted.

(Continued from Page 228)

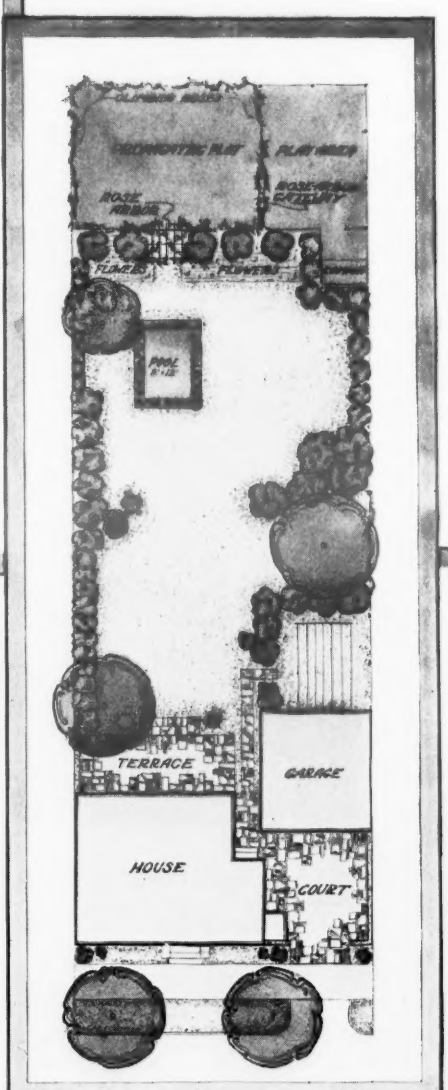
their habits. The first year you should also start your compost heap. A goodly supply of compost will prove invaluable in subsequent years as the garden develops.

The main feature to be added the second year is the lily pool. There is no single feature of the entire garden that will be so continuously satisfactory as the pool. One with an eight-by-twelve-foot water surface as planned here will accommodate three to five varieties of lilies and when in bloom display two or three dozen blossoms at one time. A pool as shown may be constructed at a comparatively small cost with unskilled labor.

The two rose arbors, one between the main garden and the rose garden, and the smaller one with the gate between the rose garden and the vegetable garden or playground space, should be added the second year. These two arbors should be of substantial construction and painted white to secure the best effects. The flower borders should be begun this year. That across the rear of the yard just back of the pool would probably be the one to plant first. The others may follow as one's purse and the available material will allow. One other thing that could well be added the second year is the climbing roses round the rose garden. There should be fourteen of them and the best effect will be secured if they are limited to not more than four varieties, one for each side of the garden.

Second-Year Plans

NOW at the end of the second year our garden is beginning to assume form and character. The shrubs, trees, lawn and pool all show up well and each added feature helps to complete the effect.



End of second year—First of flower borders started. Pool built and started. Rose arbors built and climbing roses planted.

The third year the flagstone walks are the one big item to be added. If stone is not available, brick or gravel may be used, but do not consider cement for this purpose. Better leave the lawn without walks. Cement is too severe and harsh to harmonize in a garden development of this kind. The finest effect is secured by the use of natural slate slabs or flagging in soft blending colors. Stone of various kinds is available in many sections of the country. Paths should blend and harmonize with the rest of the garden, never standing out as a prominent feature of themselves.

The seat near the pool and the sundial are two other features for the third year. The seat should be rather long; about seven feet would look the best. It is backed up by a formal clipped hedge of amur privet. This is the only piece of formal hedge indicated in the plan. Informal hedges and groups of shrubs are so much easier to care for, only needing sufficient pruning to keep them within bounds. This seven-foot bench may be of wood or stone. The latter is more effective but rather costly unless one is able to make it himself out of cement. They are not at all difficult to make, and, if constructed correctly, will last forever. The sundial is very interesting and decorative. Here again the handy man may build the pedestal of wood or cement. If gravel or brick paths are used, a brick pedestal is good.

In this third year of our garden additional flower borders may be planted. The rest of the borders shown in the plan, except the long narrow one extending out from the terrace, would be sufficient for this year.

The fourth year should see the completion of the features of the main garden area. The tea house is the big thing for this year. It is not large, only six by eight feet, but backed up by the informal hedge of red-twigged dogwood and flanked by the flower borders it will be a most decorative and delightful retreat. It may be built of wood with formal white pillars and might have a tile or cement floor. The least effective tea houses are those of rustic work. They are hardly to be considered as being in good taste for the suburban or city garden.

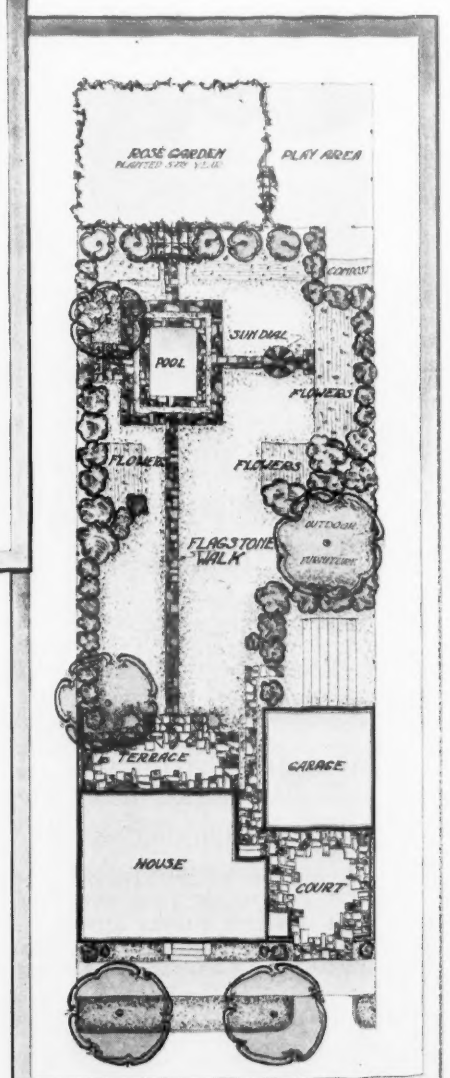
The long flower border extending out from the terrace might be added this year, thus completing the borders as planned. This border is backed up by an informal hedge of English hawthorn, valuable not only for the decorative effect of its flowers and fruit but also because its roots grow deep rather than spread out upon the surface. This quality makes it possible to plant flowers close to the shrubs without the roots interfering.

The Rose Beds

WITH the completion of the flower borders we have little need for propagating any large number of plants. Any future propagating may be done in one corner of the vegetable garden. This will leave the rose garden free for planting the fifth year. It would be a good plan to seed the entire area to lawn during the fourth year and then lay out the rose beds.

Though this area is designated as a rose garden, if one's hobby runs to

(Continued on Page 232)



End of third year—Flagstone walk, sundial and seat near pool together with new borders bring garden well toward completion.

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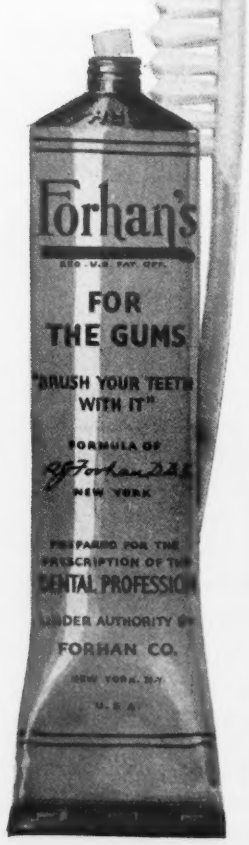

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AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 230)

dahlias, iris, peonies, glads or any other special flower, this space would be ideal for them. The layout of the beds may be varied to suit one's needs. As shown in the plan, they will accommodate about one hundred rose bushes; by a different arrangement twice as many could be grown. The decorative features of the rose garden are two seats and a bird bath. These may be built at home or purchased ready-made.

With the building of the rose garden during the fifth year we have our entire scheme practically complete. By this time our trees and shrubs are tall and dense, screening our outdoor living room on all sides. The fence is well hidden by either shrubs or vines. The lawn, though having plenty of open lawn area and vistas of great length, is so broken up by groups of shrubs that it seems much more extensive than it really is. Each mass or group of shrubs has been carefully placed and the variety selected to create the best effect.

The five columnar Bolleana poplars at the rear of the main lawn area lend distance to this vista. The Japanese flowering cherry near the pool will be delightful as it attains size. Just back of it the group of hydrangeas produce color.

An estimate of the cost for this garden will vary greatly in different sections. Too, a great deal will depend upon how much of the work has to be outside labor. If the owner is a practical gardener and handy with tools he will accomplish the entire development at a much smaller outlay of cash than if he must hire everything done. The costs of material will vary somewhat, depending upon local conditions. The size of shrubs and trees will greatly influence their prices. In this respect, if you can get good-sized specimens for the three major trees of our scheme it will pay to spend the higher prices for them. However, in the shrubs it seldom pays to purchase large sizes, as they grow quite rapidly. When you plant shrubs prune them back severely.

The total cost of this entire construction and planting should be well below one thousand dollars, which spread over five years would be less than two hundred dollars a year. If materials are purchased right and the owner performs the greater part of the work himself, a third or more could be deducted from these figures.

However, it is not the costs that are of prime importance in our garden development; it is the finished product. If the yard becomes a well-balanced, artistic picture that is livable and easy to care for as well it will be worth all it costs. This plan as worked out is complete, it may be cared for at a miminum of expense, and it contains practically every worthwhile feature a well-planned garden should contain. If built according to the plan it will be a most satisfying garden.

MATERIAL LISTS

MAIN LAWN AREA REAR OF HOUSE—SHRUBS

*1. Seven *Cotoneaster acutifolia.*
2. One *Deutzia magnifica,* double-flowering white.
3. Five Chinese lilac *(Syringa chinensis).*
4. Five red-twigged dogwood *(Cornus alba sibirica).*
5. One Manchurian honeysuckle *(Lonicera ruprechtiana).*
6. Four winter honeysuckle *(Lonicera fragrantissima).*
7. Two Korean spiraea *(Spiraea ritchocarpa).*
8. Three Hydrangea otaksa *(H. opuloides otaksa).*
9. Five amur privet *(Ligustrum amurense).*
10. Four Philadelphus virginal.
11. Three doublefile viburnum *(V. tomentosum).*
12. One torch azalea *(A. kaempferi).*
13. Nine English hawthorn *(Crataegus oxyacantha).*
14. One showy border forsythia *(F. intermedia spectabilis).*
15. Two Siberian arborvitae *(Thuja occidentalis wareana).*

IN FRONT OF HOUSE—SHRUBS

16. Three common snowberry *(Symphoricarpos racemosus).*
17. Two Japanese barberry *(Berberis thunbergi).*

TREES

Near terrace. One American elm *(Ulmus americana).*
Near pool. One Japanese flowering cherry *(Prunus yedoensis).*
Rear of clothes yard. One dwarf Asiatic elm *(Ulmus pumila).*
Rear of lawn area. Five poplar *(Populus bolleana).*

*Number at beginning of each line shows placement in garden, as indicated on the plan on page 230.

Bulbs for Winter Cheer

(Continued from Page 29)

of summer skies—of blue hyacinths or Muscari, the yellow gold of daffodils, and the exquisite fragrance of lily-of-the-valley or the new multi-colored freesias. And the pleasing part of it is that anyone, anywhere, may easily have an abundance of these winter-defeating flowers.

Earliest to bloom are the autumn flowering crocuses and *Colchicum autumnale.* So impatient, indeed, are bulbs of the latter to produce their crocuslike rose-lavender flowers, that one need merely place them on a shelf in the light, without planting them at all! The crocus species speciosus and zonatus are delicately colored, beautiful little things which will hold their graceful chalices aloft within a few weeks after planting; the former is pale violet-blue, with contrasting orange-red anthers; the latter light rosy lilac, with center "zones" of yellow and orange. Both of these and the colchicum produce their flowers on naked stems, with no foliage, out of doors. They flower in the fall, and the foliage does not appear until spring. Therefore it is a good plan to scatter a pinch of seed of some quick-growing grass, such as Italian rye or redtop, over the soil in which they are planted. This makes an attractive, feathery setting for the exquisite little flowers.

Of the daffodils, or narcissus, the tender, cluster-flowered or polyanthus sorts, such as paper-white grandiflora—the kind universally offered for growing in pebbles and water—with its clusters of fragrant, starry white flowers, the yellow paper-white (Soleil d'Or) and the Chinese sacred-lily *(N. tazetta orientalis)* may be had in flower before Christmas. Grand Monarch, a more robust growing variety with cream-colored, yellow-centered blooms, is not so early but makes a desirable change from the paper-whites after January.

If you want hyacinths by Christmas procure the "prepared" bulbs, which are especially produced for the purpose, and plant as early as possible, as it is a close race to get them in. Personally, I very much prefer the French-grown Roman hyacinths—quite distinct from the regular Dutch hyacinths—which may be flowered readily by Christmas. With their narrower, almost grasslike foliage, bearing slender spikes, several to each bulb, and semi-pendent recurved "bells," the Roman hyacinths are as charmingly graceful as the Dutch are amusingly stiff and pompous. They are grown quite as easily as the Dutch type. While the white Roman is the color almost always used by florists, pink and blue may also be had, and are delightful for the living room or a sunny window.

It is among tulips that the greatest range of colors is to be had, and also the widest variety of form. They are the least expensive and—so far as there is any difference—the easiest of the large-flowering spring bulbs to grow. Therefore, they may well be the first and the largest item in the bulb gardener's list.

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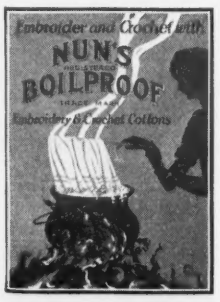

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Of the garden tulips, the single early type is, naturally, the first to flower. Several of the yellow and orange sorts are deliciously rose-scented—decidedly more so than most of the modern hybrid-tea roses! It is difficult to understand why the catalogue makers never emphasize this fact. Among the fragrant sorts good for indoor flowering are Gen. De Wet (Fireglow) a flame-colored true orange; Prince of Austria, brick-red and buff; Yellow Prince, yellow with faint stripes, and Goldfinch, pure yellow; Fred Moore, terracotta and golden orange, and the newer Lady Moore; Proserpina, carmine rose; and Crimson King. Among the later types—cottage, or May-flowering, Darwins and breeders—there are also some fragrant ones, such as Miss Ellen Willmott, canary yellow; Mrs. Moon, golden yellow; Vitellina, very pale primrose; Orange King; the new cottage-hybrids, Dido, yellow shaded salmon pink, and Marvel, pale yellow, flushed old rose; the lovely little Darwin, Wm. Copeland (Sweet Lavender), a soft lavender; and, for late in the winter, Dom Pedro, a gorgeous rich red-brown mahogany breeder. Try at least a few of these fragrant tulips, if you do not know them, and see what you've been missing!

For striking colors in the modernistic mode one may use, of the single earlies, Keizerkroon (Grand Duc), scarlet, bordered yellow; Duc de Berlin, scarlet, edged orange; Duchesse de Parme, bright scarlet flushed with gold; Mon Tresor, a great bold yellow; Pelikaan, pure white; Brilliant Star, dazzling scarlet: of the cottage type, Cocarde, a brilliant red with black anthers; Grenadier, scarlet orange, the most "flaming" of all tulips; Jeanne Desor, orange yellow and scarlet; the Lizard, lilac-flushed white petals with carmine stripes and black anthers; Viridiflora, green edged yellow; and Carrara, pure white: and in the Darwins and breeders, Bartigon, fiery crimson, very early; Faust, very dark purple; Isis, scarlet; Princess Juliana, orange scarlet; William Pitt, dark scarlet, Zwanenburg, pure white; Lucifer, orange with yellow base; and Prince of Orange.

Not only in color but in form may the modern mode be matched! There are, for instance, the "lily-flowered" tulips of which Sirene, a deep rose pink (illustrated on page 29) is one of the most beautiful; the fantastic and gorgeous parrot tulips, with deeply cut and fringed petals, and several of the species, of which Clusiana, the "Candystick tulip," is especially charming, and incidentally especially easy to force, as it will bloom without any preliminary root development out-of-doors.

Varieties

FOR those who prefer the more delicate and—to some old fogies at least—more artistic delicate shades and blended colors, there are such varieties as Hobbema (Le Rêve), with crinkled petals of the texture and color of old-rose silk with chamois shadings; Primrose Queen; Rose Precoce, silvery rose; Ibis, deep pink; Pink Beauty, rose pink—all among the earlies: Picotee and Carnation, white shaded rose, with lily-like flowers; Moonlight, Moonstone, and Mrs. Moon, three lovely shades of yellow, the dainty Picotee Yellow; and The Fawn, fawn color shading to silvery gray—in the Cottage class: and among the Darwins and breeders, Apple-blossom, rosy pink; Afterglow, apricot, shading to salmon; Cherryblossom, soft rose; Le Nôtre, clear pink; Rev. H. Ewbank, lilac; Venus, silvery rose (and a fine companion for the Rev.!); Wm. Copeland, already mentioned; Louis XIV, the popular "purple and gold" breeder; Turenne, violet and bronze; and Vulcan, apricot, edged buff and yellow.

The lesser spring bulbs—snowdrops, snowflakes, grape hyacinths, scillas, and their like—are commonly overlooked for winter garden indoors, just as they are for outdoor planting. Include a few with your order for the more imposing bulbs, let them remain in winter quarters until well along in January, grow them cool, and you will be rewarded with some of the most charming of table decorations.

At the beginning of this article I said that winter bulb growing is about the simplest and most certain of all forms of gardening. There are but two essentials to success. The first is to secure vigorous root growth before bringing the bulbs into the living room or the sun parlor; the second, is to keep them cool enough after bringing them in.

To secure good root growth, use a light, porous, humus-filled soil. It is not necessary to stuff it with manures or fertilizers. For years I have used with complete success the following simple prescription: One-half sandy garden loam and one-half granulated peat moss, or commercial humus—or the two together. I add to this a small amount—about a quart to one bushel of soil—of bone flour. If only heavy, stiff garden soil is available, include a considerable amount of sand. Compost heap humus, very old manure, or screened leaf mold might be substituted for the peat moss or commercial humus. Planting may be done any time during October or November, or even in December, if good, sound bulbs are procured.

Methods

PROVIDE a number of bulb pans or bulb bowls to hold the bulbs—usually several are placed in a five, six or seven inch pan, though they may be grown singly in flower pots. For lily-of-the-valley pips, which have long roots, azalea pots or the special deep "valley bowls" are best.

Fill the pans to within half an inch of the tops, and cover the bulbs an inch or so deep. Hyacinths may be set with their noses just above the surface, "valley" with the pips sticking up an inch or so. New clay pots or pans should be soaked a day or two in water before using. After planting, water thoroughly, or, better still, set the pans where they can soak up water from the bottom until moisture shows on the surface.

Next, place the containers—each one plainly labeled!—in a well-drained trench a foot or more deep. Fill in around them with peat moss, cinders or soil; cover with a few inches of dry leaves, and then several inches of soil. In severe climates, more leaves or straw or hay may be added after the surface of the ground freezes. A cold, moist cellar will answer instead of burying out-of-doors, but usually the latter gives best results.

Examination will show when the bulbs are ready to bring in. After six to eight weeks, the pots should be well filled with roots, and the tops started just a little. Do not place immediately in a very warm place, and in full sunlight; put them in a cool corner, preferably semi-dark, until growth starts. Never set the containers on or directly over a radiator to force the growth; spring bulbs grow normally with the roots much colder than the tops. Water regularly—just enough to keep the soil nicely moist clear through. A flowerpot saucer under each pan, or, better yet, a decorative bowl in which the pan may be placed, will not only protect table covers or woodwork but help to keep the soil moist. As the buds begin to open, removal of the plants to a cooler place, out of the direct midday sun, will keep them in condition several days longer than otherwise.

Lily-of-the-valley, freesias, oxalis, and the tender varieties of narcissus do not require a preliminary rooting period out-of-doors, but even these are much better for a fortnight or so in a cool, dark place, to hold back the top growth until the roots have started.

All the hardy bulbs, after blooming, may be kept growing as long as possible by an occasional watering, even if they are stored away in the cellar, and then either set out in the spring, or after the foliage dies allowed to dry and remain in the pots, and set out in the fall. Many will continue to give good service in the garden, even though they may require a rest period.

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Premet's "Mon Dragon," in red chiffon and matching satin, intricately applied, finds its smart complement in the Selby Arch Preserver Lilith model, in black slipper satin. The drawing is by the famous Parisian interpreter of modern fashion, M. Fromenti, and is from Maison Premet's original design.

NATICA—A tie in brown kid with contrasting brown Perlustre trim.

CRYSTAL—A gored pump in dull black kid with black suede trim.

JOLI—Moth kid vamp and trim with brown luzon snake quarter.

Maison Premet

(famous creator of brilliant costumes for smart Parisiennes)

says . . . *"The fall clothes reflect the spirit of the age. They aim to transform every body line into a flowing, harmonious expression of dynamic grace and beauty. But whether they do this depends largely on the shoes selected for each ensemble. Footwear must beautify the foot, as the frock beautifies the body, in terms of glorious freedom and vibrant activity, to permit a woman to look her best."*

Mme Charlotte
Directrice de Premet

Mme. Charlotte

AND now the American woman who goes to Paris for her clothes inspiration finds in the new Selby Arch Preserver Shoe the ultimate expression of her needs and desires in footwear, attuned to every ensemble and to every occasion.

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For the new fall and winter styles Selby has gone direct to the source of smartness . . . the great couturiers of Paris, who forecast the colors and materials and lines that will be worn by women who know. Trim street shoes, svelte afternoon models, distinctive designs for evening, await you at the stores of Selby Arch Preserver dealers. And they will be fitted carefully by an exclusive heel-to-ball system of measuring that achieves the personalized charm of custom-made footwear.

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The NEW Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Women who wish to attain in their costumes the perfect ensemble effect should send for the new book, "The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress." It includes suggestions for the selection of gowns, millinery, hosiery and footwear that every woman should follow.

Women who desire a smart looking comfort shoe at a lower price will be interested in the new Selby Styl-Eez footwear which has all the exclusive patented Arch Preserver features. Selby Exclusive Feature Shoes include Arch Preserver, Styl-Eez and Tru-Poise.

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Pittsburgh

(Continued from Page 7)

weeks the "long turn" of twenty-four hours straight through, without a break, that weeded out the weaklings and kept the breed strong. And in the brief intervals they snatched from their master, Steel, they worshiped. Steel might be their master but God was God, and as the steel mills spread up and down the valleys the church steeples marched with them.

Steel is hard. And equally steel is a hard master. And a hard master breeds hard men. Small wonder then that these men of Pittsburgh had little time for the softer things of life. Steel and God. That was all that a man had time for in the short space of a span of life. And when one man finished with Steel and was laid to rest in the yard beside the church, there was his son to take his place before the furnaces. When the steel millionaires dropped out, their successors stepped forward from the ranks.

They stripped the hillsides of their trees for charcoal in the earlier days. They ripped out the ribs of the towering mountains for coal and limestone and ore. They seared and gashed the hills as though giants had fought over them. And then they left them as they lay. They built their homes around the scars they left and were content. Let softer cities prate of beauty. They strove for tonnage.

Two hundred years Pittsburgh has sat sufficient unto herself on her hills. Rome was content with seven. Pittsburgh sprawls over seven times seven and then seven times that. Her first hundred years were the easiest. The second hundred were harder. Driving the Indians back into the Northwest territories, struggling up and down the rivers in the beginnings of what was to become the mightiest inland water traffic the world was ever to know—that was but a preparation for the real work to come. Steel, steel for a waiting world.

But old ideas change, and even steel will yield but give it time. A new day is dawning in Pittsburgh—is already here for that matter. Steel? Oh, yes. More than ever. Tonnage? To be sure. Tonnage that would have made those old iron masters of an earlier day green with envy.

A Yen for Beauty

BUT along with steel, along with tonnage, along with the worship of a stern, uncompromising God, why not beauty too? Why not something of the gentler, fairer things of life—a little time for happiness along with service to the master, Steel?

Pittsburgh asked herself all this and is answering. The answer is plain today to the most casual of Pittsburgh visitors.

The city has turned to the finer side of life and has made a definite advancement along cultural lines. She has an art gallery in which are held annually international exhibitions of modern paintings. Her musical taste has been elevated appreciably and she enjoys summer band concert programs supervised by a civic club. The city's music lovers not only support liberally and loyally their own symphony orchestra, with guest conductors, and what operatic productions are brought here, but have actually persuaded a fair proportion of their fellow Pittsburghers that these things are good. The seven arts are winning devotees daily and may yet take the town.

Not alone the very rich, whose iron-fenced estates in the East End and on Sewickley Heights are seen by few other than their aristocratic and fashionable guests, but many of the rank and file of Pittsburghers have made more than a beginning in singing aloud the kinship of all beauty. Perhaps it never occurred to Andrew Carnegie, Henry Clay Frick and the other steel masters that their mills were ugly until, having acquired wealth and moved East, they came in contact with new friends who diplomatically conveyed to them the idea that the world had come to think of Pittsburgh as a mass of dark, sinister machinery whereby money was made. The steel masters may have gasped, but they were game. Also they were generous, to which fact Pittsburgh owes some of her monumental buildings, beautiful parks and cultural centers. And having gained a new viewpoint, Pittsburgh has begun to bring back the forests and otherwise to make her environs more sightly.

City planning bodies of prominent and unsalaried men and women have gone a long way toward undoing the mistakes of the settlers. Some streets have been widened and straightened. Others will be. An art commission passes upon all new public works. Homes and gardens all over the city are better planned. Tracts of woodland, miles from the city, have been added to her public recreation parks. Playgrounds and swimming pools have multiplied amazingly.

The Golden Triangle

SMART shops in the Golden Triangle downtown, meaning the skyscraper area bounded by the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers and Grant Street, a few years ago were widely scattered and catered only to an exclusive clientele. Now they are numerous because a multitude of Pittsburghers have become style conscious and wealthy enough to enjoy the luxurious whatnots and doodads displayed in the ritzy shoppes along Penn, Liberty and Fifth avenues and Wood and Smithfield streets.

The Schenley Farms civic center, where the University of Pittsburgh's new Cathedral of Learning has lately thrust its forty-story, steel-ribbed tower into the sky, is a ten-minute spin along either the Bigelow Boulevard or the Boulevard of the Allies from the Triangle.

Sometimes called the Acropolis of America, this civic center is unique. Its buildings of marble, granite and white stone are grouped and terraced on level ground and hillsides. Here, flanked by an exclusive residential area, overlooking the entrance to Schenley Park, are the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall, Masonic Temple, Syria Mosque, Twentieth Century Club, Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Phipps Conservatory, Pittsburgh Athletic Association, Pitt Stadium, Forbes Baseball Field, University Club, Faculty Club, Mellon Institute, Concordia Club, Frick Training School for Teachers, St. Paul's Cathedral, Knights of Columbus Council House, Bellefield Presbyterian Church, General Logan Armory, Carnegie Institute, the Carnegie Institute of Technology and the University of Pittsburgh group.

Contrasts are not lacking in Pittsburgh, where the old and the new blend curiously. Logan Street, the ghetto of what everybody here calls the Hill district, lies between the Triangle and the Civic Center. Logan Street, steep and crooked, affords sights, sounds and smells with a flavor of every country in Europe and some in Asia. Its sidewalk merchants, with their open fish stalls and poultry and vegetable markets, are a talkative lot. About the only quiet people there are the Chinese, who venture that far up the Hill and carry away live ducks under their arms.

Wylie Avenue, main stem of the Hill's Little Harlem, is an ever shifting panorama of negro life. Paradise of the colored race, the avenue shrills its banjo, radio and harmonica tunes impartially among all in earshot. Lurid cafés, hectic pool

(Continued on Page 237)

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

POLLY WALKER'S
Famous Feet

"A corn as a dancing partner! How absurd, with Blue-jay so easy to get!" So writes dainty Polly Walker, charming star of the musical comedy "Billie."

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Feet that earn fortunes don't dally with corns. Out they go . . . gently and surely with Blue-jay. No guesswork. The medication is standardized. You cannot put on too much or too little. The downy white pad relieves shoe-pressure and pain at once. Then the medicated wax painlessly banishes the corn. Self-paring of corns is dangerous. Blue-jay is safe and sure. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

Blue-jay

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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Just one right way to remove cold cream

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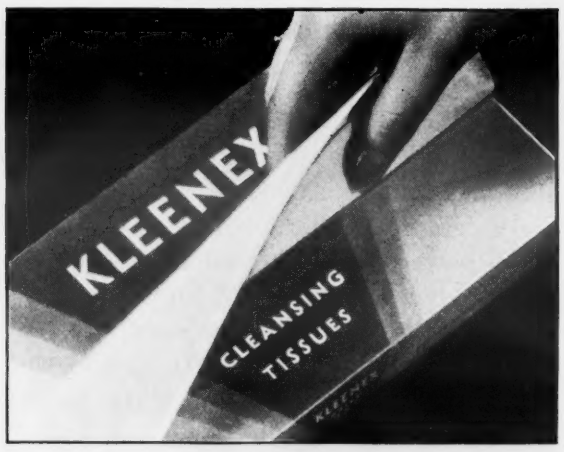

PROPER complexion care necessitates the use of Kleenex . . . the safe, hygienic tissues that blot away the dirt and germs instead of rubbing them down into the pores.

And now Kleenex is so easy to use! It comes packed in a smart new box that gives you two tissues at a time, just as you use them!

Try this new Kleenex. It's the modern, the dainty, the *safe* way to remove cold cream; economical, too; saves laundry and saves towels from grime and stains. Your favorite toilet goods counter has the new Kleenex in two sizes. 25c and 50c.

NEW! IN COLORS!
Flesh Pink Sea Green
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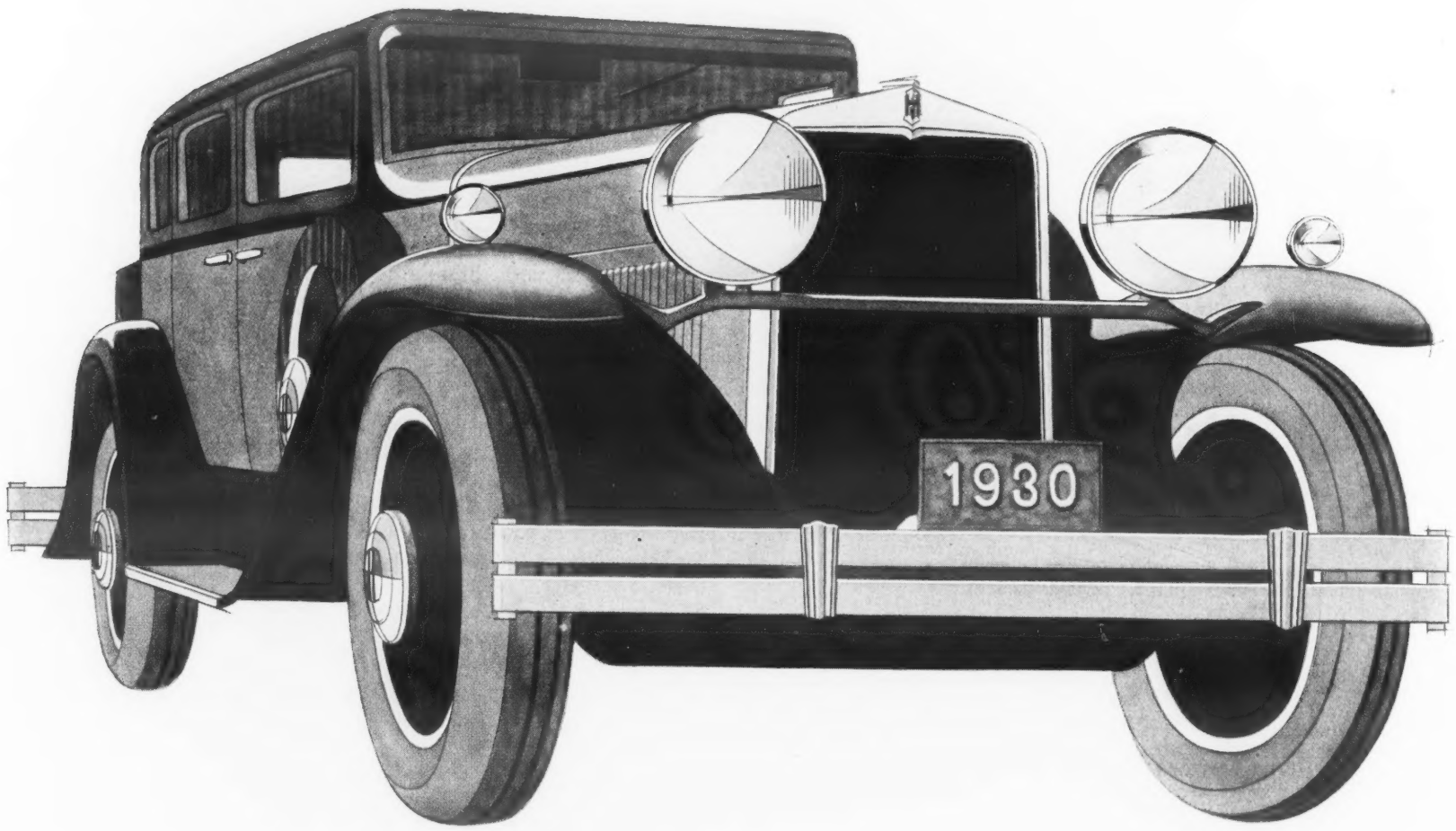

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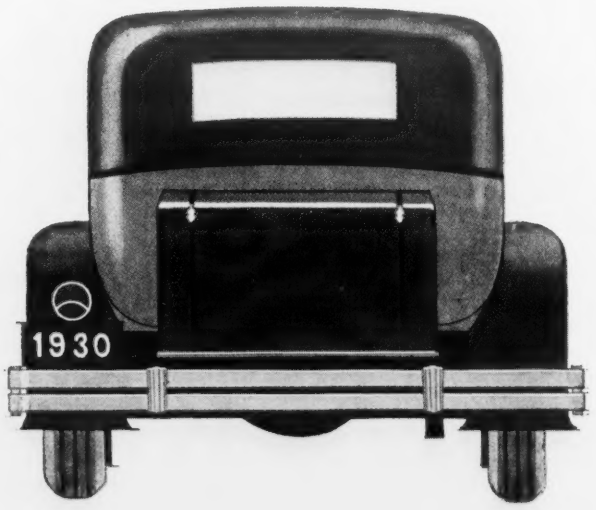
PRICED WITHIN THE THOUSAND DOLLAR FIELD

It has long been the ambition of Hupp engineers to build a Hupmobile at a price within the thousand dollar class . . . But each year they have said: "Let's wait a while. Let's wait until we can build, not just another automobile, but a greater Hupmobile. A car that will add new lustre to Hupmobile's 21-year prestige" . . . Today, this goal of years has been attained—in the new 1930 Hupmobile Six . . . It is a car which Hupp is proud to call a Hupmobile because it is a Hupmobile in every detail of its design and construction . . . It is powered by the selfsame Hupmobile motor which made the Hupmobile Century Six the most spectacular success in Hupmobile history . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a more powerful Hupmobile. With its time-tested Hupmobile engine made still smoother and sweeter running . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a handsomer Hupmobile. Made still smarter by further advances in Hupmobile's innovation of tailored sheet metal and by new, lower-swung and dashing lines . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a still sweeter riding and driving Hupmobile. Made more comfortable by more seat and leg room and by many engineering refinements, adding to speed, safety, ease of control and restful traveling . . . Hupmobile's long renown as "The Car of the American Family" takes on a new and wider significance today.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horsepower. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m. p. h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile Century Six engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft and rubber-cushioned engine mountings; minimum vibration at any speed . . . Improved 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . Long springs of matched tensions, with improved hydraulic shock absorbers, not subject to temperature variations . . . Cam and lever steering gear, guides with a touch. No strain. No wheel fight . . . Safety tri-spoke steering wheel . . . Foot operated dimmer control . . . Non-glare slanting windshield, full ventilating type . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Unusually generous head room . . . Further advancement of Hupmobile's introduction of tailored sheet metal concealing chassis attachments . . . Sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps with concealed hub bolt . . . New front fender parking lights of same design as headlights. Custom equipment—6 wire or disc wheels, two spare side-mounted in fender wells . . . available at slight extra cost.

(Continued from Page 235)

rooms and dance halls and a few black-and-tan cabarets beckon openly amid more discreet hideaways that make less noise but are no harder to find.

In old Dutchtown, north across the Allegheny River from the Hill, proof is at hand that Pittsburgh has become one of the food centers of the world. The main plant of the H. J. Heinz Company, home of the famous "57," gives a modern touch to a section of the city filled with memories of early German immigrants. And as if to show that sentiment holds a place in this busy world, the two-story brick dwelling which was Henry Heinz's first pickle factory now graces the center of the Heinz group of buildings. More than twenty years ago, that red shell of an embryo industrial giant was towed on barges five miles down the Allegheny, from Sharpsburg, and placed where it stands today, vineclad and mellow with age.

Gone are the beer gardens, though memories of them remain, but the style of the houses and the features of many dwellers in Dutchtown mark the section as one of thrift and comfort. Patches of Dutchtown, with hillside gardens clinging to embankments behind houses held in place by stone retaining walls, and reached by climbing stairs, give a distinctive touch to the nearby heights of Troy Hill, Nunnery Hill, Fineview and Spring Garden. The low rolling hills beyond evidently have attracted many former Dutchtown dwellers, who now have their country estates in an area somehow reminiscent of the Rhine.

In Carrick and other upland sections south across the Monongahela from the Triangle are found many traces of the early immigrants from Ireland and Scotland. The Irish, Scotch and Scotch-Irish had as much as any others to do with the making of early Pittsburgh history, not forgetting the Welsh.

In the glass-house and steel-mill sections of the South Side, dotted here and there and bearing such euphonious names as Goat Hill and Gobbler's Knob, one sees neighborhoods which some years ago were distinctly Polish, Lithuanian or Austrian. But the nationalities are not segregated now as they were. They seem to flow at times to every part of the city.

Pittsburgh's rivers do two things. Aside from carrying a tremendous freight tonnage, they provide a picturesque home for a race of wanderers known as shantyboatmen, who bear little relation to the rest of the city's heterogeneous population.

Steel and Stamina

MOST of the shantyboats are moored to the north bank of the Allegheny, near the Point. Dwellers in them are divided into two groups. The original shantyboatman is first and foremost a riverman. In the spring he drops down the river to work, to trade, to make money somehow. His season being over, he sells his boat and makes his way back to Pittsburgh with whatever cash he may have acquired, here to await another warm season. The other shantyboatmen have set themselves up in such inexpensive lodgings as an economy measure. Sometimes they, too, like the river life, but not well enough to follow the winding stream away from the city.

Always keeping pace and often leading in engineering technic, Pittsburgh has never lightened its tread upon the production pedal. The underground mechanization of coal mines, wherein mechanical loaders perform with ease the tasks that formerly wearied regiments of brawny toilers, has been pushed to the limit here.

New processes of steel manufacture have been originated here. An immense electric power system has been developed and some of the mills have been electrified. One electric company here is spending $16,000,000 a year for power service extensions, over a ten-year period. Scientific and technical skill has worked wonders since Pittsburgh's supremacy in steel was challenged a few years ago. Glass and electrical manufacturers likewise were helped by research workers. King Coal, for some time a sick monarch, has called in the same doctors. As one of many marvelous results, it is said that when the time comes to supplement the nation's store of mineral petroleum, Pittsburgh will liquefy her coal to keep internal combustion engines going.

The city at the Forks of the Ohio, whose site George Washington praised in the first recorded description of it, learns with satisfaction that the steel and railroad kings have lately given her a vote of confidence in their allocation of expenditures running into many millions. She likes that, but has grown used to it. The city is reaching out for new things.

City of steel and stamina, long hailed as the embodiment of intensified industry and called the Workshop of the World because her rivers made a meeting point for coal and iron, Pittsburgh faces all her problems courageously. Hitherto she has emerged from every difficulty with the same apparent ease with which she casts aside her occasional blanket of smog—smoke and fog. The wind rises and blows away the smog. The city's spirits rise and dispel the imps of doubt and depression. Never for long is the city overcast or downcast. Pittsburgh this fall celebrates with a marine parade the completion of all locks and dams in the Ohio River, which means a year-round open way down the Mississippi for her "Steel Argosies."

The Historic Blockhouse

THIS city of steel-spanned rivers, tunnel-pierced hills and flaming blast furnaces has reared few monuments. Half a dozen years ago, a bust of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham and known as the "Great Commoner," for whom the city was named, was placed in the rotunda of the city hall. More memorials are planned, in fact have been planned ever since the year of Pittsburgh's Sesqui-Centennial celebration, during which the city took a long look backward and then faced the future with an air that conveyed more than a hint of lofty aspirations.

Allegheny Observatory in Riverview Park, an excellent place to study the stars, is a monument to the native Pittsburgher who founded it, the late Dr. John A. Brashear.

Of the more than five hundred bridges in metropolitan Pittsburgh, which Allegheny County is in all but name, only one is named for a Revolutionary hero. That is the Washington Crossing Memorial span over the Allegheny, where Washington, then only twenty-one, made a perilous crossing while carrying British orders to the French at Fort Le Boeuf to vacate this territory. This being one of forty-three large river bridges which knit together the three-pieced fabric of the city proper, and most of the others being assigned merely street names, the possibility of renaming some of these bridges is obvious.

Of all the landmarks cherished by Pittsburghers none is of greater historic significance than the Blockhouse at the Point, overlooking the three rivers, at their junction in the very heart of the city. Last remaining vestige of Fort Pitt, this little redoubt, built by Col. Henry Bouquet in 1764, is preserved by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is a quaint, pentagonal-shaped structure of timbers, brick and stone. Its rough-hewn portholes, through which sped leaden passports to the happy hunting grounds for many a hostile brave, now afford a view of vastly different surroundings. Half a dozen generations have peered through those portholes and tried to visualize the next scene in a panorama of perpetual progress.

The Blockhouse is a monument to the frontiersmen who settled here two centuries ago and laid the foundations of a mighty inland metropolis. It none the less typifies also the pioneering spirit of the men who made steel and at the same time made Pittsburgh.

Chimes!

IN A CLOCK AT A NEW LOW COST

Now—all the distinction and melodious charm of Westminster Chimes in "Oxford" at only $37.50! Here in a rich case of mahogany is the high excellence of movement for which Seth Thomas clocks have always been famous, the same perfection of workmanship and exquisite finish. 9 inches high, 20-inch base. For free booklet showing other designs, write to 19 West 44th St., New York.

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Pour l'ourlet, plier en dedans ici. For hem, turn under here. Para el dobladillo, doblese aquí

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

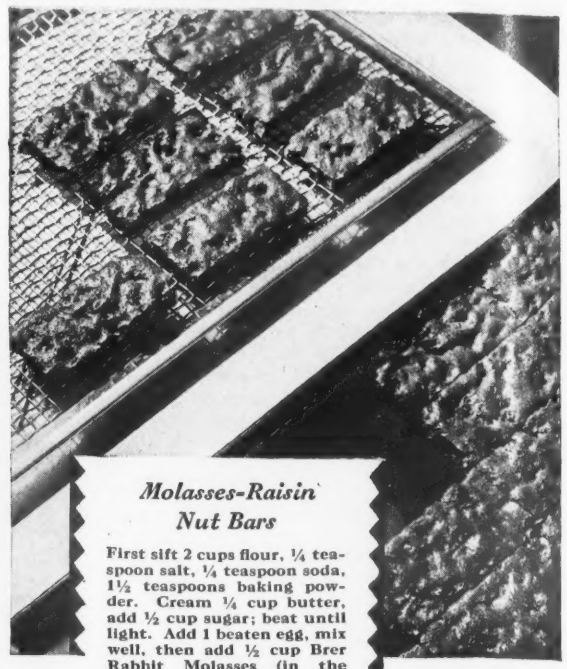
Have YOU Molasses Recipes *as good as these?*

Bran Coffee Cake

Sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, then mix in 2 cups bran. Beat 2 eggs well, add 1 cup milk and 6 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup). Combine the two mixtures. Add 3 tablespoons melted shortening and ¾ cup raisins. Pour into greased shallow pan. Sprinkle top with cinnamon and sugar mixed. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). If served warm tear apart gently with forks.

Gingerbread Upsidedown Cake

Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in iron skillet. Add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses,* heat to boiling point. Remove from fire. Strain juice from can of sliced pineapple and fit slices into bottom of skillet. Fill spaces between with broken nut meats and raisins. Sift together 1¾ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon each, cloves and nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt. Cream 3 tablespoons shortening and ½ cup sugar. Stir in 1 beaten egg and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses.* Add dry ingredients, mix. Add ½ cup boiling water, beat well, then pour over slices of fruit. Bake 30-35 min. in moderate oven (350° F.). Turn out on serving plate, fruit side up. *(In the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup.)



Molasses-Raisin Nut Bars

First sift 2 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Cream ¼ cup butter, add ½ cup sugar; beat until light. Add 1 beaten egg, mix well, then add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup). To this mixture add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and ½ cup milk. Add 1 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup chopped raisins or dates. Spread very thinly in shallow pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Cut in bars 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide. Makes 4 dozen.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Send as many recipes as you wish. Where the recipe is an old one give its history, if possible.
2. Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Print your name and address in the upper right-hand corner of each sheet.
3. Write in ink or use a typewriter. Write on one side of the paper only.
4. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.
5. It costs nothing to enter this contest. Just send in the label from the can of molasses you generally use.
6. Contest closes December 1, 1929. Letters postmarked after 12 midnight, December 1st, will not be considered.
7. Prize winners will be announced early in March. Every woman competing will receive a list of the winners by mail. Local newspapers will publish the prize recipes together with the names of the women who sent them in.
8. Address all entries to Recipe Editor, Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La.

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Send yours . . 39 chances to win!

$150 First Prize; $100 Second Prize
$50 Third Prize; $25 Fourth Prize
35 Prizes of $5 Each

OF course you have at least *one* molasses favorite among your pet recipes—perhaps you have several! Send them in! You have just as good a chance as anyone to win one of these prizes!

Here's a contest you'll love to take part in. A chance for good cooks everywhere to share their favorite molasses dishes with others . . . and win a prize at the same time!

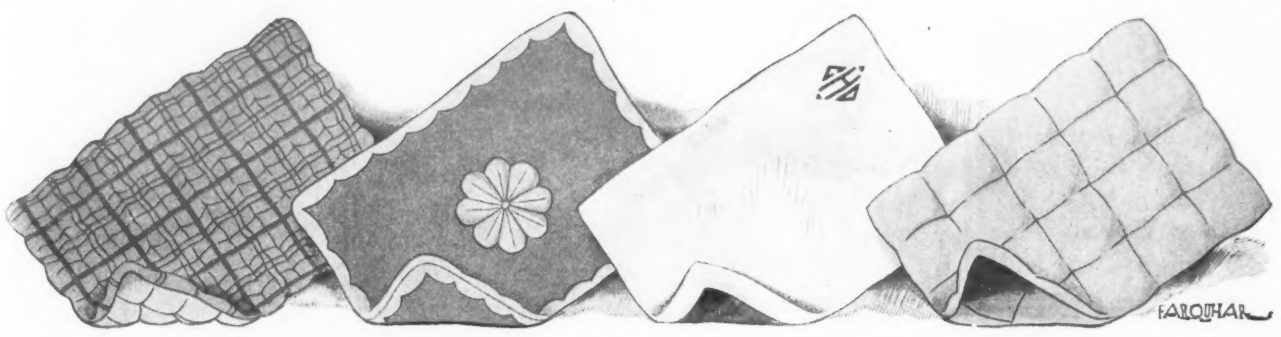
What to Send: There's nothing complicated about this contest. You can send in any sort of recipe you please provided it is for a tempting *molasses* dish that is *practical* and *economical* to prepare. Cookies, cakes, pies, puddings, breads, muffins, candies—any and all of the tantalizingly good foods molasses helps to make! *Brand new* and *original* recipes you have worked out yourself . . . old-fashioned favorites your family has treasured for years! (Many of these *old* recipes are popular today because they never have been bettered.) Send them in—new—old—or both!

How the Prizes will be Awarded: All the recipes will be selected by the following committee of cooking experts: Katharine A. Fisher, Director Good Housekeeping Institute; Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director McCall's Department of Food and Household Management.

Prizes will be given for the recipes which best fill these five points: 1. Originality. 2. Flavor. 3. Ease in making. 4. Economy. 5. Attractiveness.

The recipes will be judged entirely on their own merits. Just send with your recipes the *label* from the can of molasses you always use.

Send in your recipes early: December 1st, 1929, is the closing date. Read the simple rules on the left and get your recipes in *early*. Remember, it costs you nothing to take part . . . and you have 39 chances to win a cash prize! Address Recipe Editor, Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La.



The Importance of Being Covered

A Weighty Dissertation on a Fluffy Theme

By FRANCES McFADDEN

THE Royal Suite at the Ritz in Paris. Great French windows opening onto the blue twilight and the shivering garden trees, big gold mirrors reflecting deep-shadowed draperies, a flame gossiping to itself on the hearth, a violin waltzing up intermittently from the tea room downstairs, a chaise longue, pillows, a negligee, pink mules, a bit of lipstick, a flick of powder and, now we are coming to it—I almost said the meat of the matter—a woman.

It matters not the color of her eyes or hair. Nor her name or nationality. A Bourbon princess, a maharanee from Oodeypore, Lady Dash, of London, Mrs. Blank, of California. She is a little of all of them. She is the Eternal Feminine. She is choosing a chaise-longue cover.

The merchants are there—men, women, little hop-o'-my-thumb boys and saucer-eyed midinettes from Lanvin, Worth, Chéruit, Rouff, the Maison de Blanc, laden with boxes, spreading their luxurious wares over the room, smothering Louis XV *bergères* and Louis XVI *fauteuils* with silks and satins and billows of lighter, diviner materials with Oriental ancestors and complicated Paris names.

As in an *opéra bouffe*, an Adonis in a frock coat skims forward, radiating professional ecstasy.

Quilts for the Illustrious

"MADAME, here is our very latest, ready to be shipped on Monday to Madrid for the Queen of Spain." He lays out a spread of white ermine, lined with pale lemon-yellow crêpe de chine, with all the little black tails gathered in a coquettish tassel in one corner.

"And here, *un amour* that we made for Mademoiselle de Faucigny-Lucinge when she was married at St. Pierre de Chaillot." A cozy bit of nonsense, a solid fluff of pink-and-white marabou, sewed on georgette in alternate diagonal stripes, like an old-fashioned peppermint-candy stick, and lined with peppermint-candy-pink georgette. So light that it seems that if the window were open—which it is not, on account of the *courant d'air*—it would float right out over the chimney pots, like the magic carpet in the fairy tale.

Curious juxtaposition of thought. At that moment the Zeppelin for New York passes overhead and darkens the room. A pink-shaded lamp goes on.

The man from Worth kneels down and unstraps his box. He draws out a fantastic spread of rich pink satin, embroidered with gold exotic birds, their tails curling into real bird-of-paradise feathers.

The lady waves it aside with a smile.

The man flips out another, fit for the Sleeping Beauty herself, a cloud of pink marabou, sewn on shell-pink georgette and lined with a larger piece of georgette so as to make a double border all the way round. Another Worth creation is a square of heavy beige satin, honeycombed all over with loose smocking, save for the five-inch border, which is left plain and therefore ruffles obligingly. Still another, a cheerful, cozy creature of woven pink chenille, looks for all the world like a grown-up, sophisticated baby blanket, crocheted in chenille instead of yarn.

An ancient retainer from Rouff's takes the floor. Dignified, as becomes the representative of the oldest and "swellest" of all the trousseau houses, with his whiskers parted 1870 fashion, he adjusts his pince-nez to untie the knots and opens his box with deliberation. Rouff's is a little nothing of a quilt of flowered silk, sprinkled all over with posies, quilted in cross bars and lined with apple green.

The little girl from Lanvin is next. She comes forward bearing a great coffin of a box. On her knees, like a dog burrowing for a bone, she spews up billows of fresh white tissue paper and from the depths draws out her prize, a small white taffeta spread, lined with pale orchid pink, Marie Laurencin pink, quilted all over with silver threads. With it goes a round pillow in a square white taffeta case, the round that holds the pillow, stitched in a sunburst pattern from the center. More burrowing, more geysers of tissue paper. Out comes a dream of pink satin, with a solid top of pink marabou, put on in big, inverted scallops, leaving bare a plain satin border and in the center, stitched in pink, a large scalloped satin rose.

At this point, the hairdresser makes his royal entry, followed by a midget bearing the tools of trade. He is waved back to swallow his pride in the corner, for it is the turn of a very shy young man from a new house. Blushing apologetically, he turns out three beauties, one of lemon-yellow satin lined with silver lamé and cross-barred in silver, another of heavy ivory satin lined with brown bunny fur and still another of black chiffon velvet lined with pale pink marabou.

The door opens again. The flighty violin is still waltzing. The maid tiptoes in with a card. "Tell His Highness to wait."

A dapper clerk from the Maison de Blanc steps up. True to the name of his illustrious house, he has brought an all-white spread. It is nothing other than a fine, white, woolly bed blanket, covered top-side only with white brocaded chiffon and bound all round with white satin ribbon. With it is a flame chiffon velvet, lined with flame marabou.

A log rolls over in its sleep. A priceless Pekingese rises, stretches himself and strolls, yawning, over the marabou.

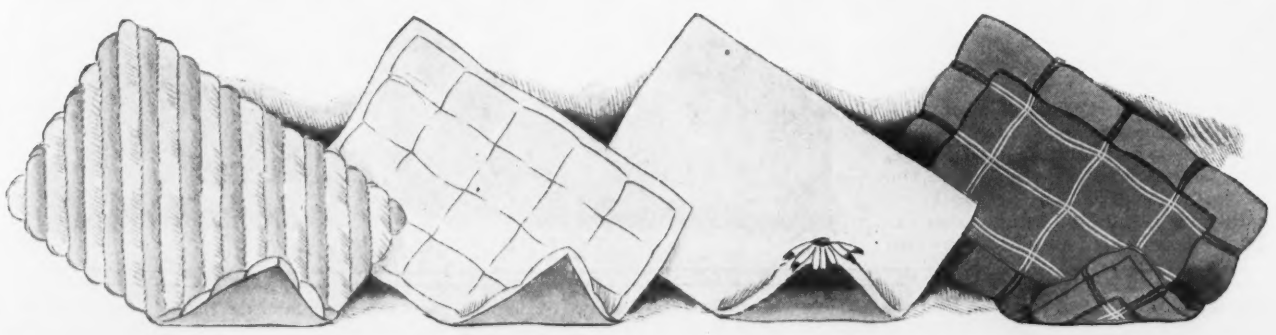
Quilts From History

SAUCER-EYES from Chéruit's sweeps out her spread. It is of cherry velvet, lined with gold lamé, with a wide border of gold lamé, and cross bars in double rows of gold stitching, continued on the lamé in cherry thread. With it goes a square pillow, which duplicates the quilt, the cherry velvet holding the pillow, the gold-lamé border flapping all the way round.

The last of the procession awaits her turn, the last but not the least, though she looks so old and poor. The merchants have a rival pinned inside that moth-eaten tippet. It is her profession to be shabby. She is the proprietress of a famous antique shop on the Boulevard Raspail. From a newspaper parcel she turns out her Louis Philippe quilts the gayest, cunningest little wadded quilts in the world, plaid silk on one side and plain on t'other, worked no doubt by ladies with ravishing names like Sophie, Clothilde, Leopoldine.

The merchants shift uneasily from one foot to another. The hairdresser waits by the dressing table twirling his hot tongs in the air. His mysterious Highness fumes below. The Peke turns up an inquiring sniff. The pink mules waggle indecisively.

Oh, cruel enigma! Which did she choose?



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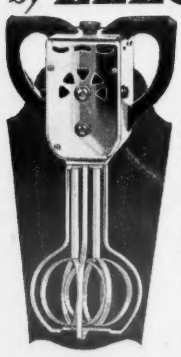

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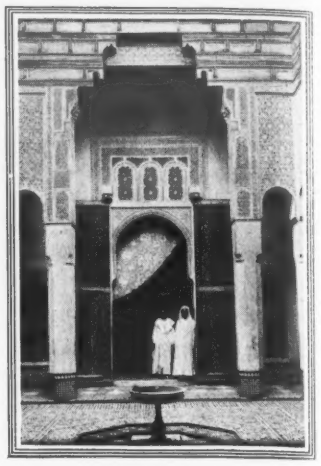
PHOTOS. BY FLANDRIN

The beautiful architectural forms, carved marbles and colors of Morocco repeat themselves in the native arts and crafts. The general view of Rabat was taken from the towers of the ancient palace, details of which are shown to right and left.



Needlework of Moroccan Inspiration

By CHRISTINE FERRY

Embroideries by Maren Thoresen

Photographs of Morocco by Courtesy of Société des Voyages et Hôtels Nord-Africains

WITH the increasing popularity of Mediterranean cruises, we of the Far West are becoming more and more familiar with the wealth of beautiful decorative material to be found in Morocco, as well as other countries of Northern Africa which border upon the Mediterranean and have therefore played their part in the oldest civilizations.

Of all the Moroccan embroideries, that of Rabat is more robust in character and is more suggestive of the work of Asia Minor or Persia than are the others. It is done with a soft silk on a background of white or écru cotton, and is not difficult to reproduce, as the stitch most commonly used by the embroiderers of Rabat is the one we know as satin stitch, alike on both sides, unpadded and hiding the background completely.

Almost without exception one color only is used for a design—garnet, crimson, yellow gold, sky blue or green.

While most of the modern work is done throughout in satin stitch, many of the antique pieces are in buttonhole, the purl edge of the stitchery separating the various sections, and detached chain stitch sometimes edges the summits of some of the

(Continued on Page 244)

679

Three shades of peacock blue were used to develop this design, which was adapted from one bordering a Moroccan door hanging.

Almost a replica in general appearance of the cushions which one might find in Rabat. It is made in one piece, the ends brought together and seamed in an ornamental fashion across the center front, the embroidery being done with crimson silk thread upon a cotton fabric.

680

Particularly is this true of decorative stitchery, which because of the secluded lives of the women over so long a period has been brought to a high degree of perfection.

Since the French have gone into Morocco an effort has been made to preserve the beautiful work of the past, and very little is now offered to the passing tourist. Much is to be found in the museum at Tangier and many exquisite pieces have found their way into

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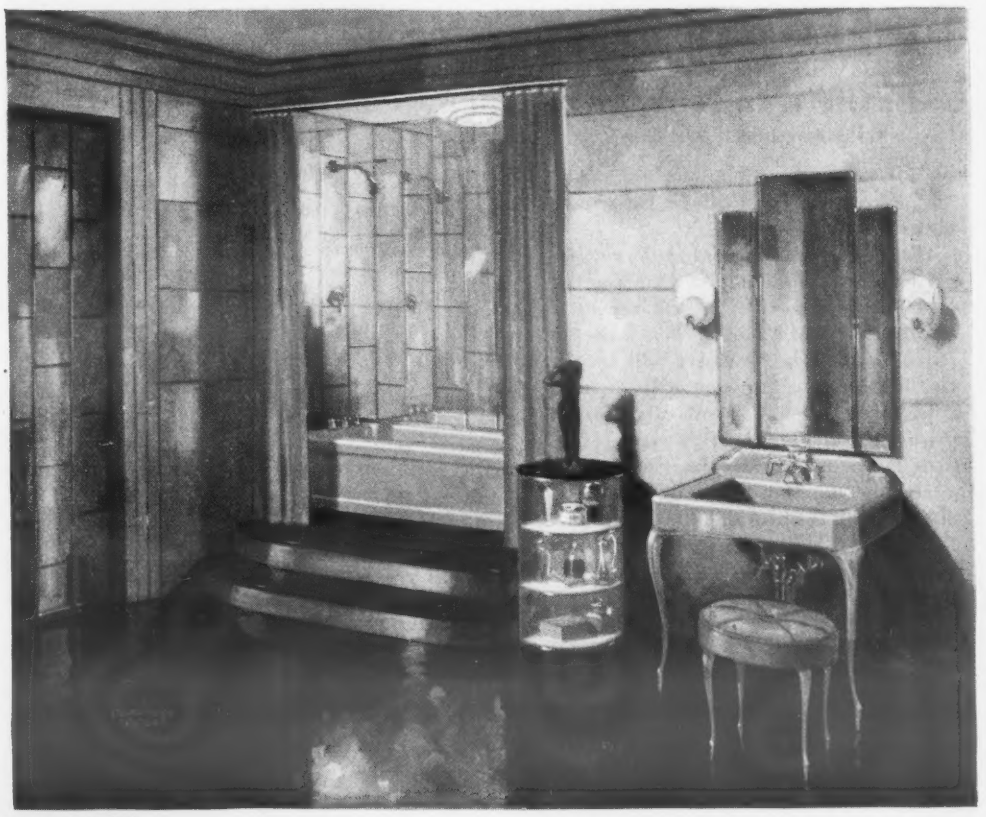

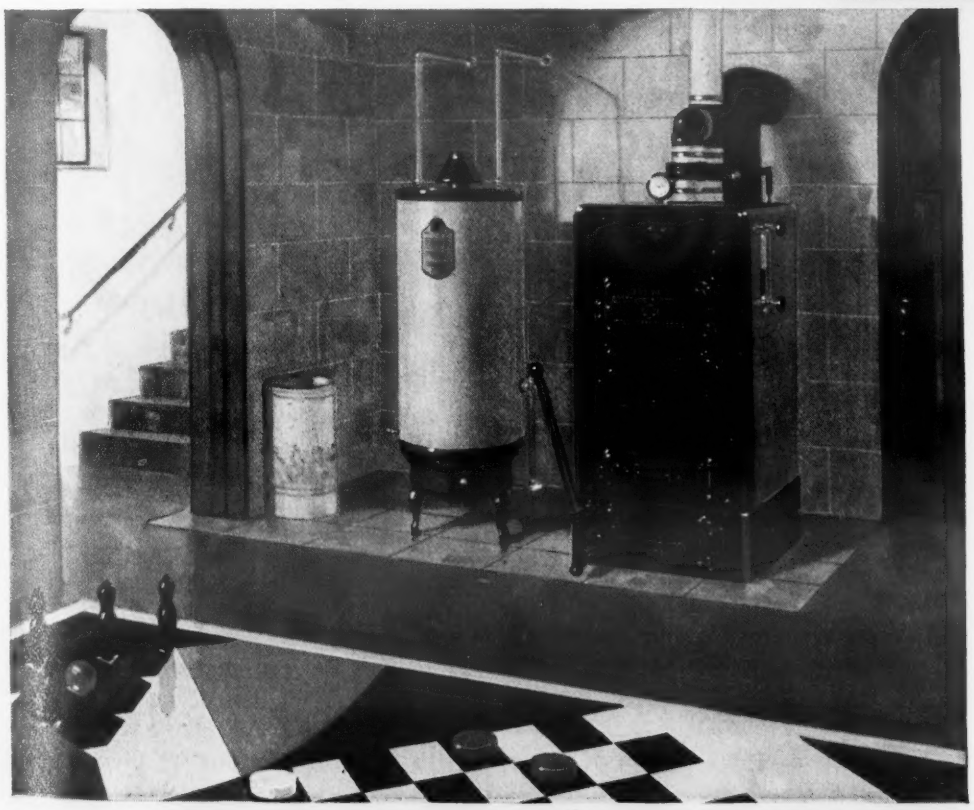

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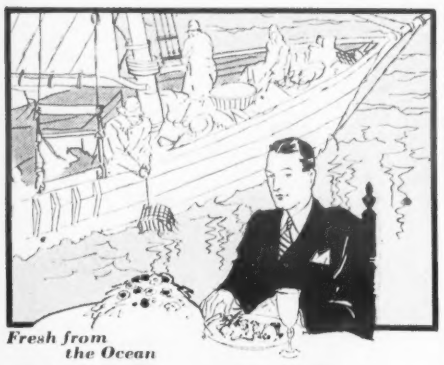

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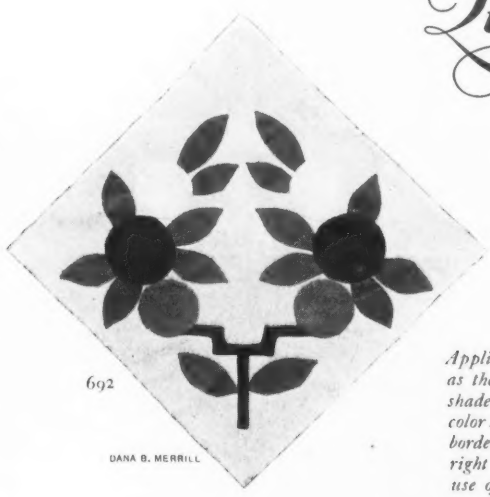
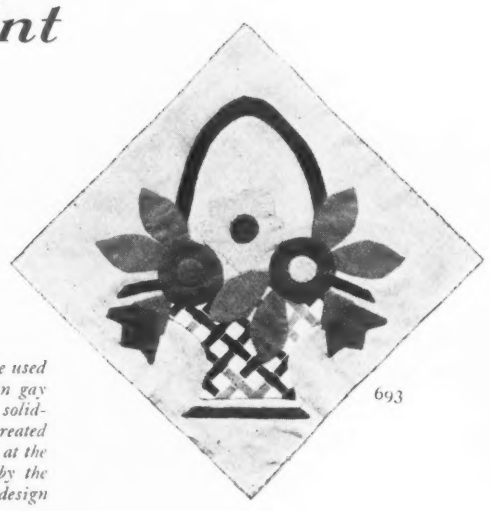
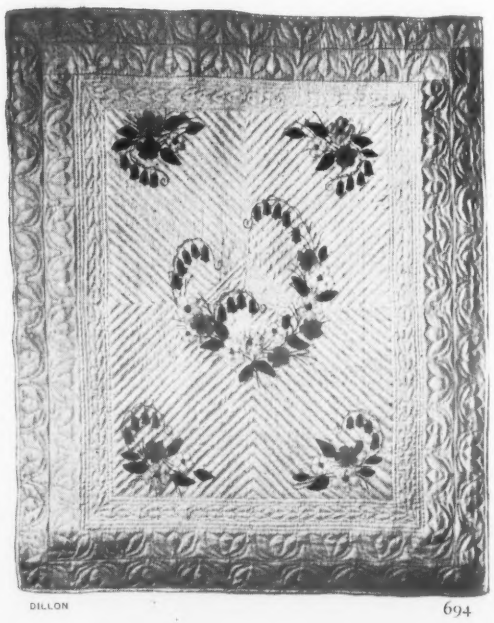




Appliquéd blocks Nos. 692 and 693 may be used as the central color spots on a quilt, or in gay shades as allover motifs alternating with solid-color squares. Each design has a specially created border to edge the quilt. The flower motif at the right above is made unusually attractive by the use of gingham printed in basket-weave design for the basket.

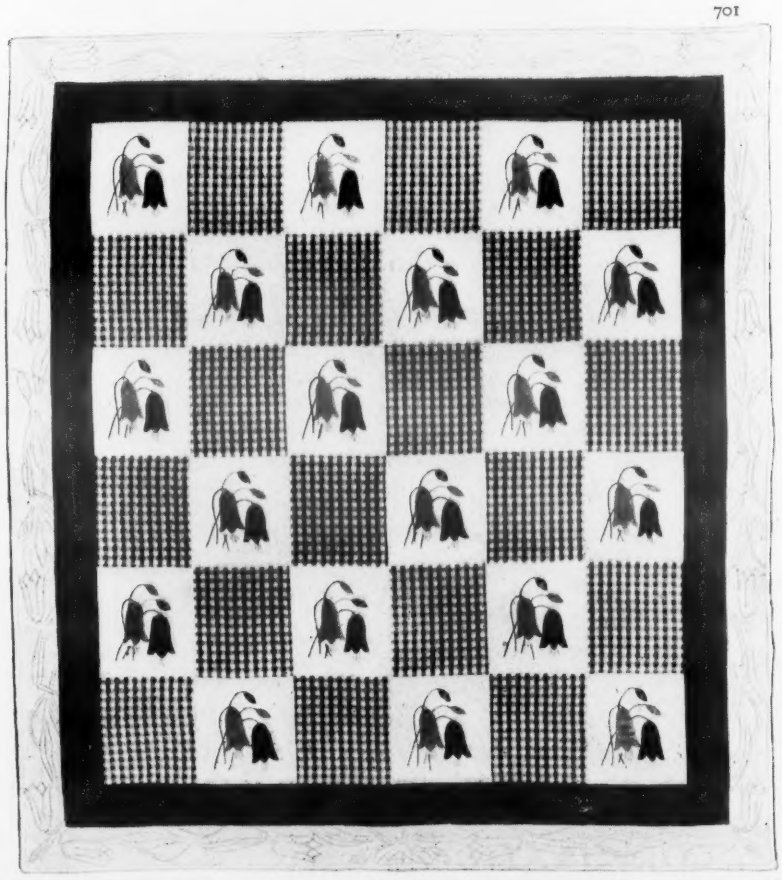
At right—An entrancing baby's quilt, Design No. 694, uses two strips of pink sateen, the outer darker than the inner, elaborately quilted, as a border. The central section is white sateen, quilted, with lovely floral appliqué designs of roses and bluebells. Two shades of pink and a tiny pink-and-white checked gingham are used for the appliquéd roses.



694

Below—Design No. 701, a lovely quilt for any bedroom, but particularly charming for a summer house where nights are cool and satin quilts are out of place, is done in white with alternate blocks of blue-and-white-checked gingham. The attractive floral motif, which is appliquéd, is echoed in the quilting pattern used on the white and blue borders.

701



Quilts Designed By Kate L. Reece

Appliqué Motifs Designed By Maud M. Haire

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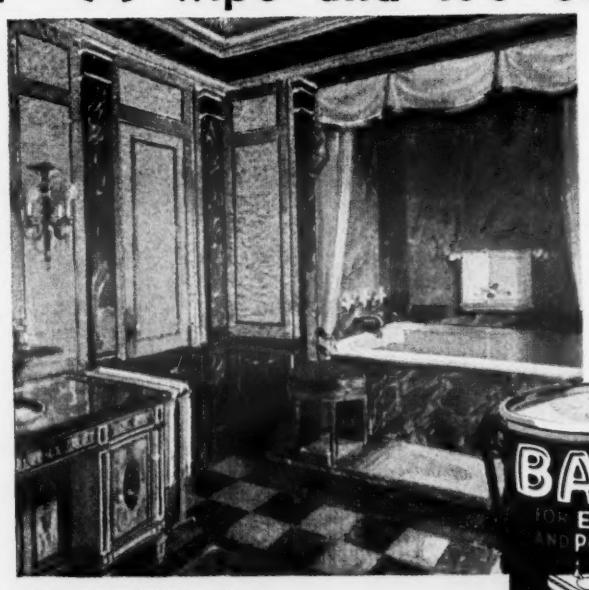
BAB-O, America's most popular beauty aid for the bathroom. From Maine to California . . . in palatial as well as simple, colorful bathrooms . . . fastidious housewives entrust the complexion of their enamel and porcelain to BAB-O . . . and only BAB-O. Unlike any other product, this marvelous Babbitt powder makes tubs and tiles . . . basins and bowls glisten like moonlit waters. With magical ease . . . BAB-O dissolves and banishes dirt, stains, dull film, the most stubborn "water-lines" and rust. ¶ BAB-O is so superior to ordinary or old-fashioned, scratchy scourers, that once you use BAB-O to brighten your bathroom you'll never be without it. Then you'll also put BAB-O to work shining your porcelain refrigerator, gas range, walls, floors, nickel . . . even chinaware. Just a sprinkle does a big job. That's why BAB-O is economical. BAB-O is odorless . . . refined as soft-as-talcum . . . and leaves tender hands satiny smooth. Take this bit of beauty advice for your home . . . a sprinkle of BAB-O . . . "a wipe and it's bright." ¶ At your grocer 15¢ . . . or if not supplied write for free sample can. A product of B. T. BABBITT, Inc., *Established 1836*, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York.



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BAB-O

brightens bathrooms
works like magic all over the house

At all grocers 15¢

I find a daily use for **"LEMCO"**

THIS pure, concentrated essence of beef contains valuable sustaining properties and imparts an appetizing zest to soups, stews, sauces, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables and salads.

When tired, or run down, delicious "Lemco" Bouillon is refreshing and stimulating. Always ready. Just stir ¼ teaspoon of "Lemco" in a tea cup of hot water.

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Buy a jar today. Your dealer has "Lemco," or if not, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

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The most highly concentrated extract of beef known.

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Here is Extra Money

For Every Business Woman!

WOULD *YOU* like to earn money, outside of business hours, for a smart hat or frock? Would *YOU* like to build up a Christmas nest egg without even touching your regular salary? Do *YOU* long for plenty of "matinee money" . . . charming accessories for your room . . . . small luxuries that count so much in every woman's life? You can earn the necessary extra dollars for these things in the same pleasant way that so many other young business women are doing.

In their spare minutes at lunchtime, during some of their evenings and on Saturday afternoons, they tell friends and office associates about the three Curtis Publications. The work is doubly pleasant and profitable for them because of their business training. Barbara Walsh "earned" $50.00 extra in one month, for many luxuries; Beatrice Manthey paid her church pledge with an equal amount.

You'll find it easy, too, *even without one bit of experience.*

And could there be a better time to start adding to your regular income than just at this time of year? Just clip out the coupon below *now*—while you think of it—and learn how.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
415 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please tell me how I can add to my regular income.

Name.....*Age*.....
(Please print Name and Address)

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Needlework of Moroccan Inspiration

(Continued from Page 240)

larger motifs—little stitches, like cactus spines, being placed at regular intervals along the outer edge of a motif and at right angles to it. Little ornaments in a stitch which resembles cross-stitch also crown the tips of saw-tooth borders which sometimes edge the base of wide ornamental bands—a type which is somewhat suggestive of the needlework of Sallee.

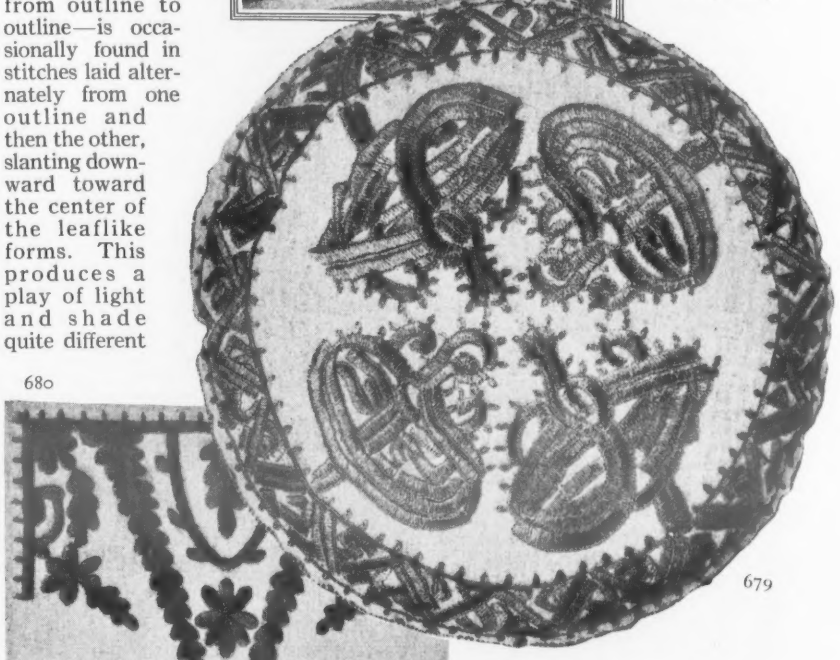
A variation of the regulation satin stitch—laid from outline to outline—is occasionally found in stitches laid alternately from one outline and then the other, slanting downward toward the center of the leaflike forms. This produces a play of light and shade quite different from that on the regulation satin stitch. Whatever the stitch employed to cover the surface, the work is invariably started by running a thread on the surface to be covered, and passed from one section to another without breaking.

Any linen or cotton material of fairly close weave may be used for the background, and either pure silk or one of the fiber threads for the embroidery, the chief requisite being that it shall have sheen and cover the surface smoothly.

PHOTO. BY FLANDRIN

An ancient fortress gate is exquisite in its crumbling scriptural detail.

680



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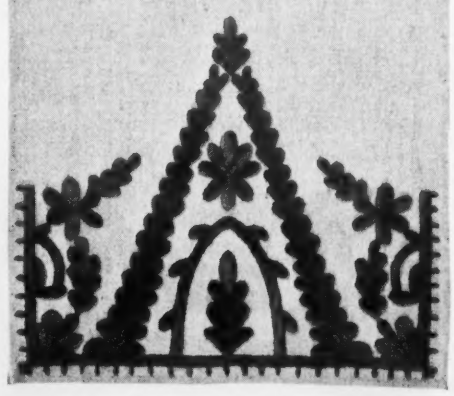
A table runner, 15x40 inches, designed to accompany the large cushion with the ornamental center seam. The round cushion, done in golden yellow, is worked in buttonhole stitch, like the antique embroidery which was its inspiration.



In both decoration and make-up is the large oblong cushion, with the seam across the center front, typical of what one might today see in use in the ancient city of Rabat.

It is made of a 24-inch strip of 40-inch material embroidered on the ends, which are then brought together and joined with the ornamental seaming which is so typically Moroccan. In this case the ends were turned, worked over with spaced buttonhole or blanket stitch, nearly half an inch in depth, and then whipped together with stitches taken into the loops of the buttonhole stitches.

The design consists of masses of small sections representing leafy foliage and full-petaled flowers, all done in flat satin stitch, while detached chain stitches, or daisy stitch, protrude at intervals like little spines, along the outer edge of the straight bands which border the corner motifs, and at right angles to

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York. Dresses, 30 cents; Transfers, 40 cents.

them. In the flower forms, or clusters, the stitches are laid straight across the width of each petal from outline to outline, while on the leaflike sections, which slant toward one another to form a vine or band, the stitches slant diagonally across the leaves in the direction of what may be assumed to be the stem. On straight bands the stitches are laid at right angles to the width of the band, and curved bands are done in the same way, crowding the stitches a bit on the inner edge of the curve to keep the same relative direction throughout. At corners where lines converge at right angles, the stitches graduate in length on each side to form a mitered effect. When leaf forms branch from bands the stitch direction on them is opposite to that on the bands.

A variation of this design has been applied to a table runner measuring about 15 by 40 inches finished, the edges simply turned and hemmed invisibly on the underside. Both pieces were embroidered with coarse artificial embroidery silk in a rich crimson red on firmly woven cotton fabric of a grayish-tan color.

The second oblong cushion was done in satin stitch in three shades of green-blue on a golden-tan background. The darkest shade was used for the straight bands and curves, and the medium shade for the petals surrounding them. This cushion measures about 17 by 24 inches and was cut from 36-inch material. The edges are merely seamed.

The top of the round cushion measures about nineteen inches finished. Edges of both top and back are turned and buttonholed with quarter-inch stitches taken a short distance apart and are then whipped together through the loops of the stitches.

This piece is done in buttonhole stitch. With few exceptions the stitches are placed so that the purled edge of one row comes against the straight edge of another. Detached chain stitches also add a decorative touch. The border is framed with lines of overlapping outline stitch, forming a satin-like effect, the design inside being done in the same close buttonhole stitch as the center motifs.

Care must be exercised not to draw the stitches, but to let them lie smoothly on the surface. If the fabric is framed there will be less tendency to draw the work. Rayon embroidery silk, fairly coarse in size, was used in working these pieces.

Elephants for Luck

(Continued from Page 25)

didn't phone you'd have to work overtime. And Luke Berrison called up and said you said you'd stay in town and go to a show with him and where you had gone he'd like to know."

"Oh—I forgot Luke," said Day vaguely.

Late May perspiringly panted into the arms of her sister June.

Cule and Day Burke one evening saw Coney. Inimitable Coney, where sirens of hot-dog wagons enter eardrums with the power of African drums!

With his faint ironic smile, Cule looked at panting crowds and hot dogs and pop corn. "Awful! They make me think of coolies," he said with actual irritation. "This is America's coolie stratum."

Day colored. The salt air made her hungry. She had often eaten hot dogs. The salt breeze ruffled her Dutch bob. Cule looked only at her profile presently.

Another night they sat on a bench and looked down at the Hudson River and at dreamlike hills across the moon-white way.

"Aren't the Jersey hills pretty?" asked the girl shyly.

He said, "You should see Fuji, child."

Several noons he took her to downtown tea rooms. To Winfield Cule, a tea room meant a place where Chinamen in brocaded silk sleeves served tea of flowerlike flavors which enraptured even a girl reared on American coffee and pasteurized cream.

He took her, too, to old dim shops far downtown where coffee-colored taloned hands brought forth silks, gold wire, carved beads. "No bargain-counter, near-ivory elephants," he told her with the usual ironic drawl.

They rode, a Saturday afternoon or two, in taxicabs and on ferries, while he described palanquins and jinrikishas. Over Manhattan club sandwiches with an olive on a toothpick, he told her of rice with ancient chopsticks, poi or Turkish paste.

In the Battery they sat one afternoon and watched ships come and go, and he drawled the names of far ships in which he had sailed and stranger docks on which he had loitered.

He talked, too—and this gave Day slow, strange twinges of pain—of other girls of far places. Small temple maidens; cherry-blossom child-women; soft-eyed, brown-eyed little things of lissom grace in Armenia, Tunis, Biskra, Korea, Shanghai.

He left town during August. The day before he went, he and Luke fought neatly in the rear office. Berrison was the bigger; but Cule had a wrist turn that had served him in many lands. He put the big Luke on the floor, sprawling like a mastiff with four feet in air. The other men and Marie laughed later at Luke's big hands pawing up. Luke got up profanely, and later in the front door of the shop said something low to Day that caused her to redden in agony lest Cule had heard.

Cule did not hear. From Panama he sent Day a pair of eardrops. Pale-pink amethysts of three carats each. "The stone of houris," said a card. "Sorry New York's such an inferno in summer. Had to go."

An unforgiving man, Luke. In August and in September he was no more aware of Day than if she had been a small squat Buddha in a show case. She did not mind, did not even know.

Besides, in September the elephant from Burma came; and between watching the crowds and iron netting across the plate glass and taking talk from the police, the shop was overworked.

Well boxed and insured in transit, the elephant was a small animal, comparatively speaking; perhaps ten inches high. It was black, with vicious trunk, clumsy toes and a gay blanket of orange satin intricately overwoven with all hues.

An ordinary curio, at first glance. Worth a hundred dollars or so. Later you learned that the body was a rare onyx and the wicked red eyes were pure-water rubies. Between the ugly broad toes were set plugs of red-green matrix. The satin blanket was studded with real diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, garnets, turquoise and bits of chalcedony, beryl, sard, hyacinth, topaz, amethyst and carbuncle. "Quite an expensive pet for us," said J. B. with unctuous glee. "No—it's nobody's business what I paid for it. Credit it to the advertising ledger, Marie."

On a rectangle of coral velvet he set it in the window and chuckled. At heart he was nothing but an old showman. Presently, after placing the beast to his pleasure and polishing the toe plugs, he pattered to the rear and stood over a sign painter. Soon the window held a placard:

PRICE: $18,000

Marie, who knew her window shoppers, cried, "Heavens, our pockets will be picked going out to lunch!"

"Bring a lunch from home." J. B. danced up and down on gleeful old toes. "Look! What you say the police won't be needed in twenty minutes?"

"In ten!" corrected Marie with a groan.

In less the police came to clear the street and told J. B. more or less good-naturedly that they wished he'd take his

(Continued on Page 247)

SANITAS
MODERN
WALL COVERING

combines charming styles with unusual durability

Many old homes have taken on new charm and many new homes have acquired distinction in decoration with the use of Sanitas Modern Wall Covering. There are appropriate Sanitas styles and finishes for every room in the house.

Sanitas, because of its cloth foundation, resists wall cracks due to plaster shrinkage. Consider the ease with which Sanitas can be kept free from dust and fingermarks—simply wipe it with a damp cloth.

See the complete range of styles in the Sanitas Sample Book at your decorators.
Samples and literature on request.

The Standard Textile Products Co.
320 Broadway Dept. 1 New York

A Fascinating New Way to Make Money Through the Arts!

The Startling National demand for giftwares and gaily colored art objects pays big incomes to Fireside Members. Read here how you may join the Fireside Guild and make big money in a fascinating art hobby that is more like play.

By Natalie Adams

French powder box. Delights everyone. Literally sells on sight.

IT is the instant appeal of bright objects of art that pays such big profits to Fireside Members. New memberships, now available, offer you an unusual opportunity to make good money every week in this fascinating profession.

The Fireside Idea

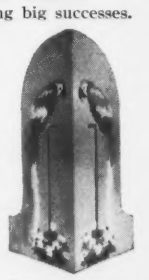
Fireside Industries is a Guild of men and women who decorate giftwares. Even wealthy members do it for a hobby. Hundreds of others make good money in part or full time right at home. When a new member joins Fireside Industries, he or she is first given a complete training in Fireside's amazing new and easy "3 step method" of decorating. The training is directed and personally supervised by Gabriel Andre Petit, himself a prominent artist and recently a member of the U. S. Government Commission to the Paris Exposition.

An exquisite decorative shelf of many uses.

"Perkins" ash receiver. Very popular and a good seller.

What Members Earn

Fireside Members are making big successes. Letters come daily saying: "I earned $1,000 this season," or "I was swamped with orders before I completed the sixth lesson." One woman writes: "I could have sold five times as much as I had time to decorate." A member in Massachusetts made "$500 the first month." These records are not unusual for Fireside products are so appealing in their charm.



Telephone screen. Colorful, decorative and popular.

Send for Free Book

A 32-page book, beautifully illustrated in colors, explains the Fireside plan, tells how to become a member, how to get full participating privileges, shows how the simplified "Three Step" Method makes it easy for anyone to learn; how others are making big successes. This book is entirely free. Mail the coupon now.

New "Three Step" Method

No Experience is required and the "3 Step" method is so simple that your satisfaction is assured. In a few weeks you will be proficient and expert in the decoration of candlesticks, picture frames, wall plaques and book shelves; bright wooden toys, dignified copper and brass objects, incidental furniture, book ends, vases, dolls and lamps and parchment lamp shades, batiks, textiles and greeting cards.

A thousand possibilities in parchment shades.

Wholesale Buying Privileges

Membership includes the privilege of buying at lowest prices the articles handled by Fireside.

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Send me absolutely *Free* the book on Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, giving full details of Membership.

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Write in Pencil. Ink will blot.

MISS BARBARA NEWBERRY
Painted from life by Everett Shinn

For A BRILLIANT SEASON

Stockings of Exquisite Color

PATTERNED AFTER

America's Most Beautiful Legs

IN keeping with a brilliant Fall season, Phoenix offers delightful new hosiery colors — stockings of delicate hue, patterned to fit women of every size . . . Whether small or tall, petite or queenly, you will find that Phoenix stockings are shaped exactly to your own measurements.

For Phoenix — distinct from other hosiery — is accurately woven and follows the proportions of America's Most Beautiful Average Legs . . . Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous producer, selected the pattern for Phoenix, after averaging the measurements of nearly three hundred of the country's fairest girls in his Broadway shows. Miss Barbara Newberry's legs, chosen for their graceful shape and average size, are typical of attractive women everywhere . . . With the aid of the Accurator, a Phoenix invention, sheer, full-fashioned stockings are now woven with a precision never before possible, each stitch being carefully counted and gauged. Following Miss Newberry's measurements, this magical device knits hosiery of sheer, even quality and perfect shape . . . Now in stores and shops are flattering new shades to blend with all types and colors of Fall costumes. $1.50, $1.95, $2.95.

PHOENIX

SILK *Hosiery*

ACCURATOR PROCESS
PATENTED MARCH 12, 1929

(Continued from Page 245)

shop and his window displays out to the Atlantic and jump in. So he danced some more and told the shop, "Cule is a ferret. Reminds me of a dog running along with his nose to the ground. Always gets his stuff."

"Dog is right," said Luke.

She looked at the faces beyond the glass and iron netting. Winfield Cule was not out there.

J. B. agreed to the police that he would not show his gay beast every day. No need to wear out the force.

September and October packed their duds and went, leaving in country places a mess of red and yellow leaves for their peevish sister November to clean up; and in cities a turning of faces toward fur wraps, furnace doors and holly wreaths.

J. B. became a little peevish in mid-November. A vanload of paste pearls had turned out poor sellers.

Day was so quiet all the time that her brown Dutch bob never had a riotous hair.

But one day she became behind the glass case a thing of fire and palpitancy. Eyes were stars! Outside in the crowd—Cule!

INTO the shop he came, much like an actor who has timed his appearance. He twigged a mocking, long, tanned thumb at the elephant. He had leisurely pushed aside a pickpocket and a street-car conductor's family to reach the doors.

"Well, well," he jeered at J. B. "For once the window shoppers have had their money's worth. And hasn't a single Red or a bread-liner been tempted to smash the pane? Tush, the civilized world grows tamer."

J. B. said he had a guard out in front. "Sick of paying him too." No one would buy the piece of trumpery. He wished he hadn't sunk so much money in it.

"Tush, tush. Mustn't show business depression, J. B." Cule's dark tired eyes searched the shop and found Day. She wore the pink eardrops and gladness like a flaming shawl.

Finding her, the man's eyes filled with veiled interest. She saw—and her heart skipped, made up, skipped again. Oh, she knew. He had gone away because he had said to himself that he could not really fit into her life—nor she into his. Perhaps he thought that another man, like Luke, might be a better fortune for her. But he had come back.

That night he almost confessed something of the kind. "Never before made two calls in one year on this town," he sighed shortly.

They were sitting on a bench, again looking at the Hudson River. November is a dour old-maid month, but she wears rime with a certain handsomeness.

"Aren't they pretty?" said Day, of the hills across the way, and then bit her tongue. What she had said once before—oh, triteness.

"Pretty," he agreed somberly. He spoke then of other hills; the hills of Jerusalem and crags of Thibet, and of llama-robed men who knew nothing and cared nothing about tooting river craft or red Go and green Stop signals.

SHE tried to bring Luke Berrison's name naturally in. She wished to make clear. . . .

Her throat was dry with inability to speak plainly.

The following week there was a noon hour in a tea room; two evenings in a place of scented bales and colored tinkling lights. But Cule was restless and taciturn. Something of the charm of the summer had gone from their intercourse.

A week followed when she did not see him. Luke Berrison watched the quick lift of brown head at every opening of the shop door, and smiled nastily to himself.

J. B. did not watch anybody. He grumbled over the elephant and threatened to de-gem it. He was tired of the insurance. Someone spoke about a party leaving soon for an unrouted part of Africa—not that much even of the Dark Continent is left unrouted. J. B. said he might as well send the elephant along with Cule to trade for plain ivory. Ivory moves.

Day heard. She became like ivory—as stiff and bloodless. He might have told her that he was going with this party, she said listlessly to herself. It did not matter that Luke was watching her. Nothing much would ever matter.

Later in the day, when no one was near, she asked J. B. when the party would leave. In two weeks? And afterward. . . .

THE days ticked off. Fourteen—thirteen—down to nine—six—four—Cule sent her a note. He was leaving—what would she like from the beginning of the Nile? He might not be back for years and he had a fear that when he should return, Day would be a grown-up matron for whom a husband bought fur coats at Christmas. She tore the note in two with cold fingers.

Never to see him again. . . .

Three days—two—*one*. And that was the last one.

Of course the Christmas trade was high and swept like a great sea over days and hours. J. B. grumbled because even Christmas buyers cared nothing for that awful and highly insured elephant.

She was in the shop late one night when a lady came down from Park Avenue all excited and in a hurry. The young lady—she was not so very young; twenty-seven—was originally from Oklahoma, where likewise a Mr. Thomas Hawkins had been born. Her father had found oil and so she had found charge accounts, even as far east as the Rue de la Paix. She was a comely enough young woman, with blue eyes but rather prominent upper teeth. She said the elephant was just the object for a farewell gift to her friend, Mr. Hawkins, and it should be delivered to him at exactly eleven o'clock this very night, because his ship would sail at eleven-thirty.

J. B. almost kissed her check, which he knew to be good. "Thank the Lord," he said piously. "I thought the danged jumbo was a hoodoo."

But ten minutes later he was fiercely fretting how best and most safely to send the costly gaud to the ship.

"Wouldn't trust a common messenger." He chewed an uncertain old lip. "Take it myself but—pshaw! every pickpocket or nitroglycerin man in town knows my old wrinkled face."

THAT was true. In taxicab or even in armored truck, at that time of night he would not get through Lower New York unscathed. Not with a parcel. Through Upper New York either, for that matter.

"But I'll find no second fool to buy it. She didn't even screw me down a dollar. Oil folks like to spend their money too well to haggle."

Longer he pondered. "Wish she'd come earlier in the day. If I could find Cule—but he's a needle in a haystack before sailing hour."

Perhaps the wretched fire in Day's eyes at the name drew his mind as radium acts through ponderous flesh.

"Why, Day, you can take it," he said calmly. "No one would think a little girl like you carried a valuable object. Tell you what"—always the showman, and theatric—"I'll get a bunch of flowers next door and put the beast in among them. You can pick up a taxi at the next corner, and who'll bother a pretty girl with flowers for sailing friends?"

Her brilliant frightened eyes begged to be let off. But she was not afraid of danger from the dark. Cule would think that she had come after *him*—that is, he might. She would be ashamed. . . .

Oh—would she? Of a sudden the girl held her brown head high. If she should meet him—and there was more chance that she might not—why should she be ashamed? Anyhow, she could not refuse poor kindly beseeching old J. B., in whose debt she was deep for many kindnesses.

There had been the usual staring crowd outside, and it had partly dissolved when the elephant was taken from the window.

J. B. looked out at the last night stroller in view and, because he needed reassurance, he took it in a great chunk. "Clear coast. I'll—no, you better run in and get an armful of big flowers. 'Mums. Lots of fern."

He and Andy, the night watchman, helped her wrap and tie her armful.

At Broadway Day found an empty taxicab at the curb. She had a vague impression that in her wake came one or two figures from the shop door. But she trembled at the thought of seeing Cule again, and that was all.

A moment later, in the cab, she met in the mirror the driver's eyes and something chilled her blood. Dark eyes, olive face. Oh, what a little fool she had been to think of nothing but Winfield Cule! Now she saw that the cab was not the right color. It was a free lance.

"What did you say, miss? Pier ——"

DAY smiled most sweetly. "Never mind what I said. I meant the next corner. My friend gave me taxi fare. But I'll take a street car and save the money for silk clocks."

The man grinned. He knew the ways of city pretty babies. But almost at once his expression became doubtful, as if he had not been wholly taken in.

But at the corner she was stepping out of the cab. She skipped to a waiting surface car which headed down Broadway. Oh, blessed publicity of surface cars! Traffic was so thick that he could not have stayed her if he had had valid excuse. She had flipped him a quarter.

With rapid heart she gained the street car and eyed her fellow passengers with cordiality. Safety in numbers! And she had gone too far now to get back safely to the shop.

At Fourteenth Street—ah! Her heart beats slowed—slowed into the paralysis of terror. The taxicab had trailed her. Through a murky window she saw the fellow's grim olive face on her.

And were not two or three impassive-visaged, rather shabby men on the street car eying furtively her armful of chrysanthemums? Panic came on her.

She sat rigid. Nothing to do but sit still. Nothing could help her now, but wit and speed at the end. There would be a policeman at the end, but he—or more—would not be quick enough.

The ride seemed interminable. Cross streets and tall, cadaverously dark buildings passed by with awful haste, though. And at last the street car jerked to a halt, clanged to a stop, and she made ready to jump and run—run for her life and poor old J. B.'s property.

There would be brief time for her harm or her salvation. She tried not to tremble. She made ready to jump, to run.

BUT she waited in her seat. Oh, better not be the first to touch the ground, to run. People all around her were her only hope! A plodding family group was ahead—might they not serve a little as unwitting rampart? And three factory girls, too carefree for burden of mind or an elephant with real ruby eyes.

But they caught her.

A sallow hand was thrust in front of her chin, propelling her a step backward. An arm went like steel about her waist. Three men. The driver of the taxicab put his face close to her cheek. "Let go ——" For she had both arms about the flowers and her arm hold was like woven steel. Thin steel—young steel.

And she lowered her head, whose tight velvet béret hardly hid her Dutch bob, and brought it up like a sandbag against one

(Continued on Page 251)

P for GRAVIES

Kitchen Bouquet

MAKES TASTY GRAVIES FOR LESS-JUICY CUTS OF MEAT—"EXTENDS THE MEAT FLAVOR"

New Style Spoon FREE!

A long handle Mixing-measuring Spoon sent FREE and a 10c Trial-size Kitchen Bouquet to induce trial of this popular flavoring. Send 10c today to Kitchen Bouquet, Inc., West Hoboken, N. J.

Double Hand Sorted

PACKAGE BEANS

are Clean, Full-Flavored and Tender—the Cream of the Crop

Treat the family to *home-cooked beans.* Get a package of Chat's Best, the finest beans that money can buy, and watch the smiles of delight with which they are eaten. Every bean is perfect. So many delicious dishes can be prepared with Chat's Best. Recipes on request.

CHATTERTON & SON

LANSING, MICH.

World's Largest Bean Shippers

Send for the Free Recipe Booklet

"14 WAYS TO SERVE CHAT'S BEST"

Mother! They like to read

Have you a child between 4 and 15 years of age? Those are the determining years—exultant, baffling, romantic, dangerous. Then, the young mind seizes on books, to read, *read*, READ. Do you know exactly how to meet this problem? A wonderful way has been found. It helps mother. It saves money in the purchase of books. It stimulates the child with keen interest. This plan is directed by leading child experts. *Ask for details. No obligation. Give name and age of your child.* CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB, Box 202, One Park Ave., N. Y. C.

MODERN

Ensemble of Vollrath Ware in Color: Bisque-Apple Green, Apple Green and Tangerine.

Above: Color scheme of Vollrath Ensemble in Bisque-Buffstone, Mandarin Red and Delft Blue.

At right: Color scheme of Vollrath Ensemble in Bisque-Pink Pearl, Pink Pearl and Bluet.

VOLLRATH WARE
APPLE GREEN
HARMONIZING COLOR TANGERINE
THE VOLLRATH CO.
SHEBOYGAN, WIS., U.S.A.

This label is a guarantee of authentic Vollrath Ware. It is also a guide to the choice of harmonizing colors in an ensemble.

You can hardly think of a kitchen color scheme without making the cooking equipment a part of the picture, too. That's why this new Vollrath Ware has been designed from just that standpoint. It comes to you in new exquisite colors properly used against a soft neutral background that harmonizes with all approved kitchen color schemes. The effect is startlingly beautiful.

There are many color combinations possible so that you can enjoy a distinctive, individual ensemble of your own choosing. The new Vollrath Color Ensembles will give your kitchen new beauty and lasting charm.

HARMONIOUS ≤ CORRECT

The NEW VOLLRATH COLOR ENSEMBLES add Charm to Your Kitchen

NOW that the kitchen, too, is being decorated in the modern way, cooking equipment in color must be considered in its relation to the general decorative scheme. So this new Vollrath Ware in Color has been created in accord with the best principles of home decoration.

In modern decoration, soft, neutral tones are used for the backgrounds. Strong, contrasting colors are employed in relatively small areas only. Bright, intense colors are most effective when reserved for accents in the decorative scheme or ensemble.

To give you this, the color plan of this lovely new ware was created by famous color experts. They have given you, for the first time, color ensembles in cooking equipment.

The large foundation pieces of a Vollrath ensemble come in Bisque—a warm, neutral tone that harmonizes with all approved colors for kitchen decoration. Bisque is trimmed in a choice of several colors. For accent in the ensemble you add a few pieces in solid color corresponding to the trim on the Bisque and for contrast a few more in another harmonizing color.

This gives you a charming ensemble of cooking equipment in smart harmonizing colors. Since there are so many combinations possible, you are sure of an individual and distinctive color ensemble in good taste to fit your own kitchen decorative scheme.

Lovely and modern, Vollrath Ware is also extremely practical. Its smooth, hard surface is as easy to clean as china. You need no special cleansers. Think of the saving in time and drudgery!

See this beautiful new ware at any of the better stores. Study the many color combinations at your leisure. You will be delighted with the fascinating effects you can create in your kitchen at very little cost.

We have prepared a little booklet "The Kitchen in Good Taste," showing various ensembles in actual colors and suggesting many more. Ask your dealer for it. Or we shall be glad to send you a copy if you will write to The Service Department, The Vollrath Company (Established 1874), Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Be sure you get genuine Vollrath Ware

For over fifty years The Vollrath Company has been making the finest enameled ware. Inspired by a tradition of honest workmanship, each generation has further established the name Vollrath as the mark of careful construction and advanced design.

The Vollrath Company has always taken pride in the quality of its ware. Never has it wavered from its policy of making only the finest enameled ware possible.

True to its position of leadership, Vollrath has pioneered in developing enamels, in gas welding ears, spouts and other attachments, in beautifying design, in introducing color harmony and finally in creating color ensembles.

The makers of Vollrath Ware believe that there is no finer cooking equipment than that which bears their label. They feel that they can very justly be proud of their reputation. So they want you to be sure to get authentic Vollrath Ware. There is only one genuine. Look for the Vollrath labels. They are shown here for your guidance.

VOLLRATH
THE VOLLRATH CO

Vollrath Ware
COLOR ENSEMBLES

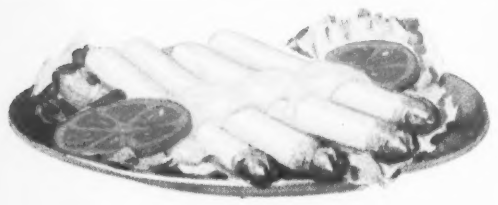
Who could resist DAINTY SALADS like these?

FULL of freshness, full of variety, full of delicacy—and all because of asparagus.

So easy to prepare, too. In fact, California Canned Asparagus doesn't need to be *prepared* at all. You simply *serve* it—on a crisp lettuce leaf, with your favorite dressing—garnished, if you like, with ripe tomatoes or olives.

Is there an appetite, inside or outside the family circle, that can resist such a cool, refreshing delicacy? Try it today or tomorrow.

Then the next day, you can have asparagus in *another* combination. There's no end to the number of ways you can serve it.

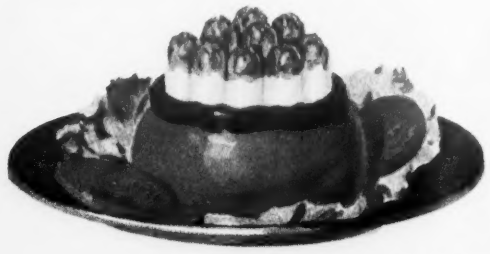


For a party, you can mold asparagus in tomato or lemon jelly. It will win you still more applause as a hostess.

And another novelty is the stuffed tomato shown here. Just scoop out the center. Then cut thin rings, the same size as the top of the tomato, from green pepper, beet, onion and pimiento. Place these rings on top of the tomato and fill with asparagus tips. Appetizing, colorful, yet surprisingly easy to prepare.

No matter how simply or how elaborately you serve asparagus, you know you can put into any meal an out-of-the-ordinary relish.

Expensive?—No! There's no waste, no trimming, and canned asparagus is very moderately priced.



Then why not order a few cans today, and have them at hand ready to use? You'll appreciate the convenience of California Canned Asparagus, and you'll want its healthful freshness and variety in your meals every day. Besides, you can eat as much asparagus as you like, as often as you like, even if you are on a weight-reducing diet.

The dishes shown here are the merest suggestion of the possibilities that asparagus offers. Let us send you our free recipe book describing dozens of other appetizers, soups, salads, and entrées. Mail the coupon today.

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(Continued from Page 247)

sallow chin. They got one of her arms loose from the flowers by twisting it in its socket, powerful long iron fingers meeting about the upper part.

Only one. The other held, clung like hardened glue to her bundle. And the three worked against time, even as Day worked for time. The struggle must be brief, with people coming and going.

She kicked a shank. She lowered her head and brought it up again, hitting this time a tip of nose, not a chin. For quarters were closer, and they were squeezing her with their bodies, so that she was concealed from view of passers-by. But she would not let go.

And then suddenly she was free. A policeman whistled to her. Excitement—vociferous cries—another officer—and she was explaining, and then was on her way with lights and uniforms.

The big-game party was rather important. Without waste of time, a boy led her to a stateroom whose open door showed many men in the gay throes of leave taking and holiday making. Half blindly, Day held forth a mashed armful of pink chrysanthemums with a protuberant onyx trunk. "Which is Mr. Hawkins?" she whispered faintly. The arm was now pure agony. "And I must have a receipt."

Thomas Hawkins was stowing a suitcase. He looked blankly at the girl and the mashed flowers, saw the trunk and pulled forth his bejeweled voyage gift.

"From Mabel," he ejaculated. "And me stowed to the eyelids and couldn't even make room for my extra wrist watch."

There was a wave of laughter from several men who knew one another well.

"Oh, Mabel's got the biggest heart in the world," said Hawkins. "And I wouldn't hurt her feelings for anything on earth. But why the large posies?"

"She did not send them." Day's voice floated with difficulty to her own ears. "They were—were to help—help me." Oh, why did he not sign the receipt and let her go away, go home?

But he was staring oddly at her. And all those present had turned to look oddly at her. Winfield Cule was among them.

"My God!" said one. For they were observant men, in their own line particularly. Hunters are familiar with glazing anguish in animals' eyes—and why did her arm dangle unnaturally?

Winfield Cule kicked aside a suitcase to reach her.

"Day, how were those flowers mashed?" he asked hoarsely.

"Three men—after I got off the street car ——" Who was asking? And why did he not give her the receipt? "But I would not let go. . . ."

In the taxicab she vaguely wished that she could come out of her torpor and savor to the full this man's nearness and arms. He was taking her to a Chinese healer who, he said, would attend better to her arm than could any white surgeon.

But the torpor held.

"You won't get back to the ship in time," she whispered in panic.

"Well?"

"You'll hate me," she said vaguely.

He said, in the old ironic drawl, "Still, a fair amount of self-detestation might attend my getting back in time."

Then his voice changed and throbbed to passionate tenderness: "What courage you showed, Day, you child! Where did you get it? And have you enough to take on for good a rather tarnished life till death do us part?"

She stirred weakly in his arms until her lips could lift.

Courage? Enough to have waited all her life for his last trip. More than enough—now.

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Without Being "Tied Down to a Position"

The Club brought her the smart new clothes that she loved. She now has money in her purse to spend without reproaching herself.

REAL money that she herself had earned. . . . New faith in herself and her ability to do things. . . . Pretty clothes, pleasant times, and the admiration of your family and friends!

You, too, can *enjoy all these* in The Girls' Club.

Let me urge you—don't wait till you're almost ashamed of your well-worn dress or hat before having the lovely new ones you deserve.

Instead, take a hint from the happy experiences of Mary Jordan and this club member who says:

Dear Manager: I had often read about The Girls' Club and so I decided to try my hand. While I am practically a new member, and handicapped, my earnings have been more than $218.80. Club work is driving Mr. Worry away.
—Mrs. C. E., *Conn.*

MY HUSBAND, baby and I were living on an income not greatly larger than the one I earned before I was married. And we were buying a delightful, though rather expensive, new home," wrote Mrs. Mary Jordan.

"There were so many calls for every dollar that my clothing allowance simply wouldn't often allow anything new for me.

"Yet—I felt that my hat was almost disgraceful, my gloves and shoes shabby, and I longed for one of those smart-looking hand bags.

"The Girls' Club brought me the things I loved. That first $25.00 meant more to me than any salary I ever earned.

"I had found a way to make real money in leisure time. I had gained faith in myself and in my ability to do things. I had won the admiration of my husband and friends.

"Perhaps we married women are thankful for the Club because we dislike to depend entirely upon a husband's income."

CLUB work does not tie a woman down, nor does it cause her to slight home duties. Yet it does add spice and enjoyment to see a few extra dollars coming in.

I'll gladly tell you all about our plan. It will cost you nothing. Simply say: "Dear Manager: Please tell me about your leisure-time earning plan." And state your age if you wish. Why not write this very day to ——

Manager of The Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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Doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

SWEEP the heavy chenille carpet in your living room . . . then take your new Bissell out and sweep the kitchen linoleum! You'll be amazed how the new, improved Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control can be used to sweep *any surface* now.

Women truly call this the greatest improvement ever made in the carpet sweeper. The brush on the new Bissell automatically adjusts itself to form proper contact with any surface. You scarcely have to "bear down" on the handle. This modern Bissell swiftly, thoroughly, gathers up every bit of dirt, lint and other litter. It empties with a thumb pressure.

Why not move your old Bissell upstairs or discard it and get the benefit of this new model? The "Hi-Lo" feature costs no more. Ask any leading furniture, hardware, or department store for demonstration.

A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50 cents more in West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Address Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Plans sent FREE!

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Hating the Same People

(Continued from Page 19)

"What about its being *your* turn?" Steve crowed gleefully. "Didn't he say he wanted to see you again and didn't you promise you would? How do you think you can get out of that?"

"Supposing," said Lesa deliberately, "that I did not want to get out of it."

She was warning him. He could never say now that she had not warned him. But it seemed that jealousy was far too crude an emotion for a gentleman who could lose anything but his superficiality. Steve beamed, and called Lesa an angel for giving in, and guilelessly urged her to wear her most beautiful dress to complete her conquest of the famous Irishman.

She wore the dress, a brocade of the same pale gold as her heavy hair that she combed like a medieval princess, parted in the middle and plaited in braids hooped up into a gold net in the nape of her neck. And she saw by Flaherty's eyes that she had completed her conquest before they had spoken their first words alone together.

He was clever, the international card. With an apparent lack of design which pleased Lesa by its artistic background of plan he danced with everyone who was either dangerous or necessary before he came to her. He even danced twice with Baby Lacey, who made no secret of the fact that she was fervidly infatuated, although the other Talk-it-Overs had decided that Baby was just putting it on so that her husband would hear about it and hence think that her affair with Ned Barrett was not so serious as people said and hence not be so nasty about the divorce.

LESA was not popular at the club dances, and Denis Flaherty had no difficulty in finding her when he was ready to find her.

"I don't dare dance with you yet. You know what Tom Hardy says about dancing—'Marriage without courtship, friendship without acquaintance!' Shall we go out on the veranda and—get acquainted?"

They walked far out on the links over which the Irishman was king. There was a moon—"without which," he explained, "I could not have brought you away from the lights. Much as I wanted to be with you alone, I wanted to look at you more. You see—you are so very beautiful!"

She was beautiful, but no one had told her so for a long time. He was beautiful, and probably had been told so very recently. She tried to hold on to these qualifications as they walked over miniature hills of silver velvet and came to a bench by a thicket that hid them from the dreaming countryside.

"All over the world I have looked for a woman like you," he told her in hushed tones. "To find you is such incredible joy that I am almost willing to pardon the fact that you are already married. Almost—but not quite."

"Today," she told him, "was our first wedding anniversary, which Steve gave up for his match with you. I hated you—until I saw you!"

THE fierce black line of his eyebrows came together, and his rapt, wondering gaze wavered. "I would rather," he said slowly, "we had met at a time when the odds were against me."

"The situation is sufficiently against you," Lesa assured him, "without—my—having to be."

He looked at her in a glow that caught and warmed the import of her words. For a space of time they sat in mute acknowledgment of a moment that had not yet come. Then Denis Flaherty began to talk, hastily, lest that moment come too soon.

He talked of his life which, like hers, had been a battle against odds. He was born, he told her with a bitter glorying in his frankness, "Shanty Irish," the poorest of the poor in the most wretched corner of Dublin. To struggle away from that state to the eminence of golf caddy was a more momentous achievement than all the other variegated feats of his career.

"I know," said Lesa. "I was born on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in a Middle Western town. They called us Micks. That was harder to get away from than all the rest."

THIS was the kinship which their instinct had found in each other before their eyes found something more personal. Lesa knew that Denis Flaherty as a caddy had learned to play golf so well that he became an amateur champion at fifteen. There was nothing proved about the details of money received in a sport which was supposed to be played by gentlemen with no reward save joy and silver cups, but undeniably somewhere Denis Flaherty picked up a shoe string and started to operate thereon. Ironically enough he made his fortune through those same Dublin slums that had handicapped him by giving him birth; he bought real estate which no one else would accept as a gift, played golf until Dublin business grew into the shanty region he despised, sold his now appreciated shanty properties, tore down more shanties, built modern apartment houses and began to juggle his own and other people's holdings.

It spoke well of Denis Flaherty's famous personality that his fortune was not one of the most glamorous things about him. One could have many times this wild Irishman's wealth and never be noticed by the smart set that pursued and entertained him all over the world. And as he talked of the beginnings of his career and their fruition, Lesa could see that Denis Flaherty was more proud of that pursuit and entertainment than he was of the deeds which had put him in a position to be pursued and entertained.

"We must go back," she said at last, not from any feeling that they should really join the neglected others, but from fear lest he should think of his social obligations before she did. She rose in answer to his mute protest and he cried out in childlike dismay.

"Go now—when nothing has been said, when nothing has been promised?"

"Everything—has been said," Lesa admitted, standing stately as a mythical queen in the moonlight. "Everything has been—promised. So we must go back."

Was this the way one felt when one threw one's bonnet over the mill?

THEN suddenly she ceased to wonder about the emotions of bonnet throwers. For he had kissed the silver pallor of her mouth—so delicately, so inevitably that there was in it no first-time shock, so that she returned it as freely as she had acknowledged their kinship, so that their salute grew fiercely to a more momentous thing before the sophistication in both of them drew them apart.

"You—see now," he told her with a wry smile.

She turned and walked away over the links; he followed, making no attempt to disguise the truth of what that one kiss had done to him.

"You said—everything had been promised. But you haven't even told me when we will see each other again!"

"Lunch in town the next day," said Lesa, "has spoiled many a moonlit night before. Let's give it a chance at us!"

Lunch in town the next day spoiled nothing but the disposition of Baby Lacey, who also happened to be lunching at the Colony and whose table was too far away from theirs to hear a word of what went on. However, Baby vented her baffled

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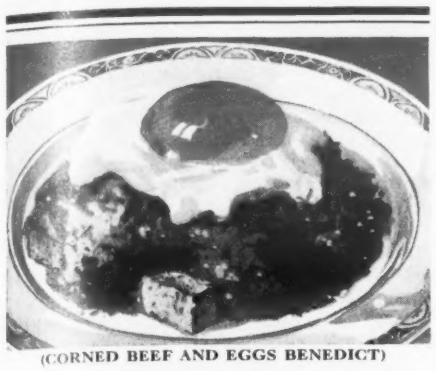

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rage by stopping to speak to them on her way out.

"Your official hostess is doing nobly," she cooed to Denis, ignoring Lesa. "You must let some of us unofficial hostesses be noble too!"

She left them with Denis' promise to dine the following evening. Lesa was silent in discordant amaze. Denis had thrown over a previous engagement for that same evening in order to beg Lesa to dine with him. Lesa had not yet consented, but they had both known she was going to.

"It's such a nuisance to be careful," said Denis carefully; "but one can't antagonize Ironic Pillars, can one? Until—until we have something really big to antagonize them about. . . ."

Under the spell of his last sentence she forgave him the first. After all, Baby was essential in the scheme of things that had invited him to come to America. She was important in the curve of the social gesture, and Lesa was beginning to see that Denis attached great weight to this gesture that Steve took so lightly for granted. It intrigued the alien because of his essential strangeness to it.

Something really big. . . . He meant the concrete plan that he had thrown before her when they first sat down, which she had begun to toy with by the time they reached their crêpes suzette and Baby.

SHE was to leave Steve immediately and go to Paris for a divorce. Denis would join her in Paris as soon as he had finished his American tour. They would be married there the moment the divorce was granted.

"There's been enough time wasted already," he told her with a savage intensity which he did not forget to pitch below the lunching murmur about them.

"I know," said Lesa. She refrained from saying the usual things, but she could not refrain from thinking them. This was an irrevocable step he was planning, and they had not known each other twenty-four hours. How could he be so sure, how could she be so sure of him?

But he was, and she was, and so she said nothing that was cautious, only drawing their conversation to an abrupt close when he reopened the subject after Baby's interruption.

"I must go; I have a business appointment. One can't be late for those, you know!"

"In Paris," Denis promised them both, "there will be no business appointments."

Throughout a busy afternoon the consciousness kept knocking at her that she had committed herself to something as irrevocable as his Paris project. She had promised to go to Denis Flaherty's apartment for tea tomorrow.

Of course she had been to men's rooms for tea before. Of course they had a definite purpose; they wanted to talk quietly and perfect their plans for escape from a situation which would soon grow intolerable. But ——

TOWARD the end of the afternoon she ran into Baby Lacey again, and this time Baby had the pleasure of being at the next tea table. It was just as well, Lesa decided, for Baby to be able to hear that she was having a business conference at the Ritz. Just as well, considering that the magazine editor with whom she was conferring happened to be a charming young man. It was not the first time that the Ironic Pillars had seen Lesa conferring, and it was a sometimes inconvenient truth that all magazine editors seemed to be charming young men.

Lesa knew that Steve's friends disapproved of these informal business contacts, sure that they were not as innocuous as they seemed; so now that she had Ned and Baby within earshot she took extra pains to drive home the business details that she and the editor were discussing.

The tea conference was about a new cover for the slightly sophisticated weekly that this charming young editor sponsored. He wanted something new, a departure from the regulation Lesa girl.

"We've got to have a cover that tells a story, Lesa, and a story with a fillip to it at that. See what I mean?"

Lesa saw what he meant. He paid large enough prices so that she always had to see what he meant.

Steve had already gone to another party for Denis, where she was resignedly expected to be late. She did not go; something sturdy in her revolted against appearing where Denis and her husband would both be present. She sat and stared at the general impermanency of the things that she had once called home, and she went to bed long before Steve came.

WHEN she rang the bell of the Park Avenue apartment Denis had sublet for his New York stay he answered her ring himself. Of course—he would have let the servants go out, she noted, with a little disagreeable flash, at the same time that she thrilled to his smile and appreciated his finesse in not kissing her at the first moment of meeting.

The living room was not too obviously set for a tête-à-tête. All the elaborate pretense of tea paraphernalia was laid on a cinquecento refectory table beneath a gold-haloed Tuscan primitive. He took her away from the tea and the primitive to the other side of the room, where they sat on a stiff, high-backed sofa and gazed at each other for an indrawn breath of suspense and rediscovery that never had time to relax into speech. Knifing across it came the vicious stab of the telephone bell; with a frown of impatience, Denis excused himself and left Lesa annoyed out of all proportion at the interruption. It seemed to her that while the grand passion of one's existence was being entertained alone in one's apartment, one might indulge in the gesture of not answering phone calls.

Peevishly she removed her hat and patted her ruffled forehead, but Denis came back before even her artist fingers could remold her face to delicious expectancy.

"Oh," said Denis in a flat voice. "You've taken off your hat."

Romantic first words for a rendezvous.

"Most artists," Lesa riposted, also in a flat voice, "think better with their hats off."

"It's only—that was Baby Lacey on the phone, downstairs, she told me, and with an hour to waste. What an unfortunate coincidence—of course I had to ask her to come up!"

A little silence while Denis stared at Lesa in growing nervousness.

"SHE'S on her way up now. That's why—that's why I spoke about your hat. Not that it makes much difference—it's awkward enough her finding you here alone with me ——"

"But," said Lesa, very still, "she herself is dropping in upon you—presumably, to be alone with you."

"That's a little—different, isn't it?" The words fell between them together with the sharp partition of the doorbell. Oblivious to the quality of Lesa's stunned calm, Denis turned away from her to go down the hall and let Baby Lacey in.

When they came back together Lesa had not even had the sense to go over and toy with the tea things beneath the gold-haloed primitive. She stood exactly as Denis had left her, hatless and speechless. Baby, who had been burbling along to Denis about the hard luck of finding herself stranded in town between trains, came to a full stop and surveyed Lesa in chill surprise.

"Oh—you here, Mrs. Steve? I didn't know Mr. Flaherty was going in for the editorial business!"

She turned to Denis, who was looking more apoplectic than a man of his experience had any right to look. "I always say, if I only had a career or something, so

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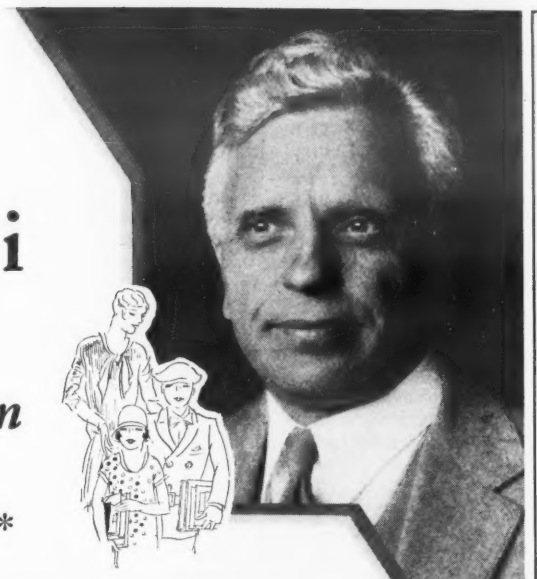
Angelo Patri says— *"The Children must be Educated"**



Angelo Patri, New York educator. Italian by birth and American by adoption, he combines the Latin love of beauty with the fundamental soundness of American ideals. His work with children and writings about them have influenced teachers, parents, and children the country over.

THE children must be educated, and father and mother have to provide for that purpose. The public schools help out until adolescence is reached, and then comes the specialized training, without which it is becoming harder and harder for beginners to enter the earning stage. That costs money, and money, in the homes where there are children, is usually scarce. What is to be done about it?

"I would say start the education fund when the first child is born. The relatives usually make the child presents on christening days and birthdays and high occasions, and gift money ought to be used in some way that is to last. Why not in the education fund? In that way the money keeps growing, and by and by it will go toward the college course and so last forever.

"But the basis of the fund must come from the family savings fund and, lately, I have noticed various insurance companies advertising schemes for saving the education fund for the children.

"That seems a fine thing. Money put in such fund is going to be there for the child even if you should die. That means the child's education is secure, no matter what becomes of you. That seems to me a wonderful idea.

"If from the beginning a child knows that there is a fund and gradually learns its meaning he will do his share of the saving, and thereby start the most valuable phase of his education, economic thinking. That sort of child helps himself through the last years of his schooling and makes them doubly fruitful.

"Every year that a child spends in school adds proportionately to his earning capacity. The college-trained worker commands thousands of dollars more than the untrained one, and his earning and growing period lasts much longer. It is that longer and richer life you give the child when you establish his education fund.

"I feel like the salesman who says: Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily recommend this article. No household should be without it."

—ANGELO PATRI.

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as to have to have conferences with young men all the time! Now I have merely the excuse of wanting you to approve the seating arrangement of my dinner party tonight!"

"As if you needed an excuse," said Denis with a hastily summoned copy of his flashing smile, "and as if I needed to approve. You might as well admit between the two of us that you couldn't get through the day without seeing me!"

The two of them moved away from Lesa to the paraphernalia beneath the primitive. Or rather, Baby moved away, and Denis stood vacillating for one weak second before he followed. Baby ignored that second in the same tone in which she ignored Lesa.

"I think," she said deliberately, "that you might give me tea, if this is tea you have here and not just a cloak for illicit moments."

"Whether it is tea or a cloak, you'll drink it and like it," he promised her and began to pour from what proved to be the hot-water container, at which Baby shrieked in a mirth that excluded the silent figure at the other end of the room.

Lesa could scarcely believe her eyes. It was credible that Baby Lacey would try to snub her; but that Denis should make no gesture in her defense!

"He doesn't even ask me to join them," Lesa told herself. "As if I really were—what Baby is insinuating I am. As if he had just been having a vulgar—episode that a friend of his happened in on."

BABY, too, had come to his apartment alone. But—what had he said? "That's a little—different, isn't it?"

Again Denis looked nervously toward her and back at Baby with a change of expression so dulcet that for a moment he resembled a fawning courtier. And in that moment Lesa saw.

Baby Lacey could come to Denis' apartment alone and could snub Lesa for doing the same thing because Baby was important in the curve of the social gesture and Lesa was an alien. That was what Baby thought, and that was what Denis thought. Denis Flaherty, who had made his career by audacity, lacked the courage to defy a position to which he himself was not born. Stripped of the defense which Lesa's wrecked illusions were already trying to salvage from the ruins, Denis was a snob.

She should have known in that first moonlit conversation when he told her of his life and she realized that the achievements of his career meant less to him than the contacts that his career had brought. And yesterday she should have known, when he had not dared to refuse Baby's royal command to dine.

Lesa's brain worked more swiftly than her emotions. In the moment that she knew Denis for a snob she could not cease loving him, but she could begin despising him. And she was no longer desolate as she watched the international play boy fawn on the Ironic Pillar of society. A certain grim humor, without which she never long endured, came into her and made her fingers twitch. There were pencil and paper on the desk by the sofa. Taking these implements of her life's work, she sat down on the sofa and became tactfully absorbed. At least, it appeared to Denis' anxious glances that she was tactfully absorbed, although Baby obviously thought that it was very bad form for Lesa not to remove her flesh as well as her spirit.

YES, her fingers were nearer her brains than her heart, and they worked swiftly, laughingly, while her heart mourned within. And at the other end of the room, for an hour, Baby stayed and Denis suffered.

At the close of the hour, although obviously loath to leave Lesa in possession of the field, Baby realized that she would have to get out to Hathaway and be late for her dinner party. Lesa rose and cast the bombshell that she would have to go, too, meeting the mute supplication of Denis' eyes with a look of sardonic comment that he could not beg her to stay in front of Baby.

"If he never sees me again," she told herself, "that is the look he will remember."

If he never saw her again ——

"Awfully sorry to have barged in on your conference," Baby wasped as they came to the door of the building.

"Oh, that was quite all right!" said Lesa graciously. "Mr. Flaherty was posing for me and I was delighted to have you push yourself into the picture. It makes my magazine cover much more interesting and I'm sure I'll get a higher price for it."

AND she waved the paper, on which she had been working, at a passing taxi. Baby came to a halt on the curb, breathing heavily, her thin eyes imitating a severe attack of exophthalmia.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "You mean you have dared to put me on one of your magazine covers—with that man Flaherty?"

"Good-by," Lesa responded, and took herself and paper into the passing taxi before Baby could seize her there on the street and make the sort of scene that Baby could make and Lesa could not.

It was a month before Lesa's magazine cover blossomed on the news stands, to be gaped at by the strap-hangers who were intrigued by a situation they could not define, and japed at by our better people who were intrigued by a situation they could define. A month, during which time no one could find Lesa; neither Denis nor Baby, each frantic for widely different reasons, nor Steve, who alone remained unruffled.

"It's the artistic temperament," he would say serenely in response to no matter what insinuation or frenzied demand for Lesa's whereabouts. "She phoned me from New York she had an inspiration for a picture and had to be alone to do it. Of course, if I knew where she was she wouldn't be alone, you can see that; so it was only sporting for me not to ask, and let her finish the old picture in peace, what?"

Lesa came home the day that her cover appeared. Steve was sitting on the porch tranquilly reading a magazine as she walked up the steps. It was not the slightly sophisticated weekly over which everyone else in his set was shrieking at that moment; it was Trout and Stream. The fishing season was nearly upon one.

"Hello, Steve," said Lesa. "I'm back."

STEVE put aside Trout and Stream and looked at her as she sank wearily into a chair some distance from his. A tangible image, there she sat, within his vision, on their porch; but every line of her body betrayed the fugacity of a trout lurking behind a rock in a pool. . . . He did not move.

"Did you finish your picture?" he asked.

"Some time ago. Then I had to—get over it."

"Denis Flaherty was here every day with letters for you until he left for the West."

After all, a tour was a tour and a schedule a schedule.

"The letters are all in your studio, if you want to look 'em over."

The trout did not rise; Lesa made no move to go inside. Still without stirring from his chair, Steve changed bait.

"Gone a pretty long time you were, old girl. At least it seemed long to one of my ardent nature."

"I don't see why you should mind," said Lesa, very deliberate, "as long as I got a good price for the picture, which will pay the rent for some time to come."

"It happens I do mind. So much so that your being away put me off my feed;

(Continued on Page 256)

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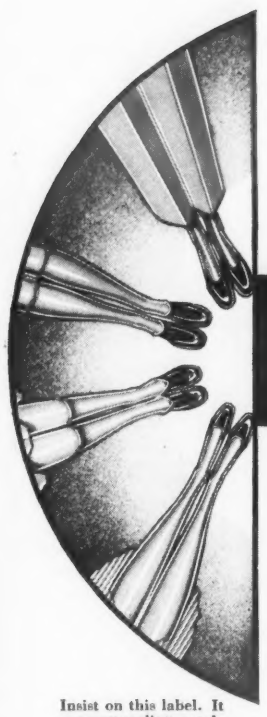

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(Continued from Page 254)

I couldn't play anything. So I thought, if I can't play, I might as well work, what? So I went and got me a job."

"A job! You!"

"You don't seem to realize that I'm enough of an expert to get to be sport writer for several magazines like this, with enough money coming in from newspaper syndicates to pay the rent, as you so pithily express it. Of course, you'll still probably have to pay for everything else. People," said Steve pensively, "almost always do. But it's a step. A decided step in my life it was when you walked out of here."

The trout was rising in sharp amazement. But before Steve could follow his advantage a cry smote them from the driveway. It was Baby Lacey, clambering out of a car that had noiselessly crept up on angler and his prey—Baby Lacey, followed by Almond and Dick and Ned, each one of the four brandishing a gayly colored magazine like a battle standard.

"Here," said Lesa, "come the art critics."

In bewilderment Steve watched the Ironic Pillars swarm up his porch steps, disgorging horrid cries that were certainly not welcoming Lesa home. The storm center of their yowling remained calm, smiling faintly, sitting immovable in her wicker chair.

"The Eumenides," she murmured, "pursuing Orestes to the temple of Apollo."

"You would talk about Apollos," Baby foamed, "after doing this!"

Steve took Baby's battle standard away from her and looked at it. It was the cover to a slightly sophisticated weekly. In Lesa's well-known style it portrayed a situation which told a story with a fillip. The fillip lay in the fact that the faces of all three characters implicated were easily recognizable, as was the background to the situation. For a month of entertainment had made famous the gold-haloed primitive and other cinquecento settings of Denis Flaherty's New York apartment.

There was Baby, with a sugarily infatuated expression, ignoring the other girl in the picture to coo in Denis Flaherty's ear. There was the international charmer caught in a position from which charm alone could not extricate him. And there was Lesa left sitting deserted in the corner of the picture—Lesa portrayed in the act of taking revenge upon her ignorers by means of the pencil and paper in her lap, the paper wide enough to show the design growing under her fingers.

All that the backbone of the nation would see in this cover was the amusing spectacle of a man cornered between two women, and one woman's way of laughing at her plight. But the froth of the nation would see varied spectacles in this cover, as Baby was shrilling now.

"Do you know what you've done with your vulgar revenge? You've ruined my divorce, that's what you've done! My husband was all set to give it to me, and when he saw this filthy rag he called me up and said he'd changed his mind; that I need to stay married awhile longer till I learn to behave!"

"As if," supplemented Almond, "one learns to behave while married!"

"One does," said Ned sternly, "if one doesn't marry out of one's class."

Baby turned upon Steve, seizing the cover from him. "We came here to tell you just one thing, Steve Lane: you've got to choose between us and your wife! From now on she's put herself beyond the pale, where you can go, too, if you want to go with her!"

"I—always—want to go with her," said Steve, and his voice imposed a sudden quiet on the flailed air about them. He did not look at Lesa, who still sat motionless in her storm-center chair; he looked steadfastly into Baby's thin eyes and compelled unwilling attention there. "And if you're not sporting enough to be put in your place for showing such bad form to Lesa just because you were jealous, you certainly deserve never to see me again—hard as you'll find it is to do without me."

"Us do without you! It's you who can't do without us, as you'll soon see if you try!"

"Dry up," said Steve wearily, turning away from the Ironic Pillars of his existence, "and go pound sand. Ned told the truth. Lesa's married out of her class; she's married so far below herself that I'm afraid to be alone with her for fear she'll discover how dumb I am. What have we got if we're not sporting, if we haven't good form? Nothing. That's what you're showing right now that we've got; nothing. Go away and pound sand; you'll be lucky if you ever see me again."

There was a pause as the last abashed echo of the Ironic Pillars vanished down the driveway. Then Steve grinned at Lesa, his boyish, disarming grin.

"They'll be around tomorrow on their hands and knees," he said comfortably.

Lesa had risen and came uncertainly to where Steve stood, a statue of blond indifference: "Steve—what did you honestly think of that—cover of mine?"

Steve smiled with lips that were a little white: "I thought it was very funny."

Sporting. . . . She would never know what he really thought. . . . There was a little, gracious silence; then Lesa spoke again, very timidly:

"Did you mean it—that you were afraid to be alone with me?"

The trout was landed. "Never any more," said Steve, and lifted her to his heart.

The Kingless Kingdom

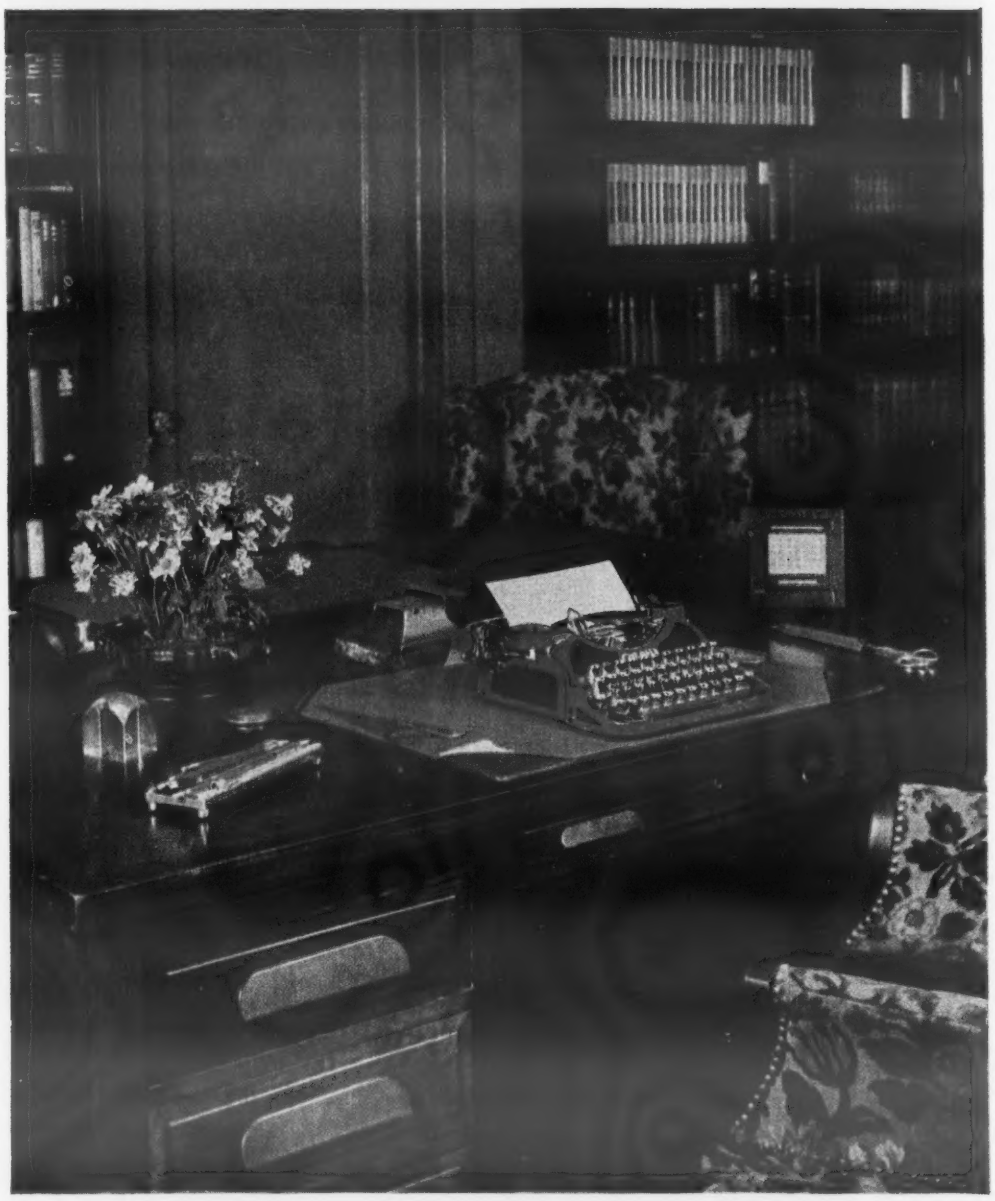
(Continued from Page 33)

restaurants and cafés, in many of which the gypsies play; the City Park has charming eating places where one may dine beside a lake or under gently swaying branches, and the lovely rolling country back of Buda—the older and more picturesque part of the united city—is dotted with *al fresco* restaurants which are patronized in summer by hikers and automobilists.

The Hungarians, or Magyars, as in their own tongue they call themselves, trace their origin to an Asiatic tribe which in the ninth century crossed the Caucasus and the Volga and began a march that ended in the garden spot of the Danube basin inhabited to this day by their descendants. In the course of settlement there was some amalgamation with a race believed to be descended from the Huns, and later there entered a Turkish strain, for the valley of the Danube was the highway used by the Turks in their successive forays against Western Europe, and though for centuries the Magyars fought desperately against these Eastern foemen, there were considerable periods in which their land fell under Turkish domination. Time and again the ancient city walls, still visible in Buda, saw Turkish armies camped below; and the residence of the American Minister at Budapest, perched on a hill beside the walls, overlooks a park and polo ground which, in memory of Ottoman assaults and of executions which took place there, is known as the Field of Blood.

The influence of the East is seen in the gala costumes of Hungarian peasants, in the rich embroideries and barbaric jewelry of old Hungary, and in the magnificent robes still worn on great occasions by members of the aristocracy; nevertheless the Hungarians themselves quite properly

(Continued on Page 259)



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Written by
MRS. ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

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Ladies' Home Journal

392 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 256)

insist upon their Westernness. Confuse them with their neighbors, the Balkan nations, and they will quickly correct you. They are not a Balkan nation, they will tell you, but a Central European nation, which is a very different thing; and nothing more distresses them than to hear Budapest confounded with Bukharest.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, the Magyars are at once the English and the Irish of the Continent. Like the English they believe in law and order, honesty and justice; they are horsemen and horse breeders, and are enthusiastic followers of racing, steeplechasing, fox and stag hunting, polo, shooting, and all manner of outdoor sports, including football, tennis, rowing and swimming. Further like the English, they enjoy looking up to a nobility and to a king, yet they have always been insistent on their rights, and their Golden Bull, extorted from King Andrew II, is similar to Britain's Magna Charta and is almost as old.

Árpad, the leader who brought them into the present land of Hungary, was a chieftain, but his descendants became kings, and the country has been ruled by kings for ten centuries. The Hungarians are accustomed to royalty, freely avow their liking for it, and if permitted by their jealous neighbors of the Little Entente to do so would have a king today.

Like the Irish, the Hungarians are a sensitive, warm-hearted, temperamental and artistic race with a treasured folklore kept alive in song and poetry. Their struggles with the Austrian Empire—of which before the Great War the Kingdom of Hungary was in effect a part, the Austrian Emperor having been also King of Hungary—broadly resemble the like struggles of the Irish, and in addition to this the Magyars have an Irish love of politics, an Irish ability to fight, and are for the most part Roman Catholics.

The Holy Crown of Hungary is undoubtedly the oldest kingly crown existing in the world. It was a gift from Pope Sylvester II to Stephen, Hungary's first Christian king, whose coronation occurred in the year 1000. Under the Hungarian Constitution, Saint Stephen's Crown is "the source, symbol and instrument of all public power"—in other words, the person having legal possession of the crown may claim the right of sovereignty.

The Holy Crown

THIS explains why, on the one hand, the nation has taken special care to guard the sacred emblem under an elaborate system of custodianship provided for by Act of Parliament, and why, on the other hand, struggles for the possession of the Hungarian throne have always been first directed toward gaining possession of the Holy Crown.

In the course of its more than nine hundred years of history the crown has many times been physically imperiled, its last great adventure having occurred at the time of the Revolution of 1848, which made the name of Louis Kossuth famous. Kossuth's revolt was the culmination of the long struggle against Austrian domination; and when, with the help of Russia, the Austrians defeated him, he fled with the Holy Crown toward Turkey.

Hotly pursued and fearing that the crown would fall again into the possession of the Hapsburgs, he buried it in a place known only to himself and a few of his companions, all of whom were sworn to secrecy. Later, however, when the little band was scattered and some of its members had been killed, the knowledge of the crown's whereabouts weighed so heavily upon the mind of one of the survivors that he divulged the secret.

When the Austrians dug up the sacred relic it was discovered that, either in the course of a hasty burial or of exhumation, the apostolic double cross by which it is surmounted had been bent. The bent cross has never been straightened, but has, upon the contrary, become traditional, being shown always at an angle on the Hungarian coat of arms.

The Hungarian loves style and show. He is fond of dress, is much concerned with etiquette, has the card-leaving habit to excess, and if he can possibly hold a single eyeglass in his eye is very likely to wear one without regard to optical deficiencies. No city has a higher percentage of single eyeglasses per capita than Budapest, nor has any city more photographers. People have their pictures taken on the slightest provocation, or on none, and I have been told that in the direst days of postwar poverty the photographers continued to make money.

Popular dances are the fox trot, the Viennese waltz, in which the dancers spin with incredible rapidity, the tango, and the national *csárdás*, a rural type of dance in which the couples execute various steps, now with arms about each other's waists, now with arms linked, now with hands upon each other's shoulders, the tempo of the gypsy music becoming faster and faster as the dance progresses, creating toward the end an effect of breathless speed and excitement.

An Empty Throne

AS IN most aristocratic countries, Hungarian society is formal. Debutantes arriving at a party make a tour of the ballroom, curtsying before each of the elder married women and kissing their hands.

Balls in Budapest are not run on the program system, nor is there any cutting-in. The debutantes seat themselves in chairs ranged round the ballroom walls, and wait for what may happen, or they cluster anxiously at the door, hoping to catch the attention of young men passing in and out.

Official life in Budapest is brilliant. The Royal Palace, perched on a hill above the Danube with gardened terraces reaching down to the river, is a magnificent structure containing four hundred rooms. Built in the 80's, it was intended to entice Austro-Hungarian rulers to spend more time in Budapest, but the Hapsburg kings have preferred Vienna, and the palace at Budapest has usually stood vacant.

This situation long annoyed the Hungarians. They wished to be loyal to the Hapsburgs, but they resented the fact that they were treated as a distinctly junior partner in the Dual Monarchy, and always they have been envious of the prestige and brilliance of Vienna.

One hears of three possible Hapsburg candidates for the throne of Hungary, all of them descended from Maria Theresa, and one a collateral descendant of the late Emperor Franz Josef—this being Otto, whose mother, ex-Empress Zita, lives in Spain. Otto, a fine-looking lad of sixteen, is at school in Luxemburg. His father, Charles, the last Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, was a grand-nephew of Franz Josef, and after Franz Josef's death succeeded to the throne which he held until 1917, when he was forced to abdicate. His personal qualities were not such as to make him a good king, but having died in exile he is now viewed by many of his former subjects as a martyr, and this tends to create sentiment in favor of his son. Otto is the Legitimists' candidate for the throne of Hungary and would be legal heir to the throne had not Hungary enacted in 1921 a Dethronement Law, under which no member of the Hapsburg family may become king. This law was, however, passed under duress and is almost certain to be repealed when it becomes politically practicable.

Many able and thoughtful Hungarians are not, however, in favor of Otto. They feel that his mother has brought him up to think of himself as a future Emperor of Austria, and they fear that if placed on the Hungarian throne he would be inclined to use Hungary as a base from

(Continued on Page 261)

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A New Breed of Corn - - - Not just another Brand

(Continued from Page 259)

which to make "putsches" against Austria, whereas members of the two Hungarian branches of the Hapsburg family would not be likely to do this.

One of these families is headed by the Archduke Josef, who was a field marshal in the war and greatly endeared himself to his troops by sharing their privations. Josef is fifty-six years old, and is a first cousin once removed of the later Emperor Josef; his wife is the Archduchess Augusta of Bavaria, and they have a son, the Archduke Josef Francis, thirty-three years old, who, if Hungary elects a king within the next ten or fifteen years, will doubtless be the candidate put forward by this branch of the Hapsburg house.

The other Hapsburg family resident in Budapest is that of the Archduchess Isabella, who before her marriage was a princess of the Belgian family of Croy, and who is said to be descended from Árpad, Hungary's ruler of a thousand years ago. The Archduchess Isabella has a salon and enjoys a considerable reputation as a poker player, and it is upon her son, the Archduke Albrecht, that her branch of the family centers its hopes. Albrecht, an exceptionally attractive and intelligent young man, has a reputation for ability, and for this reason would have influential backing were a monarchial election to take place.

Under the present law anyone in the world is eligible to the throne of Hungary. If the people wished to do so they could elect Lord Rothermere or Henry Ford their king. Admiral de Horthy, the Regent, or Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, would either of them make an admirable king, and the family of either would make a decorative and delightful royal family. It is, however, felt in many quarters that an effort to create an entirely new royal family would be likely to cause jealousy and friction, and that therefore a Hapsburg had better be selected when the time comes.

Following the war, Hungary had five months of Bolshevism under Béla Kún, who was captured by the Russians at the beginning of the war, trained by them to preach Bolshevism in his native land, and later sent back to start the movement.

For the absolute failure of Bolshevism in Hungary the world has to thank the stubborn Hungarian peasant. He refused to see the New Light from Russia, or to accept Bolshevik money, or to supply with food the ghetto dreamers who made up the larger part of the Bolshevik party in Budapest.

The Present Regency

DRIVEN to desperation by the peasants' stubbornness, the Bolshevik leaders introduced the firing squad and the hangman's noose as instruments of persuasion, but still the peasants refused to traffic with them. Dully they stood their ground and stoically they died. And so, because of them, did the regime of Béla Kún.

For the purpose of putting down the Reds, Admiral de Horthy, who had been at the head of the Austrian-Hungarian navy, formed a small army composed entirely of officers, and asked the Allies to furnish him with weapons; the request was, however, refused, and Rumania—always jealous of Hungary—seized upon the reign of Bolshevism as an excuse to invade the country.

A few days after Béla Kún had fled, Rumanian troops occupied Budapest, and there began a systematic pillage which, according to many Hungarians, did their country even more harm than Bolshevism had. Telephone instruments, typewriters, factory and farm equipment, machinery of all kinds, livestock, cars and locomotives, everything that could be moved was carried away. Even the contents of museums were threatened, and it was only by the determined action of the late Gen. H. H. Bandholtz, an American officer then stationed in Budapest, that the art treasures of the nation were saved. General Bandholtz put the seals of the United States Government on the doors of the museums, and at one time actually stood on the steps of the National Museum, whipping at Rumanian soldiers with his riding stick to keep them from entering and looting the building.

Among the national treasures are books which belonged to King Matthias Corvinus, whose long and splendid reign terminated in 1490. These books are commonly kept in the National Museum, but during the Rumanian occupation it was thought best to remove them, and they remained in General Bandholtz's room, under his bed, until November, 1919, when the Rumanian army, having "rescued" Hungary from the Bolsheviki, departed.

When the Rumanians left, the National Assembly met and elected Admiral de Horthy Regent of the Kingdom of Hungary, a post which he still occupies. Count Stephen Bethlen, member of an ancient and famous Hungarian house, became Prime Minister and formed a strong cabinet which, save for a few slight changes, remains today in power. Count Bethlen has now been Prime Minister for more than eight years, a tenure of office longer than that of any other prime minister in Europe.

"No, No, Never!"

ONE of the first calamities encountered by his government was the compulsion to sign the Treaty of Trianon, under which Hungary was disarmed and vivisected, losing three-fifths of her population and two-thirds of the territory which, for the most part, she had held a thousand years.

Of the land she was compelled to cede to the powers of the Little Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia—large parts along the borders are populated by persons of pure Hungarian blood who speak the Hungarian tongue. From a nation of more than twenty million inhabitants Hungary has been cut down to eight millions, or about the population of New York City and its suburbs, and her new boundaries leave her terribly deformed.

The several million Hungarians who found themselves arbitrarily transferred to other nations are of course dissatisfied, and the confiscation of their land in direct violation of the peace treaty, and other harsh discriminations to which their new rulers have subjected them, do not tend to make them, or their kinsmen in what is left of Hungary, any the less bitter. Here, then, more than in any other corner of Europe with which I am personally familiar, have been sown the seeds from which new wars may grow.

I doubt if any thoughtful Hungarian believes that the complete restoration of Hungary is a possibility worth thinking of at the present time, but a reasonable revision of the new frontiers, for the purpose of returning some three millions of expatriated Hungarians to their native land, is widely hoped for.

The Hungarian Government has wisely bent all its efforts toward consolidating the nation within its present boundaries, and agitation of territorial questions is officially discouraged. The national budget has been balanced, and the man power removed from military service under the terms of the Treaty of Trianon—which allows Hungary an army of but 35,000—has been employed in industry with excellent economic results. The country is, in short, making a recovery more rapid than its most hopeful friends might reasonably have expected.

But the lost provinces are never forgotten.

"*Nem, nem, soha!*" is the cry of the Hungarian people today. One sees the words written everywhere and hears them on every lip. "No, no, never!" is what they mean, and it is unnecessary to render in more explicit terms a passionate protest that fills the heart of every man, woman and child in the Kingless Kingdom.

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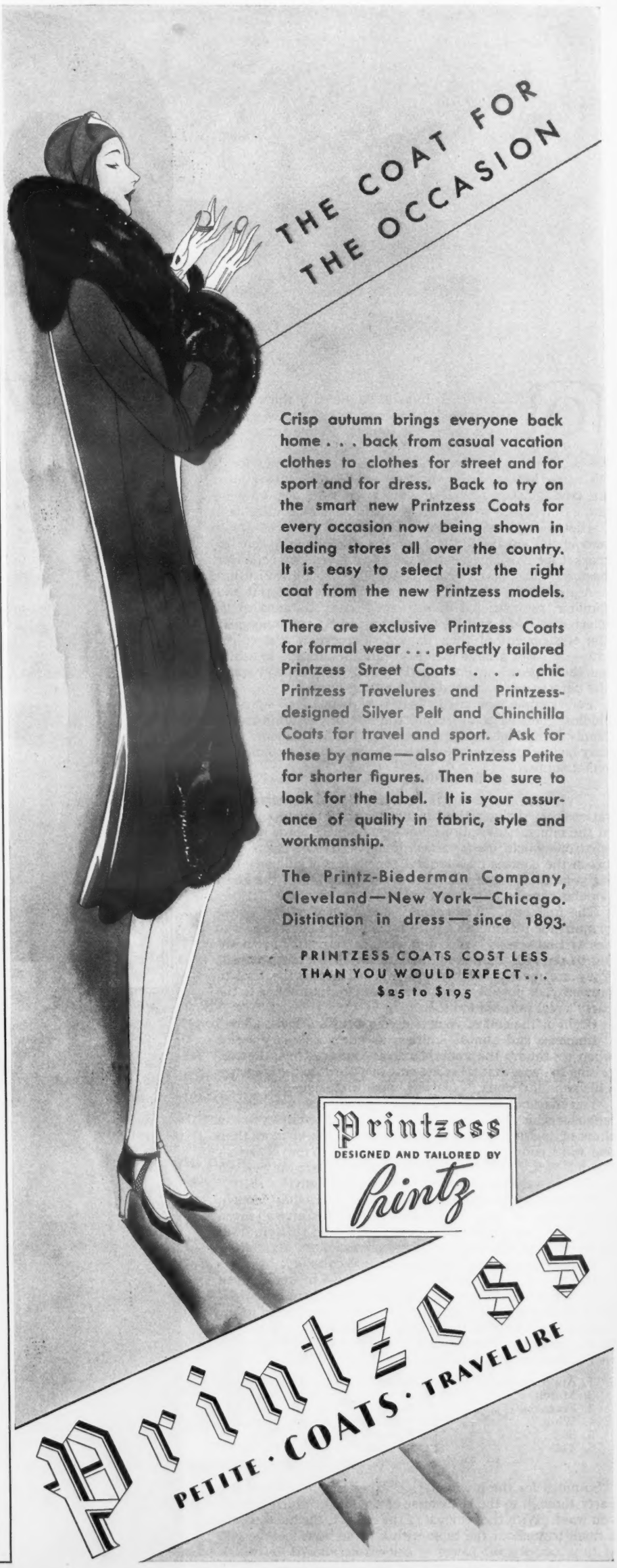
Index of Advertisers

October, 1929

	PAGE
Allen-A Company, The	192
American Chain Company, Inc.	224
American Hard Rubber Co.	182
American Kitchen Products Co.	122
American Radiator Co.	241
American School of Home Economics	253, 259
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	232
Arden, Elizabeth	178
Armstrong Cork Company	46
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, The Great	79
Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company	226
Babbitt, Inc., B. T.	243
Baker Co., Inc., Franklin	71
Baker & Co., Inc., Walter	60
Bauer & Black	235
Beech-Nut Packing Co.	92
Berth Robert	242
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.	251
Bon Ami Company, The	169
Boott Mills	242
Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc.	127
Bristol-Myers Co.	268
Bryant, Lane	198, 259, 261
Buettner & Co., T.	232
Buick Motor Company	108, 109
California Fruit Growers Exchange	115
California Packing Corporation	133
Calumet Baking Powder Company	64
Campbell Co., The Wm.	252
Campbell Soup Company	41
Canners League—Asparagus Section	250
Cannon Mills, Inc.	267
Canterbury Art Guild	261
Capitol Candy School	252
Capitol Social Engraving Co.	252
Carnation Milk Products Company	181
Carter Co., The William	200
Central States Mfg. Co.	261
Century Music Publishing Co.	239
Chappel Bros. Inc.	252
Charis Corporation	265
Chatterton & Son	247
Chautauqua School of Nursing, The	230
Chieftain Mfg. Co., The	261
Children's Book Club	247
Chrysler Motors	66
Clinton Carpet Company	225
Coca-Cola Co., The	176
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	51, 58, IV Cover
College Inn Food Products Co.	242
Colman, Ltd., J. & J.	85
Compton & Co., F. E.	110
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	11 Cover
Consolidated Safety Pin Co.	259
Continental Baking Co.	138
Coon Co., W. B.	134
Corning Glass Works	119, 190
Corn Products Refining Company	220
Cream of Wheat Corporation, The	68
Crosley Radio Corp., The	216
Cudahy Packing Co., The	53
Curran, Inc., Jane E.	157
Davis Co., R. B.	86
Dennison Mfg. Co.	252
Denton Sleeping Garment Mills, Dr.	172
Depyro Laboratories	252
Diamond Crystal Salt Co., The	255
Djer-Kiss	135
Dormeyer Mfg. Co., A. F.	240
Drackett Chemical Company, The	93, 116
Drew Co., The Irving	160
Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.	157
Eastman Kodak Company	163
Eden Appliance Corp.	208
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	203
Elgin National Watch Co.	210
Esmond Mills, The	186
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company	124
Fels & Co.	55
Field, Marshall & Company, Wholesale	191, 259
Fireside Industries	245
Fishback Co., The	261
Fisher Body Corporation	108, 109
Fleischmann Company, The	63, 120, 121
Ford Motor Company	106
Forhan's	231
Foster & Co., Inc., F. A.	206
Fouke Fur Co.	162
French Co., The R. T.	91
Frigidaire Corporation	84
Fruit Dispatch Company	152
Fruit of the Loom Mills	194
Gebhardt	217
General Electric Company	112, 126
General Gas Light Co.	221
Glass Container Association of America	215
Gray, Dolly	253
Green Felt Shoe Co., Daniel	147
Grolier Society, The	201
Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., John	254
Hanes Knitting Co., P. H.	184
Heinz Company, H. J.	150
Heublein & Bro., G. F.	172
Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.	114
Hoosier Manufacturing Co.	204
Hormel & Co., Geo. A.	233
Hunt-Rankin Leather Company	266
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	236
Hurley Machine Co.	100
Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co.	253
Hygienic Products Co., The	194, 208
India Tea Bureau	253
Japan Tea Promotion Committee	144
Jergens Co., The Andrew	43, 81
Johnson & Johnson	149
Johnson & Son, S. C.	229
Julian & Kokenge Co., The	97
Karpen & Bros., S.	218
Katzinger Co., Edward	239
Kitchen Bouquet, Inc.	247
Kleenex Company	235
Kolynos Co., The	180
Kotex Company	57
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	207
Lambert Pharmacal Company	87
Landers, Frary & Clark	117
Laskin & Sons, Inc., J.	198
Laughlin China Company, Homer	101
Laundryowners National Association	123
Lea & Perrins	227
Legg Packing Co., Inc., A. C.	261
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	75, 131
"Lemco"	244
Lever Bros. Co.	72, 96, 190
Lewis Hotel Training Schools	259
Libby, McNeill & Libby	III Cover
Lippincott Co., The	65
Liquid Veneer Corp.	239
Log Cabin Products Co., The	69
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.	164
Lovell Mfg. Co.	154
Luft Co., The George W.	92
Maid-Rite Corporation	256
Maxwell House Products Company, Inc.	98
McCall Co.	237
McKenzie Engraving Co.	240
McKesson & Robbins	199
Mello-Glo	148
Metal Textile Corporation	148
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	70
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.	197
Minneapolis Knitting Works	202
Minnesota Valley Canning Company	260
Minute Tapioca Company, Inc.	95
Monroe Chemical Co.	252
Montag Brothers, Inc.	184
Moore Push-Pin Co.	254
Mum Mfg. Co., Inc.	88
National Bellas Hess Co., Inc.	189
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	230
Newspaper Institute of America	168
Northern Paper Mills	130
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	175
Oak Flooring Manufacturers Ass'n of the United States	219
Olson Rug Co.	232
Oneida Community, Ltd.	128, 129
Orinoka Mills, The	193
Ott Engraving Co., L.	259
Pacific Coast Borax Co.	113
Parsons Ammonia Co.	202
Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.	177, 238
Penney Company, Inc., J. C.	209
Pepsodent Co., The	161
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	173
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	167
Phoenix Hosiery	246
Photographers Association of America	223
Piggly Wiggly Stores	185
Pinaud, Inc., Ed.	196
Plymouth Motor Corporation	67
Pond's Extract Company	45, 105
Postum Company, Inc.	62, 222
Primrose House	153
Princess Pat, Ltd.	83
Printz-Biederman Company, The	263
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2, 48, 76, 77
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company	165
Quaker Lace Company	159
Quaker Oats Company, The	74
Radio-victor Corporation of America	1
Ragsdale, W. Hillyer	259
Rayon Institute of America Inc., The	136
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., The	140
Remington Arms Co., Inc.	198
Resinol Chemical Co.	254
Richelieu Knitting Company	262
Rit Products Corporation	137
Robertshaw Thermostat Co.	195
Rogers Bros. 1847	118
Rome Company, Inc., The	146
Roseville Pottery Company, The	251
Royal Baking Powder Co., The	156
Russell Cutlery Company, John	202
Sanford Mfg. Co.	253
Sanka Coffee Corp.	73
Scott Paper Company	125
Scranton Drapery Fabrics	187
Selby Shoe Company, The	234
Seymour Woolen Mills	141
Shush Laboratories	239
Simmons Company, The	142, 143
Simoniz Company, The	80
Skinner Mfg. Co.	230
Skinner & Sons, William	170
Smith & Corona Typewriters, Inc., L. C.	257
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	89, 111
Standard Textile Products Co., The	245
Steinway & Sons	145
Streit Manufacturing Company, The C. F.	158
Strouse-Baer Co., The	190
Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California	205
Swift & Company	103
Thistle Engraving & Pub. Co.	253
Thomas Clock Co., Seth	237
Thompson's Malted Milk Co., Inc.	151
Three-In-One Oil Co.	99
Three-Minute Cereals Company	139
Trimble Mfg. Co., E. M.	253
Tupman Thurlow Co., Inc., The	253
Underwood Co., Wm.	88
United States Rubber Company	212, 213
Valentine & Company	188
Vollrath Company, The	248, 249
Waltham Art Publishers	232
Warren, Northam	94
Washburn Crosby Company	174
Waters-Genter Co.	132
Watkins Company, The R. L.	78, 80, 183
Welch Co., C. S.	227
Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Company, Inc.	82
Western Company, The	90
Wheatena Corporation, The	171
Whirldry Corporation, The	214
Whiting & Davis Company	194
Wiss & Sons Co., J.	208
Woolworth Co., F. W.	101
Wrigley's	166
Yardley & Co., Ltd.	155

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index


THE COAT FOR THE OCCASION
Crisp autumn brings everyone back home . . . back from casual vacation clothes to clothes for street and for sport and for dress. Back to try on the smart new Printzess Coats for every occasion now being shown in leading stores all over the country. It is easy to select just the right coat from the new Printzess models.
There are exclusive Printzess Coats for formal wear . . . perfectly tailored Printzess Street Coats . . . chic Printzess Travelures and Printzess-designed Silver Pelt and Chinchilla Coats for travel and sport. Ask for these by name—also Printzess Petite for shorter figures. Then be sure to look for the label. It is your assurance of quality in fabric, style and workmanship.
The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland—New York—Chicago. Distinction in dress—since 1893.
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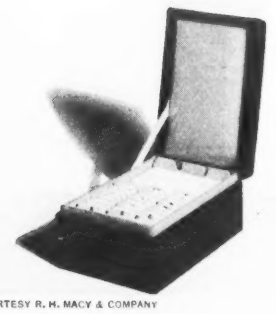


COURTESY R. H. MACY & COMPANY

The Hostess

OF COURSE June is admittedly the favorite wedding month, but October runs a very close second. Romantic summer moons over lakes, ocean or mountain tops have much to answer for to distracted hostesses who, by October, are racking their brains for novel parties to give the newly engaged girl, or something different in wedding presents for the autumn bride.

However, moons *will* shine, we suppose, and girls go on announcing engagements, so there is always sure to be a bull market for new ideas at this time of the year, and the alert hostess will set about acquiring a big block of them early.

A great many girls, of course, are content to keep to that familiar, conventional item in the society columns to the effect that "Mr. and Mrs. John So-and-So are announcing the engagement of their daughter, et cetera and et cetera ——" But a large majority want, in addition to this, to get their special, intimate little group together and spring the news in some original and amusing fashion.

For example, one might "say it with puzzles"—puzzles, riddles, guessing contests and the rest of the brain-testing family being high in favor at parties at the moment. This may be used at either a luncheon, or at a dinner or informal buffet supper.

OF COURSE the table decorations should give no hint of anything of a romantic nature in the offing. Invitations, flowers and place cards must be what one would use for any ordinary festive occasion. Between the courses pass around pencils and small pads, telling your guests that you want to try out a few of the latest popular pencil-and-paper contests.

The first two, "Tail-enders" and "Goat-getters," were planned for this month's page by Edward Longstreth, who has written several books of unusual parties, and have nothing to do with the actual announcing of the engagement. They are merely red herrings dragged across the trail to prevent your possibly suspicious guests from tumbling to the party's real purpose too soon.

Begin at the end of your first course with "Tail-enders."

Immense and almost limitless as our vocabulary seems when we thumb the unabridged dictionary, it may be surprising to know that there are only five words in the language which end in "dous." Do you know what they are?

You may not believe that there is only one word in the language which ends in the word "fry"—so perhaps you can think of another. Perhaps you can also think of more than one word ending in "fee," "din," "dew," "few," "grin," "gem," "kit," "kid" or "nag"? Also there are only eleven words in good English usage which end in "any."

There are seven words ending in "dry" and, oddly enough, seven ending in "gin." You ought to be able to give all seven of the "dry" ones quite easily, but those ending in "gin" will be hard to get—only four of them are easy.

Then "Goat-getters" will test your vocabulary.

The idea is quite simple. There is a list of words given below. For each and every word in the list there is another word, ending in "out," which can be fairly substituted for it. You may not be able to think of it right away, but it may be the easiest in the list and a word you know perfectly well. That is what gets your goat.

1. Approximately
2. Match
3. Footache
4. Whip
5. Sulk
6. Yell
7. Gush
8. Shoot
9. Boat
10. Rambler
11. Knock
12. Sentinel
13. Rabble
14. Nose
15. Shute
16. Minus
17. Fish
18. Deride
19. Disdain
20. Fat

So much for the preliminaries. They ought to carry the party through to the last course of the meal; which is what you want. With the removal of the dessert, the maid passes a small tray about the table with a mysterious looking pile of tiny, odd-shaped pieces of colored cardboard, on which seem to be letters and mutilated parts of sentences.

COURTESY LORD & TAYLOR

WEDGWOOD, COURTESY MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

COURTESY JOHN WANAMAKER

When everyone holds a piece of the puzzle, the hostess produces a cardboard oblong, about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. Laying it on a plate, or a small silver tray, she starts it round the table, asking each one to fit his or her puzzle-scrap into its proper place.

A glance will show that these pieces have all been cut with a sharp knife from the cardboard oblong, on which evidently a message of some sort had originally been written—an announcement of the engagement, of course.

Answers to "Tail-enders" and "Goat-getters," with illustrated directions for making the Announcement Puzzle Chart will be sent anyone on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address The Hostess, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

In many parts of the country the pretty custom of a surprise shower of gifts for the bride is still observed by her nearest and dearest friends.

FOR one novel, highly up-to-date shower of this kind, the young chums of the engaged girl had collected a luxurious supply of her favorite perfume in bath salts, toilet water, dusting and talcum powders; her favorite color enamel compact with a dozen refills of the proper shade of face powder and rouge; the particular kind of soap she liked—enough to furnish her own and her guest bathroom in the new home for months to come; the kind of face cream, hand lotion and tooth paste they knew she used, and, last but not least, the most compact, daintiest and most complete manicure kit they could obtain.

Each separate gift was wrapped in colored tissue paper, packed in a gay bandbox (covered with chintz paper and tied with matching ribbons and the donor's card). These bandboxes varied from doll-sized boxes meant, later, to hold odds and ends of ribbon, flowers or beads, in a top bureau drawer, up to real hat boxes for closet shelves.

And now while we are on the subject of gifts, we might as well add a few words about the various smart and very lovely articles we are showing on this page this month. The white Wedgwood china, with the stunning embossed monograms either in white or blue, would certainly delight any bride's heart and satisfy her taste for what is at once new, correct and beautiful for her future home. The whole dinner service may be had in this design, or cups, plates, and so on, may be bought by the dozen separately. But on account of embossing the individual monograms, they must be ordered several months in advance.

The bridge lamp on this page is an excellent example of what is new, and yet will always remain in style, since it will harmonize with practically any type of furnishing in a room. The two table lamps are equally good in their own way.

The pale yellow pottery elephant candlesticks would be a distinctive touch on any woman's dressing table.

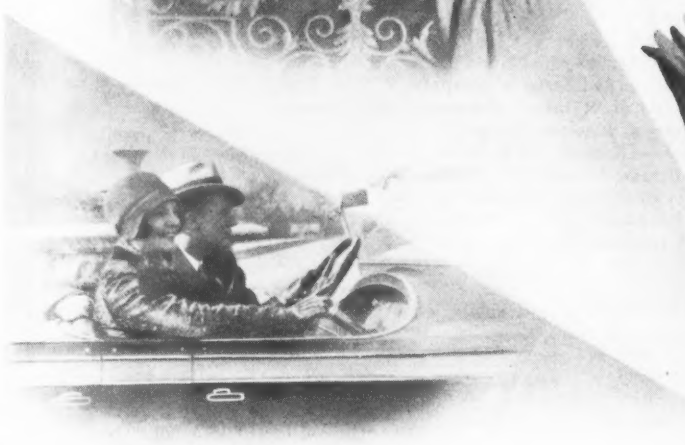
The dainty green leather card file for a desk suggests a novel use in connection with weddings. The small, alphabetically indexed cards make most convenient records of all wedding presents received.

Brides will also be interested in a dinner knife of a novel and highly intriguing shape which has just appeared on the market. The handle is long and the blade just three and a half inches, yet it balances perfectly, and is not only better-looking than the old familiar table knife, but really more practical in every way. After all, hasn't somebody or other told us that our present knife with its long carving blade is merely a relic of a less-restrained day when guests were wont to help themselves to the roast by reaching impetuously across the board?

This new knife was designed by Eliel Saarinen, as part of the table equipment of the modern dining room in the Metropolitan Museum Exhibit, and a far-sighted silver manufacturer promptly obtained permission to copy it.

And, by the way—another thought while we are discussing weddings. We are getting out a new booklet of Announcements and Showers for the Bride. Send two cents in stamps to The Hostess, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUTH
is the only
PERMANENT FASHION



Year in and year out—season after season—Youth is Fashion's inspiration and dictator . . . each new style in women's dress is but a transient tribute to the eternal beauty of the youthful feminine figure . . .

In the selection of her wardrobe, every mature woman should be guided by this unalterable fact: The design of any current mode is based, not upon a particular type of figure, but upon the symmetrical proportions of the normal, youthful body. To wear the clothes you see in the smart shops, becomingly, you need only correct the proportions of *your* figure to conform with those that inspired the original design.

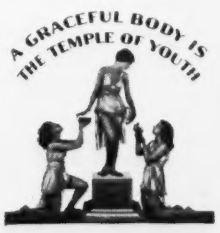
Fortunately, any woman can so correct her figure, immediately and without discomfort, by wearing CHARIS . . . This superior foundation garment is designed especially to reproportion, as well as support, the feminine body. It is adjustable, by means of convenient lacers, so that the contours of bust, waist, hips and thighs can be brought into proper relation with each other, producing a youthful, symmetrical silhouette. The adjustable design of CHARIS is patented and is never found in other foundation or supporting garments.

The supreme satisfaction of thus correcting your figure with CHARIS is perfect physical comfort. You control the action of this garment on your body. You tighten or loosen it at will, wherever necessary. Your foundation garment always fits correctly—gives you a constant feeling of physical freedom and poise.

CHARIS will recommend itself from every standpoint. It is beautifully made, of dainty yet serviceable materials. Although light in weight, it contains sufficient boning and is easy to launder. Detachable shoulder straps are an important feature. It is made in a wide range of odd and even sizes. There are various models to suit individual preferences.

To permit thorough examination of this unusual garment and an absolutely private demonstration of its features, a representative, employed solely for this purpose, will bring CHARIS to your home. Her visit puts you under no obligation and will be arranged at a suitable time. If you want to learn how to reproportion your figure, so that you can always dress becomingly in the prevailing style, please telephone the nearest CHARIS Service Office or write to CHARIS Corporation, Allentown, Pa.

CHARIS is sold at prices ranging from $6.75 up. The garment illustrated shows the famous Dana material. Models may be had in front, underarm and midway openings, also with dainty net or rayon tops.



This CHARIS Abdominal Belt is adjustable, both in position and tension. It can be adjusted from the outside, after the garment has been put on. All adjustable features of CHARIS are patented and exclusive.

COPR., 1929, CHARIS CORPORATION

CHARIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Velvetta
SUEDE CALF

OF all suedes there's one that has no rival . . . it's Velvetta, the very finest calf suede. Among fashionable leathers suede is the smartest and most flattering to the tailored woman. Here is an unusual motif in lustrous ebony black . . . and bag to match . . . just what the season demands. Velvetta has so many characteristics! But most important is this feature . . . it will not crock. At the better shops you'll find this elegant leather in the newest models . . . every shade, too.

A beautifully colored fall and winter style booklet is ready. It describes costumes and accessories to match the popular Velvetta shades. Many fashionable models are shown. Please write for your free copy.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
107 Beach Street, Boston, Massachusetts

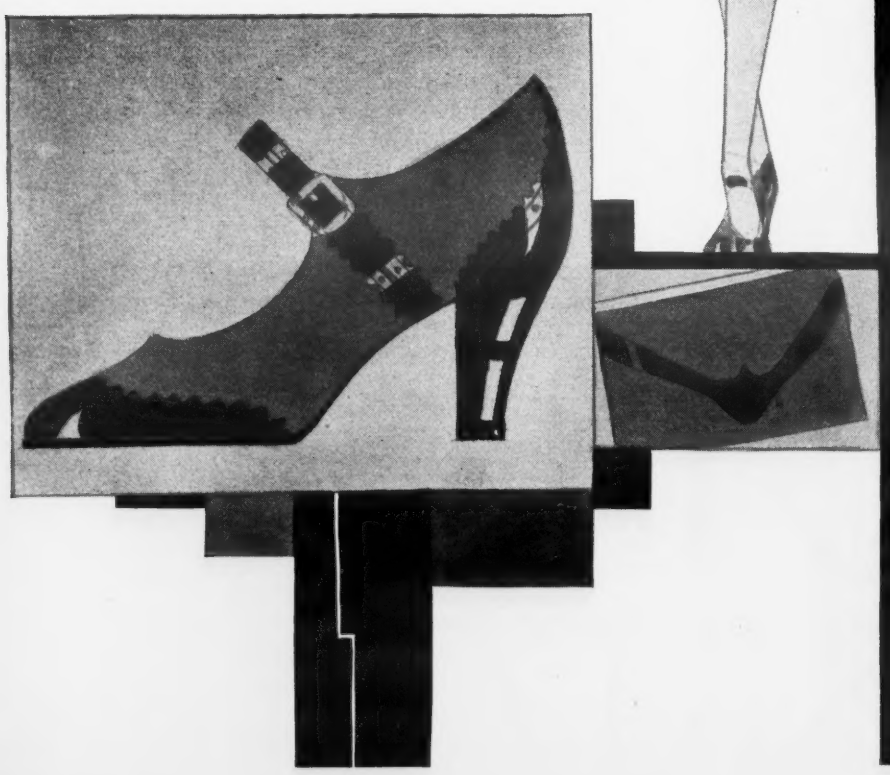


Table of Contents

COVER DESIGN BY BEN DALE

FICTION

	Page
The Greasy Spoon—*Julia Peterkin*	5
Payment Deferred—*Joseph C. Lincoln*	8
The Ranger: Part I—*Zane Grey*	12
The Prodigal Guest—*Stephen Vincent Benét*	14
Blue Ribbons—*Albert Payson Terhune*	16
Hating the Same People—*Dorothy Speare*	18
The Owner's Wife—*Booth Tarkington*	22
Elephants for Luck—*Ida M. Evans*	24
Good Wife—*Phyllis Duganne*	30
The Green Complex: Part II—*Harold MacGrath*	34

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Safeguarding Our Assets—the Children—*Alfred E. Smith*	3
Pittsburgh—*Sketches by Charles W. Simpson, R. C. A. Text by Guy L. Ralston*	6
When Night Clubs are Trumps—*Frederic Arnold Kummer*	10
Lawlessness—*George Wharton Pepper*	15
Monkey Business—*Richard Halliburton*	20
Bridal Nots—*Graeme Lorimer (With a Few Italic Protests from His Wife)*	26
The Personality of a House—*Emily Post*	27
The Kingless Kingdom—*Julian Street*	33
New Values in Homemaking—*Lita Bane*	37

FASHIONS

	Page
Our October Paris Collection	38
As the Season Advances—*Pamela Coyne*	39
Princess Coats, Short Jackets	40
Feminine and Flattering	42
Varied Gowns for Varied Types	44
Details Eloquently Parisian	47
New Morning, Afternoon and Evening Fabrics	49
Chic for Any Weather	50
Flat Furs Lead Winter Elegance	52
Two Sides of the Mode From Paris	54
French and American Costume Complements	56
Hiplines are Fitted, Skirts are Circular	59
Individuality Develops in the Newest Winter Modes	61
Notes on the Varied Field of Fashion	62
The Patch Box	64

NEEDLEWORK

The Importance of Being Covered—*Frances McFadden*	239
Needlework of Moroccan Inspiration—*Christine Ferry*	240
Quilts Quaint and Gay	242

THE PRACTICAL HOMEMAKER

Cakes for the Bride and Bridegroom—*Margery Oliver Beem*	102
The Consumer Must Decide—*F. J. Schlink*	104
What Makes a Home?—*Anna Garlin Spencer, D.D.*	107
Filling the Children's Cooky Jar—*Caroline B. King*	110
Sophisticated Uses of Well-Known Cereals—*Margery Oliver Beem*	113
Menus for Smart Breakfast Entertaining	115
Baked Potatoes Can be Delicious	117
What's New?	119
We Test Our Readers' Recipes	122
Can We Eradicate Diphtheria?—*S. Josephine Baker, M.D.*	127

GARDENS AND HOME BUILDING

	Page
Bulbs for Winter Cheer—*F. F. Rockwell*	29
A Colonial Garden Home—*Fletcher Steele*	211
To Have and To Hold: Modernizing Home Finance—*Samuel Crowther*	214
Ready-Made Built-In Conveniences—*David DeWitt*	224
October in Your Garden	227
Budgeting Garden Planting—*Romaine B. Ware*	228

INTERIOR DECORATION

Walls and Floors as Backgrounds—*Lois Palmer*	28
A Spanish Kitchen—Article by *Cora Blair*	32
Three Suggestions for Home Decorators: Achieving a Good Effect, *by Katharine R. P. Taylor;* Rule One in Placement, *by Mary Coggeshall;* Complements for Blue, *by Lois Palmer*	168
Shopping for Window Shades—*Ruth O'Brien*	222

POEMS

Alone in the City—*Elizabeth C. Wherry*	75
In the Kitchen—*Elizabeth C. Wherry*	104
Kitchens—*Violet Alleyn Storey*	119
Patricia Wins—*Douglas Cary Wendell*	141
Rebellion on a Small Scale—*Margaret Fishback*	177
Beginning Again *Louis Untermeyer*	184
Epitaphs From a Country Dooryard—*Nancy Byrd Turner*	225

MISCELLANEOUS

Editorials	36
Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books	137
The Sub-Deb—*A Page for Girls*	179
The Girls' Club	180, 251
The Hostess	264

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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"Now there's something I've always wanted," one was heard to say. "Towels that look just as well on one side as on the other. And it's nice the way those colors reverse, so you can show the side with a lot of color, or the side with just a little, as you please."

FIFTH AVENUE forgot to be blase when it saw the new Cannon towels recently, in the window of a prominent store. For here was the first really new idea in towels within a lifetime. And smart shoppers were quick to sense its significance, as comments in the crowd disclosed.

These are the new Cannon towels that are captivating Fifth Avenue

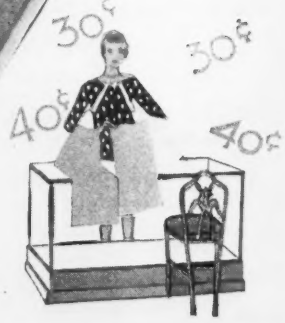
"That's a fascinating idea—those designs running the entire length of the towel," said another. "And at last they've found a way to make the design itself soft, absorbent and useful. Somebody's done some thinking."

"I never would have thought," someone said, "you could group so many colors without their swearing at each other. But really, the effect is lovely. I'd like to try that in my own bathroom."

"*Well,*" said the girl whose ungloved hand displayed a significant solitaire, "I must tell mother about *this.* Bath towel, face towel, bath mat and wash cloth ensembles—and she said I'd never be able to find them."

Department and dry goods stores in your community now have these new Cannon towels, wash cloths and bath mats. And the towels *are* 30 cents to $1.25. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

TRADE MARK CANNON (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.) CANNON MFG. CO.



"Do you suppose those really are the correct prices?" inquired her neighbor. "Look at all those 30 and 40 cent signs. And I don't see any towels over $1.25."

Don't stay behind the Tooth Paste *times!*

Protect your gums while you clean your teeth

Guard against *"Pink Tooth Brush"*—Use IPANA TOOTH PASTE

THE old ideas of dental care and oral health have changed! And Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, has helped to change them.

For Ipana and massage have revolutionized the care of the teeth and gums. With Ipana your teeth are white. Your mouth has a sense of cleanliness possible with no other tooth paste. Your gums become firm and healthy—free from the menace of gum disorders.

Don't trifle with "Pink Tooth Brush"

As your own dentist will emphatically tell you, gum troubles are widely prevalent.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a sign that a tiny soft spot—or several—exists on the walls of your gums.

Not too dangerous in itself—it may yet lead to troubles far more important—gingivitis—Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea.

The soft foods you eat—the creamy sauces—rob the gums of the exercise and stimulation they require. There lies the cause and there lies the danger.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and send the fresh, healthy blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage—thousands of them urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana is purposely compounded to tone the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used for many years by the profession in treating gum troubles at the chair.

The Modern Way to Oral Health!

Ipana, then, has a double protection for you. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows "pink" you need it. For it's easy to use, pleasant to taste.

A few cents saved on tooth paste is small reward for giving up the two-fold security of Ipana. For Ipana not only fulfills the ordinary function of tooth paste—to keep the teeth clean and white—it also insures you hard and healthy gums.

So start today with Ipana—don't wait for the sample. Buy a tube at your nearest drug store. Tonight—begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. Whiter, brighter teeth; harder, firmer gums will be your reward!

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-109
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA Tooth Paste

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To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Condiments, Pickles, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

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Fascinating series of coast to coast radio programs — "Around the World with Libby," featuring famous artists and the Libby Concert Orchestra. Broadcast through WJZ and associated stations of the National Broadcasting Chain.

Tune in Thursday evenings at 10:30 Eastern Time; 9:30 Central Time; 8:30 Mountain Time; 7:30 Pacific Time.

And each Friday morning, over the same N. B. C. stations, you may hear Mary Hale Martin's Household Hour. This newsy talk is broadcast at 11:00 Eastern Time; 10:00 Central Time; 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

TUNE IN Friday mornings!

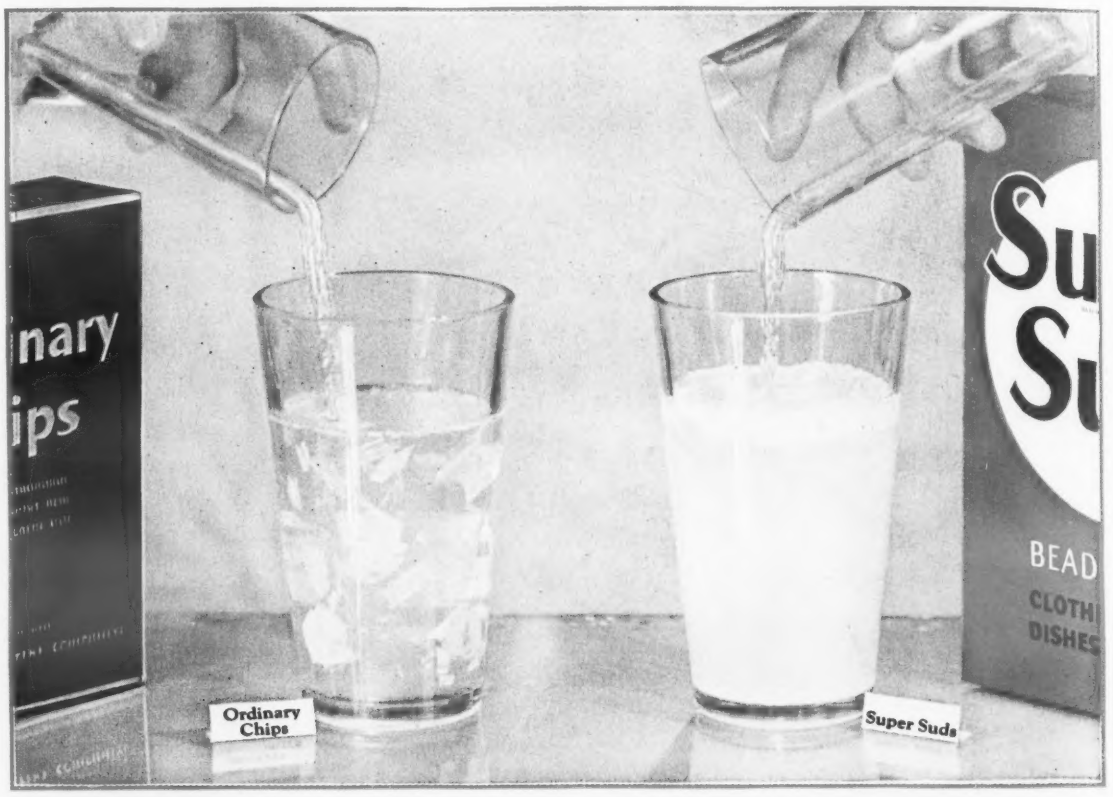
Unusual recipes in a novel file case. *A new, convenient kind of file case—indexed folders in a blue book cover. Each recipe on a card. Dishes that are "different"—from appetizers to dessert. To get recipes and case, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. A-17, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ontario, Canada. Write for FREE recipe leaflet, "Tempting Ways to Serve Pickles and Condiments."*

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

Dishes wash Faster

with these *instant* underwater suds

Read why, in less than a year, Super Suds became America's greatest dishwashing soap.



Watch Super Suds win speed test.

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float about, dissolving very slowly.

This is how these soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

YOU busy women—who find dishwashing takes far too much of your short day . . . here's a way to do dishes in one-third to one-half less time.

It's Super Suds. The most brilliant soap discovery of generations. Not a chip. Not a powder. But soap in the form of tiny, hollow *beads;* so small they can only be seen under a microscope. So tissue thin that they burst into suds the moment they touch water.

Millions of women are using this new bead form of soap to speed dishwashing—to eliminate dishwiping. On the market scarcely more than a year, Super Suds has already become America's greatest dishwashing soap!

Faster dishwashing with suds all through the water: Do you want to know why Super Suds washes dishes so much faster? Then make the simple two-minute test pictured above. See through the glass how Super Suds bursts into instant suds . . . . rich, creamy suds right down to the very bottom of the glass!

This is how Super Suds acts in your dishpan. The moment you turn on the dishwater, you get instant suds. Clear down to the bottom. Dishwater has no chance to get greasy, as with slow dissolving soaps. Silver, glasses, china, come shining clean in far less time.

No more dishwiping: Because Super Suds dissolves completely, it rinses off instantly. One hot rinse and every trace of soap film is gone. You don't need to wipe dishes. Just let them drain dry to spotless brilliancy. Let Super Suds do this just once for you. And you'll never wipe dishes again.

Whiter clothes in one less rinsing: Super Suds' instant, all-through-the-water suds get clothes clean in record time. And how easily this perfectly dissolved soap rinses out of clothes! You can get clothes shining clear and soap-free in actually one less rinse than you need with other soaps.

Do order Super Suds from your grocer today. Use it for dishes. For laundry. For wash bowl laundrying of fine silk underthings. For painted woodwork, or the new lacquered furniture. Super Suds keeps hands soft and white.

Super Suds 10¢